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THE RELATIONS BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.*

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Not long ago a gentleman who has had much to do with diplomatic affairs, referring to the number and variety of the controversies that have taken place between the United States and Great Britain, observed that these two countries seemed to have greater difficulty in understanding each other in the same language than they have in understanding other countries in foreign languages. In the late negotiations between China and Japan at Shimonoseki, many of the documents were originally prepared in English, and it is said that Count Ito, in respect of a certain stipulation, observed that it was "clearer" in that language. Had the eminent statesman recurred to the history of the diplomatic relations of the two great English-speaking peoples, perhaps he would have modified his opinion. The Government of the United States has concluded with the Government of Great Britain upward of twenty-five treaties or conventions, and, though they were expressed in one language, the differences that have arisen in regard to their construction seem to have been proportionately

more numerous than in the case of agreements concluded with other countries in two languages. This fact is not, however, so strange as at first blush it may appear to be. The relations between the United States and Great Britain have been at once more intimate and more diverse than those between the United States and any other country; and they have also been characterized by a certain political antagonism which is to be traced to the conditions under which the two countries became dissevered.

It has often been remarked that it was a great misfortune for the English race that the colonies out of which were formed the United States of America were not permitted to establish their independence in peace. While it may be true that, taking all things into consideration, the course of the British Government was not so wantonly oppressive as many writers and speakers have been led to represent, yet it is also true that the revolutionary struggle left behind it a legacy of mutual ill feeling which has not ceased to influence international relations to the present day. Of the Treaty of Peace the United States could not complain. It was based, as its preamble declared, on broad considerations of "reciprocal advantages and mutual

* The writer of this article occupied the eminent position of Assistant-Secretary of State in the United States Government during the Secretaryships of Mr. Bayard and Mr. Blaine.—EDITOR N. R.

convenience," and if it had been followed by commercial arrangements of a corresponding character, it might have been attended with the most beneficent results. But, after a delay of nearly a year, the preliminary Treaty was made definitive without the addition of a single stipulation, and no arrangement in respect of commerce was concluded. For this condition of things the responsibility rested with Fox, whose name is indissolubly associated in America with the defence of colonial rights. But, unfortunately, at the moment of colonial independence, his course was controlled by the spirit of faction. Joined with Shelburne in the Rockingham Ministry, when Rockingham died, Fox resigned. At this conjuncture Fox, says Sir George Cornewall Lewis, had three courses before him: (1) To remain in Lord Shelburne's Government; (2) to resign with his friends and form a separate party; (3) to coalesce with Lord North and the Tories. Of these, the last was in our judgment incomparably the worst, and this was the course Fox selected. After the downfall of the Shelburne Ministry, Pitt, who retained the leadership of the House of Commons till the Coalition Ministry was installed, introduced a Bill which declared it "highly expedient that the intercourse between Great Britain and the United States should be established on the most enlarged principles of reciprocal benefit." By this Bill it was proposed to throw open the ports of Great Britain to the United States on the same terms as to other independent states, and, as an exceptional privilege, to permit American ships and vessels laden with the produce and manufacture of their own country to enter all British ports in America, paying no other duties than those imposed on British vessels. Fox not only opposed this measure, but he secured the passage of an Act by which the regulation of the trade with America was committed to the King in Council, and under the influence of Fox this power was exercised by restricting the trade with the British possessions to British-built ships, owned and navigated by British subjects.

The first attempt to establish per-

manent diplomatic relations was equally unfortunate, though it was not made until two years after the conclusion of the definitive peace. So far as the sentiments exchanged on that occasion were concerned, nothing was wanting to a complete reconciliation. "I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow-citizens," said John Adams, who, after playing a leading part in the Revolution, now appeared as the first minister of the United States at the Court of London, "I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow-citizens, in having the distinguished honor to be the first to stand in your Majesty's royal presence in a diplomatic character; and I shall esteem myself the happiest of men, if I can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to your Majesty's royal benevolence, and of restoring an entire esteem, confidence, and affection, or, in better words, the old good nature and the old good humor between people who, though separated by an ocean, and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion, and kindred blood." "The King," said Adams, "listened to every word I said, with dignity, but with an apparent emotion. Whether it was the nature of the interview, or whether it was my visible agitation, for I felt more than I did or could express, that touched him, I cannot say. But he was much affected, and answered me with more tremor than I had spoken with." "The circumstances of this audience," said the King, "are so extraordinary, the language you have now held is so extremely proper, and the feelings you have discovered so justly adapted to the occasion, that I must say that I not only receive with pleasure the assurance of the friendly dispositions of the United States, but that I am very glad the choice has fallen upon you to be their minister. I wish you, sir, to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do, by the duty which I owed to my people. I will be very frank with you. I was the last to consent to the separation, but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always

said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent Power. The moment I see such sentiments and language as yours prevail, and a disposition to give to this country the preference, that moment I shall say, let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood have their natural and full effect."

Adams' mission, though thus auspiciously begun, accomplished nothing. No minister was sent by Great Britain to the United States. The provisions of the Treaty of Peace remained unexecuted. The situation was complicated by the inability of the Government of the United States, under the Articles of Confederation, to compel obedience to its authority. The indisposition of the British Government to make concessions in matters of commerce was confirmed by the fact that, in spite of restrictions, the course of American trade was toward England. As early as 1786 the French Legation at Philadelphia informed its Government that the proportion of English commerce with the United States to French was as eight to one. But, on the outbreak of the French Revolution, there was a great outburst of sympathy toward France which, when the war between that country and Great Britain was declared, rendered it difficult for the Government of the United States to maintain an attitude of neutrality. A large part of the people of the United States, besides sympathizing with France as the ally by whose aid the country had achieved its independence, looked upon the war as a contest between the principles of democracy and the principles of monarchy. But the more far-seeing statesmen of the United States looked with apprehension upon the possibility that the people might be swayed by their affections and prejudices to participate in the struggles of Europe; and, in 1794, in the midst of the excitement, Washington determined to make an attempt to adjust the relations between the United States and Great Britain by a treaty. For that purpose he sent John Jay, the Chief Justice of the United States, to England. On the 19th of November, 1794, a treaty was

concluded. For a time Washington withheld it from the Senate, and, when its provisions became known, they aroused a storm of denunciation. "I have brought on myself," said Washington, "a torrent of abuse in the factious papers in this country, and from the enmity of the discontented of all descriptions therein." Nevertheless, after the lapse of fifteen months from the date of its conclusion, the treaty was ratified and came into effect. In February last the centennial of its proclamation was celebrated in the city of New York with enthusiasm.

Had it not been for the Napoleonic wars, it is scarcely doubtful that the basis of intercourse laid in the Jay Treaty would have been gradually broadened by stipulations inspired by mutual interest and mutual good-will. Jay himself, in whom, as in Adams, the resentments of the Revolutionary period were succeeded by kindlier dispositions, felt that he had laid the foundations of future amity. "I daily became more and more convinced," said Jay, before his departure from England, "of the general friendly disposition of this country toward us. Let us cherish it. Let us cultivate friendship with all nations. By treating them all with justice and kindness, and by preserving that *self-respect* which forbids our yielding to the influence or policy of any of them, we shall, with the Divine blessing, secure peace, union, and respectability." But soon afterward began the long struggle which ended with the downfall of Napoleon and the triumph of Great Britain. In this long contest the rights of neutrals were at first little respected; they were at length completely sacrificed.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing in connection with the war between the United States and Great Britain of 1812 is the fact that it did not occur five years earlier. If its declaration had finally been delayed for six weeks, it would not have been issued at all. Deceived by Napoleon, and exasperated by the apparent futility of protests, President Madison brought himself to the point of recommending hostilities just at the moment when the British Government was on the point of sus-

pending the orders in council and adopting a conciliatory policy. By many American writers the war of 1812 has been called the second war for independence, but the expression is euphemistic. While the conduct of the American navy was highly creditable, the most successful of the few engagements on land of which a candid American historian can boast was fought two weeks after the conclusion of the Treaty of Peace; and the peace was concluded on the basis of *status quo ante bellum*. But the Napoleonic wars came to an end, and with them slumbered questions of belligerent right.

It was not till 1830 that a permanent direct trade in American bottoms was established between the United States and the British possessions in America. This was an important step toward conciliation, but it was prevented from having its full effect by disputes as to boundaries and the fisheries. Canadians, we are told, think that their interests have been sacrificed to considerations of Imperial policy. In the United States, on the contrary, there is a general impression that the expectation of Imperial support has often led the colony to pursue a policy which would not otherwise have been adopted. But, however the fact may be, questions growing out of the contiguity of the British possessions in North America to the United States have repeatedly formed the subject of controversy. In 1846 the dispute as to the Oregon boundary brought the two nations to the very verge of hostilities. This dispute involved the possession of a domain of 600,000 square miles, lying between the parallels of 42° and 54° 40' north latitude, and comprising the territory now included in the States of Oregon and Washington and the province of British Columbia. The declaration in the Democratic platform in 1844 that the title of the United States to the whole of this territory was "clear and unquestionable" was repeated by President Polk in his inaugural address, and was in substance affirmed by him in his first annual message. But by a treaty concluded on the 15th of June, 1846, the territory was almost equally divided, and the boundary was adjusted on

the line of the 49th parallel of north latitude, which was deflected at the sea so as to leave the whole of the island of Vancouver in the possession of Great Britain.

Between the years 1850 and 1860 various questions of controversy were either settled or put in the way of adjustment, and the statesmen of the two countries could look forward to the gradual growth of more cordial relations when the Civil War in the United States broke out. When this struggle ended the relations between the two countries wore a grave aspect, which, in the course of the next four years, became still more menacing. The controversies which had arisen in the half century intervening since the war of 1812 had furnished the occasion of sharp contention, but they did not have their origin in the deep and pent-up feelings of national injury, such as that which the depredations of Confederate cruisers, fitted out in British ports, produced in the mass of the people of the United States. Nor did the question growing out of the Civil War constitute the only subject of dispute between the two Governments. The controversy as to the San Juan Water Boundary, which was in train of settlement before the war began, was now revived. Moreover, on the 17th of March, 1865, before the war had yet been concluded, notice was given to the British Government, pursuant to a joint resolution of Congress, of the intention of the United States to consider the Reciprocity Treaty of June 5th, 1854, in relation to Canada, as terminated, in accordance with its provisions, at the expiration of twelve months from the date of the notification. The termination of this treaty brought the two Governments face to face with old differences, which had at times proved to be exceedingly troublesome, and, as if further to complicate the situation, there came the outbreak of Fenianism dragging with it the vexed question of expatriation, which had formed a subject of contention in the disputes that led up to the war of 1812. Had the unfriendly influences in England which Lord Palmerston had for many years done so much to foster and create, and the bitterness of

feeling in the United States represented by Mr. Sumner's speech against the Johnson-Clarendon Treaty, been permitted to prevail, the result can scarcely be a matter of conjecture. The occasion was one that demanded the highest statesmanship, and happily it was not wanting. It may almost be said that the turning of a hand might have precipitated a conflict; but, as on many prior occasions, the statesmen of the two countries had the wisdom to look beyond the influences and passions of the hour, and to maintain the permanent interests which it was incumbent upon them to preserve.

The brief narrative which I have attempted of certain historical events explains the existence in the United States of that feeling of antagonism to Great Britain which so often finds expression in the press and in political speeches. It is the legacy of past controversies, and as such should be deprecated and resisted. That it is now as widespread and intense as it was in former times I do not believe, for, while there may be occasional evidences to the contrary, there are also evidences of a growing popular conviction that the essential interests of both countries, as well as their obligations to civilization, demand that they shall not permit enmity to prevail between them. Nor should it be forgotten that in the many controversies that have taken place between the United States and Great Britain since the war of 1812, there has always been found in the end a sound public opinion in favor of the amicable adjustment of differences. While it may true that the settlement of the Oregon question in 1846 was facilitated by the prospect of hostilities between the United States and Mexico, there was a sober public opinion in the United States, as well as in Great Britain, that was utterly opposed to war between the two countries. This feeling was not inspired merely by sentimental considerations, nor were those who shared it confined to one political party. It proceeded from the general conviction among thoughtful men everywhere that war between the two countries, unless as a last resort for the defence of clear national rights and vital interests, would

be a disgrace to their statesmanship, and a crime against civilization. "Who is the man," said Mr. Webster, in a speech at Faneuil Hall on the Oregon question, "at the head of either Government who will take upon himself the responsibility of bringing on a war between two nations like Great Britain and America upon a question of this kind, until he is prepared to show that anything and everything that he could do has been done to avoid such a terrible ultimate result? If a British Minister under whose administration a war should ensue on this question cannot stand up in Parliament and show that it is not his fault—cannot show that he has done everything which an honest and sensible man could do to avert the conflict, I undertake to say that no power or popularity can uphold his shaking position for an hour. And in the same sense and spirit I say, that if in this country any party shall, before we are aware of it, plunge us into a war upon this question, it must expect to meet a very severe interrogatory from the American people—must expect to prepare itself to show that it has done all that it could, without any bias from the pride of success or the love of war—all that it could do to keep the nation safe from so great a calamity, with the preservation of its rights and honor." Even in the darkest days of the Civil War there were many thoughtful men in America, as well as in England, who had the confidence to believe that the two Governments would ultimately reach a mutual understanding. In March, 1863, an eminent merchant of New York, at a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, said: "While I deplore the agency of Great Britain in permitting vessels like the *Alabama* and *Oreto* to go forth to destroy our commerce, I have that faith in the British Government that when it understands all that is justly felt on this side of the water, the evil will be corrected." It was this feeling, shared by men of intelligence on both sides of the Atlantic, and especially represented in the United States by Hamilton Fish, who became Secretary of State under President Grant, that led to the settlement of differences by the Treaty of Washington—a treaty which adjusted

all pending disputes and left the two countries for the first time in their history without a boundary dispute.

In the quiet condition of Anglo-American relations following the adjustment of the Behring Sea question, the civilized world has lately been startled by the appearance of a question which, though by no means new, suddenly became the subject of acute international controversy. It is superfluous to say that I refer to the question of the boundary dispute between British Guiana and Venezuela. Of this question little or nothing was known either in the United States or in Great Britain until a very recent period outside of their Foreign Offices. That it had suddenly become the cause of something very like a quarrel doubtless was, as has often been declared, a matter of complete surprise to most persons in Great Britain. But in America the case was somewhat different. While there were not many persons who were prepared for, and while there were certainly very few who could have anticipated just such an outbreak as occurred, yet an intelligent observer of events in the United States could not have failed to remark the possibility of future complications.

In October, 1894, there appeared a pamphlet entitled *British Aggressions in Venezuela; or, the Monroe Doctrine on Trial*; by William L. Scruggs, Jurisconsult for the Government of Venezuela, late Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Columbia and to Venezuela. Though I have rarely seen a reference to this pamphlet in the public journals, it was, I believe, the actual source of most of the information that was disseminated by the Press on the boundary question; and in 1895 a second and revised edition of it was published, with the omission from the author's title of the words, "Jurisconsult for the Government of Venezuela." The appearance of this pamphlet is of historical importance, since it marked the beginning of a systematic popular agitation of the boundary question as a subject involving the Monroe Doctrine. While the precise boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana had not, said this pamphlet,

been definitely fixed by treaty, it was inferable, from historical facts; and "the persistent aggressions of the stronger Power upon the jurisdiction of the weaker had reached a point where they directly threatened the dismemberment of one of the Spanish-American Republics, and indirectly menaced the sovereignty and territorial integrity of at least two others." The true boundary, it was maintained, was the river Essequibo. In January, 1895, a joint resolution was introduced in the House of Representatives of Mr. Livingston, a Member from Georgia, in which it was proposed that arbitration "be earnestly recommended to the favorable consideration of both the parties in interest." The debates on the resolution show that it was adopted merely as a suggestion; indeed, it was amended in the Senate so as to bear purely a suggestive form. But, after the adjournment of Congress, the agitation in the Press increased rather than diminished; and many articles were published demonstrative of the soundness of the Venezuelan position, and with maps exhibiting graphic illustrations of the aggressions on Venezuelan territory.

In this way a very general conviction was produced that, by the exercise of superior power, a gradual absorption of Venezuelan territory was taking place; and this conviction was confirmed in the popular mind not only by the refusal of the British Government to accept unrestricted arbitration, but also by its refusal to submit to arbitration any territory within the Schomburgk line. In the latter circumstance there was more to warrant the popular impression than in the former. The Schomburgk line, whatever may be its historical justification, was drawn *ex parte*; and it was not treated by Her Majesty's Government as definitive till 1886. But as to the question of unrestricted arbitration, the popular inference was more plausible than sound. While it is true that the Schomburgk line was *ex parte*, the claim of Venezuela to the Essequibo as a boundary was confessedly arbitrary. In a memorandum communicated by Mr. Andrade, the Venezuelan Minister at Washington, to the Secretary of

State, Mr. Gresham, on the 31st March, 1894, and published in the volume of the foreign relations of the United States for that year, the boundaries of the captaincy-general of Venezuela in 1810, to which the Republic of Venezuela now lays claim, are described as follows: "On the north, the Caribbean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean *beyond the eastern bank of the Essequibo*; on the south, the Marañon or Amazon River; on the west, the viceroyalty of Santo Fé; and on the east, Dutch Guiana, which, by the convention of August 13th, 1814, signed in London by His British Majesty and the United Provinces of Netherlands, came to be the British Guiana of the present time." Such is the description; but, says the memorandum, "out of moderation and prudence, however, she (Venezuela) has contented herself with claiming the Essequibo line as that dividing Venezuelan Guiana from British Guiana." From this statement, which I happened to read soon after its publication, I derived the impression, which was confirmed by the examination of maps and historical writings, and especially of Spanish maps, that the claim of Venezuela to all the territory west of the Essequibo was based not upon occupation, but upon the theory that Spain and her successors could, by virtue of original discovery and the Papal Bull of 1493 assert title to all the territory of the Guianas which they had not by treated alienated to other Powers, though such powers had occupied and maintained possession of the territory through all the vicissitudes of more than three centuries of conflict in Europe and in America. In this view of the matter I could easily comprehend the "prudence," if not the "moderation," which induced the Venezuelan Government to refrain from pressing an indefinite claim to territory "beyond the eastern bank of the Essequibo." It is a matter of common knowledge that Spain's claims to territory in America merely by virtue of original discovery and the Papal Bull, were utterly disregarded by other nations. Spain and Portugal themselves, though they were the intended beneficiaries of the Papal Bull, did not observe its provisions. Great Britain and France fitted out ex-

peditions of discovery, and took possession of territory in defiance of it. The very treaty of Münster of 1648, between the Spanish and the Dutch, provided, in language strictly reciprocal, that the contracting parties should "continue in possession of such lordships, cities, castles, fortresses, commerce, and countries in the East and West Indies, as also in Brazil, and upon the coasts of Asia, Africa, and America respectively, as the said Lords, the King, and the States respectively hold and possess;" and it by anticipation confirmed to the Dutch "the forts and places which the said Lords the States shall hereafter chance to acquire and possess without infraction of the present treaty." In other words, the treaty acknowledged the principle of possession—the rule of the *uti possidetis* derived by international law from the Roman law—the principle that has been adopted as the great solvent of boundary disputes, especially in South America. In the passage heretofore quoted from the memorandum of the Venezuelan Minister of 1894, it is stated that the captaincy-general of Venezuela was bounded in 1810 on the south by "the Marañon or Amazon River." An examination of the map will disclose that there now lies between the southern boundary of Venezuela and the Amazon a large tract of territory in the possession of Brazil, almost as large as the present republic of Venezuela. How came this to be? The answer may be found in the first article of the treaty between Brazil and Venezuela of November 25, 1852, by which the high contracting parties "agree upon and recognize as a basis for the determination of the frontier between their respective territories, the *uti possidetis*, and in conformity with this principle they declare and define the boundary line." Nor is the effect of possession confined to the particular settlements that may be made. On the contrary, in the determination of territorial rights in America certain general principles were acknowledged, one of which was "that when any European nation takes possession of any extensive sea coast, that possession is understood as extending into the interior country, to the sources of the rivers emptying within that coast, to

all their branches and the country they cover, and to give a right, in exclusion of all other nations, to the same." Such was the language used by Messrs. Pinckney and Monroe, the representatives of the United States, in discussing with Don Pedro Cevallos, the Minister of State of Spain, the boundaries of Louisiana; and it since has been adopted by many eminent writers on the law of nations. It was this principle that gave to Brazil the basin of the Amazon. And, if I had been required to express an impartial opinion on the subject, I should have said that the boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana should be directly settled on the basis of the *uti possidetis*, at the time of the transfer of Dutch Guiana to Great Britain, and, if the parties could not agree as to what that possession was, then by an arbitration on the same basis.

The diplomatic correspondence between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney, and the Message of President Cleveland to Congress, it is not within the scope of my present purpose to discuss. But, as an American, and as one who has had some knowledge of President Cleveland's devotion to duty and his desire to promote international justice and goodwill, I deem it proper to say that it is impossible to believe that he has at any time wished for any other than a peaceful settlement of a vexatious controversy. It is obvious that to the invocation of the vague and undefined, but very powerful, sentiment commonly called the Monroe Doctrine, are in large measure to be ascribed the excitements and misunderstandings that have attended the recent discussion of a question which, if it had been treated on its merits in the first instance, might not have been, and certainly ought not to have been, hard to solve. That it will ere long be adjusted honorably and satisfactorily, the possession of that practical common sense of which Englishmen and American alike boast, does not permit us to doubt.

I have already adverted to the fact that in the many controversies that have taken place between the United States and Great Britain in the last eighty years, there has always been found in the end a sound public opin-

ion in favor of the amicable adjustment of differences; and it is in this way that, in spite of adverse influences, the ties of mutual interest and of a common civilization have been made manifest. The identification in their fundamental institutions of the principles of liberty and law has confirmed in the minds of the people of both countries the idea of legality, which has led them to resort to judicial methods, rather than to methods of violence, for the settlement of their differences. Thus they have already afforded, in the conduct of their relations, the most conspicuous illustrations in modern history of the practicability and beneficence of international arbitration. May they not take yet another and a greater step in that direction by the establishment between them of a permanent arbitral tribunal? On the 14th of February, 1890, the Senate of the United States passed a concurrent resolution, which was adopted by the House of Representatives on the 3rd of the following April, by which the President was "requested to invite, from time to time, as fit occasions may arise, negotiations with any government with which the United States has or may have diplomatic relations, to the end that any differences or disputes arising between the two governments, which cannot be adjusted by diplomatic agency, may be referred to arbitration, and be peaceably adjusted by such means." On the 16th of July, 1893, a responsive resolution was passed by the House of Commons, "cordially sympathizing with the purpose in view," and expressing the hope that Her Majesty's Government would "lend their ready co-operation to the Government of the United States upon the basis of the foregoing resolution." Since that time it is understood that negotiations have been in progress between the two Governments for the establishment between them of a permanent arbitral system. With a view to promote the accomplishment of this end, many meetings have lately been held in the United States; and at a national conference at Washington, on the 22d and 23d of April, which was attended by representative men from all parts of the Union, the following resolutions were adopted:—

"This national conference of American citizens assembled at Washington, April 22, 1896, to promote international arbitration, profoundly convinced that experience has shown that war, as a method of determining disputes between nations, is oppressive in its operation, uncertain and unequal in its results, and productive of immense evils, and that the spirit and humanity of the age, as well as the precepts of religion, require the adoption of every practicable means for the establishment of reason and justice between nations, and considering that the people of the United States and the people of Great Britain, bound together by ties of a common language and literature, of like political and legal institutions, and of many mutual interests, and animated by a spirit of devotion to law and justice, have, on many occasions, by resource to peaceful and friendly arbitration, manifested their just desire to substitute reason for force in the settlement of their differences, and to establish a reign of peace among nations; that the common sense and enlightened public opinion of both nations is utterly averse to any further war between them; that the same good sense, reinforced by common principles of humanity, religion, and justice, requires the adoption of a permanent method for the peaceful adjustment of international controversies, which method shall not only provide for the uniform application of principles of law and justice in the settlement of their own differences, but shall also by its example and its results promote the peace and progress of all peoples, does hereby adopt the following resolutions:

"(1.) That in the judgment of this conference, religion, humanity, and justice, as well as the material interests of civilized society, demand the immediate establishment between the United States and Great Britain of a permanent system of arbitration, and the earliest possible extension of such a system to embrace all civilized nations;

"(2.) That it is earnestly recommended to our government, as soon as it is assured of a corresponding disposition on the part of the British government, to negotiate a treaty providing for the widest practicable application of the method of arbitration to international controversies;

"(3.) That a committee of this conference be appointed to prepare and present to the

President of the United States a memorial respectfully urging the taking of such steps on the part of the United States as will best conduce to the end in view."

It may be observed that these resolutions speak merely of a "permanent system" or arbitration. Such a system may be established either by the creation of a permanent tribunal, or by the adoption of a permanent plan for the constitution of special tribunals as occasions for them may arise. As between these two methods, the former, in my opinion, possesses manifest advantages. The creation of a tribunal in which the people of both countries had confidence would not only tend to secure for the system popular support, but it would also avoid the difficulties that often attend the selection of arbitrators in the midst of a controversy. The creation of a permanent tribunal would also tend to produce uniformity of decision, and thus contribute to the development of international law. As to the jurisdiction of such a tribunal, it is generally conceded that the contracting parties would not agree beforehand to refer all matters in dispute between them. There are, however, certain subjects which are on all hands admitted to be eminently proper for arbitration. These subjects might be expressly included without prejudice to any others which the contracting parties might from time to time agree to refer, and without expressly including any. I make these suggestions merely for the purpose of exhibiting some of the practical aspects of the proposal to establish a permanent system of international arbitration.—*National Review*.

NICCOLA PISANO AND THE RENASCENCE OF SCULPTURE.

BY J. A. CROWE.

TEN centuries went by before Italian painters and sculptors lost the traditions handed down to them by the Roman Empire. From the days when Christ, the Good Shepherd, was represented in the Catacombs on the same classic lines as Orpheus, the ancient charmer of animals, to the time when

Italian artists became familiar with all the forms under which Gospel subjects might be represented, nothing occurred—nothing, it appeared, could be done—to stem the current which led to what seemed a final collapse. Yet, in spite of the magnitude of the danger and its near approach, the catastrophe was

avoided: the sister arts were saved from ruin; a revival took place; sculpture and painting recovered the ground which they had lost; and masters appeared who transformed a business apparently destined to perish into one that embodied new elements of progress.

That this is a true sketch of what actually occurred is known to those who have given a thought to the history of the early craft of sculptors and painters in Italy. Less known is the difference of the conditions under which painting on the one hand and sculpture on the other emerged from the obscurity of the middle ages.

The practice of painting had declined to such an extent that hopes could hardly be entertained of its final recovery. North and south of Rome the level was exceptionally low. At Sant' Elia of Nepi, as at Sant' Angelo in Formis, wall-painting was carried out on a large and imposing scale. The old system of distemper was maintained, but the skill of the workmen was inferior in many respects to that of much earlier times. In Rome and Florence mosaists of some experience in the judicious application of ornament and color decorated large spaces in basilicas and churches with pictures of gaudy tint and imperfect design.

In provincial cities of the centre of the Peninsula, where painting had sunk to the position of a trade, shops were open for the sale of crucifixes, and the Berlinghieri of Lucca, among others, founded a family of which several generations gave themselves up to the production of such wares. On these stock pieces the Redeemer was represented as the Sufferer, and side panels affixed to the perpendicular limb of the Cross were enlivened with scenes from the Passion composed and executed with that want of art which had now unfortunately become habitual even to the best guildsmen.

In Sienna Gilio and Dietisalvi varied their occupation as painters by throwing on the bindings which covered the registers of the municipal accounts portraits of the treasury officials. One of their colleagues, Vigoroso, left behind him a Madonna dated 1281, now in the gallery of Perugia, in which the decay

characteristic of the period is very apparent. His contemporary, Coppo di Marcovaldo, at Florence also left us an altarpiece which is still to be seen in all its repulsive features in Santa Maria de' Servi at Sienna.

At Arezzo and Pisa crucifixes were also commonly produced by such inferior hands as Margaritone and Giunta, who represent the lowest form to which the art of their time was reduced. Margaritone flooded Tuscany with portable altarpieces, of which many more have been preserved than are required to brand the painter as coarse and inefficient. Giunta, with little more skill, but better advised, cast in his lot with the Franciscans of Assisi. But even this would not have served him, and he would have spent his days in the old ways of the craft but for a new impulse given by the religious orders. The zeal of the friars of Assisi had suggested to them that it would be a gain to religion to multiply portraits of their chief, and effigies of him became almost as numerous in Central Italy as representations of the Crucified Saviour. A great part of Margaritone's practice consisted in painting imaginary likenesses of St. Francis. Giunta took the same road. But he was not only employed in representing Christ on the Cross, or figures of St. Francis; he was entrusted with the more important task of illustrating the Franciscan legend. It had been the aim of the directors of the order at the very earliest moment after the death of its founder to represent the chief incidents of his life, which had been compressed into a legend parallel with the Bible narrative of the Lord's Passion. It was resolved that the episodes of both should be displayed on opposite walls in the aisle of the lower church of Assisi, which at that time were unbroken and reached uninterruptedly from the portal to the choir. On this vast field Giunta was commissioned to paint the Passion and scenes of the legend of St. Francis, and he did so with such power as his barbarous and feeble pencil allowed. In course of time the walls of the aisle were broken through for the purpose of erecting a series of chapels to which the faithful might have access. Giunta's wall-pictures were mutilated; yet

such was the conservatism of the Franciscans that the remnants of his work may still be seen, and we judge of the artist's incapacity by the parts which have not yet perished or entirely disappeared.

Persons with an eye for such studies will make out, even now, in the lower church of San Francesco that fragments of the original decorations are still in existence. On one spandrel of the first arch which used to form part of the wall of the aisle there are remnants of a Descent from the Cross with very little left but a bit of the timbers of the cross and a ladder. On the similar space further on there are remains of a Calvary, with the Mary's following the procession to Golgotha. In the spandrels of the next arch is the Descent from the Cross, with half of a figure of Christ, and parts of Joseph of Arimathea supporting the body, the Evangelist kissing the hand, the Virgin wailing, and Nicodemus drawing the nails from the feet. In the next section Christ is depicted at length on the ground, while Mary in a fainting fit is attended by her women. A third space shows us nothing but traces of color-stains.

Facing this row of fragments, but on the opposite side of the aisle, a bishop is seen covering the nakedness of St. Francis with his cloak; the Pope dreams that the Church is tottering, and would fall but for the saint's support; St. Francis feeds the sparrows; he receives the stigmata; and the series is closed with the scene of the death, where the friars surround the saint's pallet waving censers or carrying tapers.

Although there is reason to believe that Giunta's pencil was not confined to the lower church, but that he also painted in the right transept of the upper church, the remains are so mutilated that we cannot discern with certainty what may be his and what Cimabue's. There is no documentary evidence of Giunta's share in any part of the edifice. Naturally we are unable to say whether the art there displayed made a strong impression on the public of the thirteenth century. But the fact that the lower church proved to be too small for the press of pilgrims, the opening of chapels, and the subsequent re-

painting of the upper and lower churches in the spirit of the earlier designs, is evidence that the order found its policy requited by an increase of wealth and numbers, and Giunta's work was approved, although, as time sped on, it was soon discovered that his distempers were no longer up to the mark of pictorial attainments to be noted in the neighboring cities. Giunta's art shows a moderate improvement upon that of the almost contemporary decorators in San Pietro in Grado near Pisa. Movement and a natural formation of groups are in advance of the powers of the commoner painters of the time, yet the drawing and the coloring are of that barbarous kind which Vasari disdainfully though improperly called Greek.

Simultaneously with the Franciscans of Assisi, the Dominicans of Santa Maria Novella at Florence, before the acknowledgment of the superior talent of Cimabue, deemed it advisable to decorate their church and convent with incidents taken from the legend of their founder. There was a rivalry between the orders. Those of Assisi took the opportunity which the enlargement of their church offered them, and, seeing that they could not save all that Giunta had done in the first aisle, they engaged Cimabue to re-decorate the right transept of the lower church, and they further employed him in the left transept of the upper church. At the same time new hands were engaged as helps in painting the central ceilings of the transept and nave of the upper church, while Cimabue and his assistants covered the sides of the nave with subjects from the Old and New Testament. Later artists, including Giotto, designed and completed the lower strip of wall-paintings in the upper church, showing at the close what immense strides art had been taking in a comparatively short time.

Painting was thus revived by a series of efforts limited to a single centre. The men who contributed to the result were Florentines of successive generations who lived and labored in the second half of the thirteenth century. No mystery clouds the expansion of their progress. Vasari thought the impulse due to the superiority of Tuscan

over imported Greek art. But it was Tuscan art which revived in consequence of the policy of the religious orders and the rivalry of the Franciscans and Dominicans in Tuscany.

The renaissance of sculpture took place under conditions altogether different. But the attempts of Florentine historians, from Vasari to the commentators of the present day, to ascribe the development of sculpture in Italy to the single efforts of local Tuscans taught by Greeks has completely failed; and there is no reason any longer to doubt that, whereas the revival of painting was localized at Assisi, that of sculpture was due to entirely different causes from those recited by Vasari, and it was not in consequence of an accidental collection of antique examples in the Campo Santo of Pisa or the study of those examples by a single artist that sculpture improved.

Many years ago I pointed out that nothing occurred to check the action of decay in productions of the chisel in Central Italian cities during the greater part of the thirteenth century. I inferred from the existence of a superior art in the South that the true impulse came from that direction, and urged with some considerable show of reason that Niccola Pisano, whose name appeared to indicate that he was a Pisan, was really an immigrant who only brought his skill to a better market than that to which he had access at home. One or two examples were given at the time to illustrate the talents of sculptors who apparently had never stirred from the neighborhood of Salerno; and a point was made of the fact that Niccola Pisano was at least the son of a native of Apulia, and probably had been taught in Southern Italy.

But these arguments met with strong opposition. It was said by Mr. Perkins, a historian of Italian sculpture, that sufficient evidence could be adduced to prove that the renaissance had its origin at Pisa. Milanese broke a lance in favor of the same theory by asserting that Niccola Pisano was born at Apulia, a village near Lucca. But neither Perkins nor Milanese, nor their numerous partisans in Germany, could get over the fact that sculpture was not

practised by any artist of skill in Central Italy when Niccola appeared for the first time as contractor for the erection of the pulpit of Pisa in 1260, and no one could give a rational explanation of the assertion of Vasari, that Niccola Pisano learned his art by copying the bas-reliefs of ancient monuments, preserved in the Campo Santo of Pisa.

Since this controversy began much has been done to throw light upon the subject of Italian sculpture. Not only has the miracle which Vasari describes been disproved, but his statements have been found to be false and his theory untenable. Meanwhile the fact that sculpture had fallen into complete decay at Florence and in Tuscany generally in the early part of the thirteenth century, while it gained a new impulse in the South under the protection and care of Frederick of Hohenstaufen, has been established so completely that it can no longer be successfully controverted.

It is matter of common knowledge that, previous to the appearance of Niccola Pisano in Tuscany, the art of the carver in that part of Italy was so rude that, if taken as an evidence of civilization, it would have suggested the existence of a thoroughly barbaric age. Not at Pisa alone, but in Florence, Pistoia, Lucca, and even farther north at Parma, sculptors had lost all the traditions of the antique, and failed to exhibit even an approach to a reasonable imitation of Nature. As late as 1250, when Guido of Como erected a pulpit at San Bartolommeo of Pistoia, which may be compared with that which Niccola Pisano built ten years later, we seem to have gone back to the infancy of art for the production of figures characterized by slenderness of shape, rigidity of attitude, and almost complete absence of modelling. At Florence we note the childish creations of a nameless craftsman, who carved the "ambo" of San Piero Scheraggio, now in the church of San Leonardo, or those of an equally unknown carver, whose reliefs on an arch in the abbey of Candeli have lately been transferred to the National Museum.

Vasari was clever enough to see that such specimens of sculpture as the Tus-

can cities could show were ill fitted to serve as models for a coming race of artists who were to regenerate the craft. For that reason probably he invented this story of Niccola Pisano, and the monuments of the Campo Santo of Pisa. But the wonder is that so many historians should have accepted his theory as probable and true. When Niccola Pisano uncovered his pulpit in 1260 he displayed to a public accustomed to the feeble creations of Biduino, Bonamico, and Bonanno the work of a man who had obtained a thorough insight into the practice of the Roman antique, who had studied pagan examples in preference to Nature, and acquired the skill necessary for realizing high relief in figures of powerful build and marble of admirable rounding and polished surface.

Never had the Pisans seen such work. They certainly had not seen any by Niccola himself, who had not been employed and had not left any traces of his presence in any part of Tuscany. But, this being so, we inquire where the Pisans discovered him, and how they secured his services.

Niccola, who is called Pisanus in the inscription of his first pulpit, must have obtained the freedom of the city before he completed that masterpiece. It is needless to assume that Pisanus means a native Pisan. The adjective would apply equally to one who had only become a citizen. No early historian, Vasari included, knows where he was born. Vasari, indeed, carefully abstains from any mention of his birth. The oldest document that refers to him is the contract of 1265 for a pulpit at Sienna, in which he figures as "Magister Niccolus lapidum de parrochia Ecclesie Sancti Blasii de ponte de Pisis quondam Petri." At this time it is clear Niccola was a resident of Pisa, and had lost his father, of whose origin nothing further is said. In a second document of somewhat later date, in which Niccola is requested to summon his journeyman Arnolfo to attend to his duties as assistant in the completion of the pulpit of Sienna, he is called "Nichola Pietri de Apulia," which shows that either he or his father, or both, were natives of Apulia. An account of wages, dated in August 1267, bears the

master's signature: "Magister Nicchulus olim Petri, lapidum de Pisis, populi Sancti Blasii," and in this form we have other records of 1272 and 1273 at Pistoia.

According to Vasari, Niccola, having studied under certain Greeks employed in carving figures and ornament in the Cathedral and Baptistery of Pisa, gave particular attention at the same time to ancient monuments which had been brought home from abroad, and especially singled out a sarcophagus in which the remains of Countess Mathilda were enclosed. In this monument, which was set up in a place of honor in the square facing the cathedral, Niccola admired most a relief of the Chase of Meleager. He copied it, as well as other reliefs of the same class, and displayed such cleverness in this form of imitation that he was acknowledged as the best sculptor of his age.

The pulpit of 1260 bears out Vasari's theory of the influence of the antique on the expansion of Niccola's talent; but it does not confirm the legend which attributes that influence to monuments imported as spoils of war from abroad. Pisan annals know nothing of the Greeks whom Vasari describes vaguely as masters of Niccola. There are no Byzantine examples of sculpture in Central Italy, nor are there any works by Niccola of an earlier date than 1260 and 1265, the year in which he appears for the first time as past-master in his guild. We cannot place the migration of Niccola from the south earlier than 1250 or 1255, about which time Giovanni Pisano, his son, was born in Pisa. The rapture with which Vasari speaks of the Chase of Meleager on the sarcophagus of Countess Mathilda is feigned, no such subject being found in the place which he assigns to it. The bas-relief of the sarcophagus represents either Atalanta's Race or Hippolytus and Phædra. The only Chase of Meleager in the Campo Santo is a feeble work of late Roman execution, to which Niccola would pay no attention. If, therefore, we cannot trace the career of the master in his earlier efforts in any part of Tuscany, and if we cannot discover his Greek masters, any more than we can find the antiques on which his art is based, we

are bound to inquire where the conditions which are wanting in Central Italy are really found to have existed. There must be some means of ascertaining where the career of a sculptor of such eminence began, under what circumstances it was favored, and in what locality it was shaped.

Happily, we have now a better clew to this mystery than we possessed before. What we now know justifies us in assuming that Niccola was bred in a country where antique examples were more abundant than at Pisa, and where more models were cast in the mould of the classic Roman than in Tuscany. It enables us to urge that Niccola cannot have been born at Pisa, though later on he must have taken the freedom of that city. It forces us to the conclusion that the master's services were engaged because he had a name and repute among the seafarers of the Republic, and that, having responded to the call, he at once displayed an art which struck his patrons as new and superior to anything of which they had acquaintance at home. We must not forget that Pisa in the thirteenth century commanded the trade of the west coast of Italy. She had acquired by various means the business of commercial exchanges between her port and the ports of Amalfi, Salerno, and the Sicilian Straits, and she must in consequence have had a fair knowledge of the artistic resources which these countries contained. About the year 1250, when Niccola may be supposed to have settled at Pisa, the Southern States of Italy were in a condition of transition. Frederick the Second, who had wielded the sceptre of Empire, was just dead, and his provinces were about to witness the struggles of the house of Anjou to oust the last descendants of the Hohenstaufen. Frederick had done a great deal to encourage the cultivation of art in his dominions. He had his architects and sculptors, who built and decorated Foggia and Capua. He may have known something of the talents of Niccola, though we have no evidence to warrant us in asserting that he actually did so. Unfortunately, his empire was overrun and exhausted by a succession of wars, so that Apulia, in which we should trace Niccola's career,

was completely wasted. Neither the name nor the works of the master are to be found, if they ever were known there. What we have discovered, however, shows that while in Central Italy local sculpture had a character foreign to that of Niccola, in Apulia and the South generally sculptors practised under the same technical conditions as Niccola, and with the same tendency to adapt the elements of the antique. We know of no contemporary works by Niccola, but we find statuary and carved reliefs which remind us of his style.

Vasari, curiously enough, has prefaced the life of Niccola with some general observations in which he deals with edifices built by an imaginary architect named Fuccio of Florence; and he specifies particularly the castles of Naples, the deer-park of Amalfi, and the gates of Capua on the Volturnus. These are the very places in which Niccola must have acquired the rudiments of the art which we find illustrated in his pulpits. At Salerno, which is remarkable for its classic remains, the town is full of old sepulchral monuments, unsurpassed in quantity and variety by similar ones in Pisa. The difference between the two cities is that Salerno is the centre in which the monuments were produced, whereas Pisa is only the place to which they were taken after successful wars. In the Episcopal palace at Salerno, among a number of sarcophagi and separate reliefs, which abound, we find in the cloisters a fine Chase of Meleager, the very subject which Vasari pretends to have seen on the tomb of the Countess Mathilda. There are figures of a pseudo-antique style on the pulpits of the Cathedral which in spirit and execution recall the art of Niccola. At Amalfi, Ravello, and Scala there are pieces of statuary and busts in marble, some of them by Nicholas of Foggia, in which the style is almost exactly that of Niccola Pisano. A bust from Scala, now in the Berlin Museum, will give a fair notion of the mode in which South Italian sculpture was developed. It represents a female wearing a diadem, and dressed in jewelled attire. The modelling of the flesh parts is bold and effective; the eyes are made peculiarly

expressive by the scooping out of the pupils. The mechanical perforation of the more distant parts by means of the drill, the polish of the surface where it remains uninjured, are quite in the character of Niccola Pisano, and similar in almost all respects to the work of the sculptor of the pulpit of Ravello.

But the whole art of this end of the Peninsula shows that imitation of the antique was the aim and purpose of the sculptors of South Italy generally.

Frederick the Second spent his life in trying to re-establish the Roman Empire in Italy in opposition to the Papacy. His effort carried with it the apparent necessity of restoring much that had become obsolete in the old realm over which the Cæsars had once held their sway. Among these obsolete things classic art was not the least important. Though Frederick tried, he found it impossible to compass the revival, yet what he attained before his death was remarkable. He got together a number of architects and carvers who created a pseudo-antique not unworthy of admiration; and it is to his transient attempts that we probably owe the innovations which are so noticeable in the carved work of Niccola Pisano. The pulpit of Pisa is not, however, a solitary example of the influence of Frederick's reforms. The pulpit of Ravello and the bust of Scala belong to that class. But more important still are the remnants recently unearthed of the sculpture produced in the thirteenth century at Capua.

Frederick the Second had determined to make Capua the seat of a supreme court of law and a fortress of the first order. Immediately after his coronation at Rome in 1220, he met the barons of Apulia in the old capital of the Terra di Lavoro, and ordered the construction of a citadel and bridge-head on the Volturnus. The work was rapidly taken in hand and completed, and we have it on the authority of those who described the siege and capture of the stronghold in 1266 that it was equally remarkable for the strength of its round towers as for the decoration of its entrance. The approach was through a marble arch, above which a statue of Frederick was placed in which he was made to appear in the

robes and mantle of the Cæsars, covering the wide sleeved under-garment of a mediæval knight. The gesture and the drapery were manifestly copied from the antique. Above this commanding figure, which was larger than life, there were ranges of old works of pagan statuary dug out of the ruins of the neighboring Capuan circus, and lower down, at the emperor's sides, were busts of Pietro delle Vigne and Roffredo of Beneventum, both of them judges of the Imperial high court. Beneath all this, and still above the key of the arch, a colossal statue allegorically representing Capua was placed, and at the sides of the entrance trophies were placed with carved reliefs illustrating the victories of the emperor.

In spite of many vicissitudes this important monument remained entire till the seventeenth century, when it was taken down by the Duke of Alba, who enlarged the citadel. The sculptured figures and reliefs were then thrown down and left upon the ground, and it was not till a few years ago that fragments were found which proved sufficient to give an idea of the original grandeur of the decoration. Of the remains, which are now in the museum of Capua, all that exists is the mutilated head and torso of Frederick, without nose, hands, or feet; the head without the body of Imperial Capua; and the busts of the two Capuan judges. Here, then, are classic remains of the sculpture of the thirteenth century in South Italy. They reveal the spirit in which the carvers had learned to work. They lived upon a robust, but, on the whole, honest imitation of the Roman antique in costume, dress, and gesture. Frederick is one of the Cæsars; Capua, an antique goddess with sharply cut features disposed after the fashion of the Greeks, but marking about the same relapse from the Greek as would be a mechanical revival of the sculpture of Egina by feeble artists of the Roman lower Empire. Technically, the execution is like that of the busts of Ravello and Scala.

What the artist has well attained is a certain measure of severe gravity expressed in the orb of the large scooped eye, the curve of the brows, and the breadth of the cheek. The judges

might easily pass for effigies of ancient philosophers in the dress of their time.

Nothing so natural as that work of this kind should have furnished models upon which Niccola might form his art, and enabled him to realize not only the spirit but the mechanical methods in use among the artists of Frederick's time.

It may seem venturesome to a few to acknowledge the existence of a South Italian school of sculpture. But here we have the practical outcome, and we

can explain to our perfect satisfaction how Niccola, bred in that school and reduced to idleness during the troubles that followed on the Emperor Frederick's death, wandered from the south to Pisa, where he settled, and gave the example of a leaning for the antique which was only assimilated after a time, when the genius of Giotto reacted not only on all the painters, but on all the sculptors, of Italy.—*Nineteenth Century.*

A STROKE OF LUCK.

BY MRS. E. T. COOK.

It was long since a piece of good fortune had turned up for Alice Tremaine. She was thirty-two years old, and up to now her life—with one exception—had presented no particularly attractive features. And yet she was one of those people whom one would have preferred to associate with ease and soft places—so small, so pathetic she looked in her worn black dress. Her brown hair was soft and pretty, her face delicate and refined—her dark eyes were usually plaintive, but to-night they shone with pleasure—and was there not reason?

On Alice's lap lay an open letter—a precious document indeed—it was a letter of acceptance for a novel.

Only one letter in Alice Tremaine's life had ever been as sweet. That was a letter received eight years ago—the one ray of happiness in her life up to now—a letter from young Noel Crichton, the curate in the far Hampshire village, asking her to marry him at some future day. That future day had never yet dawned, and the letter was already turning yellow in Alice's desk; but she had no need to re-read it, for every week Noel wrote a new letter, and the joy of receiving it blotted out even the recollection of those that had gone before. . . . And she saw him, oh! quite often—twice or three times a year, at least—in the draughty corridors of the British Museum, perhaps, or under the trees in Regent's Park. Those were indeed red-letter days. They loved each other, they would

marry some day—what did it matter when? "Some day" Noel would get a living; "some day" they would be happy, and till then she must work.

And Alice had worked. Seven years ago now she had come up to London alone, an orphan and friendless, with her little hoard saved from teaching (she had been governess in Sir A——'s family in Blankton manor-house), to "go in" for journalism. She had always had a strong bent to literature, and though she starved more or less at first, in time she made enough to "rub along somehow," as she expressed it. Noel, the Blankton curate, to whom she had become engaged while at Sir A——'s, had indeed at first opposed objections, but Alice had laughed at his fears, assuring him that the "drudgery" of writing was as nothing compared with the drudgery of teaching, and that she would soon "get on," and be able to earn some money, too, for their future home.

But she had not always "got on." Even after the first months of semi-starvation were over, work had often been uncertain and fitful. How many days when Alice had not an idea whence the next day's dinner was to be procured! how many fruitless journeys in wind and rain to editors who had "no opening for her services"! how many weeks when, anxious and ailing, she had felt as though her powers of writing were failing her, and as though the profession she had chosen were one in-

cessant "making of bricks without straw"! Of course, Noel had never known all this; she had always kept the bright side for him—for what was the use of worrying him, hard-worked and poor as he was also?

And now the tide had turned, and Fortune, always fitful, had smiled at last. The novel over which she had been working eight months was just accepted. Alice thought over in her own mind all the experiences that had led to its acceptance. How she had tried every kind of style, every kind of "ladies' column," every subject she could think of, and yet for years had failed to make a name of any kind. How she had occasionally "got in" an article here and there, yet had never managed to gain a really solid footing on any magazine or journal. How some magazines had cut down their prices for her benefit—just because she needed the money so badly—and how some had failed to pay her at all. And how at last, one day last June, a sympathetic and "up-to-date" publisher, touched by her sad looks, and struck by some promise in her style, had suggested that she should write a realistic and advanced novel. "It's the only sort that pays nowadays," he said; adding kindly, "and I'm sure you would do it nicely."

Alice had not altogether liked the commission, but she felt that "beggars must not be choosers," and had therefore resolved to do her best. So she had carefully studied the "tone" of modern fiction before beginning a task that was so contrary to her natural bent; for Alice, by the way, was a retiring and modest little woman. But she wanted to do her work well, she wanted to please her friend the publisher, and, above all, she wanted the money; and so the "advanced" novel was written. The little type-writing girl whom Alice employed by the day whenever she herself got work, opened her blue eyes to their widest while typing the story, and Alice herself, pacing up and down her little room, dictating slowly to the accompaniment of the "click" of the Remington, felt the bare walls of her poor garret almost blush to hear her. It seemed to her like a kind of degradation of her tal-

ents; she was, however, enough of an artist to do the thing well notwithstanding. So the novel had been finished, and sent in last week, and now it was accepted! In the distance she saw fame, happiness, and golden guineas sparkling.

Alice was recalled from her day-dream by a sudden crash, caused by the falling embers in the grate. She roused herself, and looked at the clock. Why! it was late, already long past tea-time. Some one knocked at the door, and Alice, with a sudden and curious instinct of concealment, crushed up the precious letter in her hand. In that moment the thought came to her that never, never would she wish the outside world to know that she had written that novel. But it was only a young girl, fair and blue-eyed, who came in.

"Oh! It's you, Minnie," Alice cried gayly to the little typist. "Come in. I'd quite forgotten about tea. You must have been impatient."

Alice rented only one room, with a tiny cupboard-like annex containing a bed, on the top floor of a "model lodging-house." It was a decent-sized room, and she paid for it only 4s. a week; opposite, across the dirty stone landing, where the noisy workmen's children played and shouted after school, lived the typewriting girl, equally poor and friendless. The two were great friends, and generally, for cheapness, had their meals in common.

The typewriting girl smiled at Alice's remark. "Oh! I didn't notice the time," she said. "I've been out to the draper's, and I met young Smith."

"You do encourage that young Smith," said Alice, half reproachfully, but smiling as we smile at the foibles of our friends.

"Well, it's only because he likes it," returned Minnie, tossing her curly fringe. She was a pretty, rather weak-looking girl, pale faced and slight, with a tiny waist, and shabby clothes carefully made the most of. She had been a "dressmaker's trotter" in her early teens, before she took to typewriting, and a slight taint of the cockney shop-girl still clung to her—though she had now lived two years in almost constant companionship with Alice. Many were

the kindnesses the elder woman had bestowed on the younger. Alice, with so little to love, loved this friendless girl of twenty, and had not only helped her by giving her work, but had nursed her like a mother in frequent quinsies and small ailments.

"Here's a letter for you, Miss Tremaine," Minnie said; "I met the postman just outside, in the street."

A letter—and in Noel's handwriting! Alice glowed with pleasure. And then, for the first time that day, she suddenly remembered, with a cold chill, what would *he* think of her novel? He, so good, so conventional, so—no, Alice would not let herself call him narrow. Well, perhaps he would never know; she must keep it a secret from him.

"Dearest Alice," the letter ran, "I have got some news which will surprise you. I am coming up to town next week to take T. R.'s place, who is ordered abroad for a long holiday. The vicar manages to get along without me for a bit. But in all probability I shall not return here. Many things are 'in the air'; and, my love, who knows but that at last our patient waiting may be rewarded?"

Alice looked up with shining eyes. "He's coming?" asked the little typist, delightedly. "I knew it!"

Now, the little typist had never seen Noel—she had always chanced to be away during his rare and brief visits; but she took, like all women, a deep interest in a love affair.

Alice closed with the publisher's offer (thirty pounds down, and unlimited possible "royalties"), and Noel arrived the following Saturday. Faultlessly neat, in a well-worn long black coat, and with a bunch of violets in his button-hole, he found his way up the stone stairs and past the noisy groups of children to Alice's "sky-parlor," where tea was set out. What a happy meeting it was! Alice felt as though treading on air; and if Noel were not now violently in love with Alice, yet he loved her with the habit of years—for it was eight years now since they had become engaged. The engagement must have been clearly a case of propinquity, for the two were remarkably unlike—Alice enthusiastic, impulsive, nervous; Noel calm, and rather phleg-

matic. Noel, as we said, had never altogether liked Alice's taking to literature, for he was more or less conventional in his views, and disliked all suggestion of the "New Woman." He was a young man of about the same age as his betrothed, tall, handsome, and clean shaven, with a slightly reserved manner, which might even seem cold to those who did not know him well. But in Alice's opinion he could hardly have been more perfect. And the little typist, who came in presently to make tea, and whose share of curiosity was large, was apparently appreciative also; at any rate, she took him in with all her eyes. After tea Noel and Alice went off to walk in Regent's Park, and talked of many things. The vicarage was now, said Noel, as good as settled; they would soon be able to marry. Could Alice manage on, say, £200 a year, in a snug little house down in Hampshire?

"Could Alice manage?" What a question! Why, had not eight shillings a week amply sufficed for her "board" up to now? How happy they were, and what plans they made!

"You're not looking so well, my love," said Noel tenderly, as they sat down in the April sunlight, beside the fountain in the park. "Have you been tiring yourself?"

Alice flushed. She wondered whether Noel thought her looking older. Alas! she realized that the only reason she clung to youth was for his sake. She had felt tired and old lately—it must have been the writing of that novel that had so ploughed into her. And, with a sudden impulse, she resolved to tell him about the novel.

"Noel," she said, and lifted up an appealing face to her companion, "supposing you wanted dreadfully to earn some money, and supposing you could do it by writing—well, in a way that you did not altogether like or approve of—would you write in that way?"

Noel smiled. "What an absurd question! And you really expect me to answer it seriously? How long have you taken to evolve such a problem?"

"No, don't laugh, Noel, but tell me," Alice pleaded.

"Well, then, I wouldn't write—in that way," said Noel. "It's self-evi-

dent, I should have thought. Look here, Alice, we've never fixed about whether we shall be able to afford to buy that lawn-mower for the garden—and how about the kitchener?"

So they went back to their happy discussions, and Alice put the novel out of her mind.

"Well, did you like him, Minnie?" Alice asked her friend, after Noel had taken leave of her at the door.

The little typist blushed, and her face spoke her admiration. "How beautifully shiny his boots and his hat were!" she said. "He might have come out of a bandbox!"

After this Noel came often to see Alice, and to take her out for walks when writing hours were over—and often, too, Alice would insist on Minnie's accompanying them—for Minnie, she said, was not strong, and needed plenty of fresh air. Minnie was not at all loath to come. She admired Alice's betrothed hugely, and felt quite proud to share him as an escort. Poor Mr. Smith, the tax-collector, her quondam admirer, was quite out of it, and green-eyed jealousy consumed him. Meanwhile "The New Eve" (this was the name that had been fixed on for Alice's novel) progressed rapidly, and the proof-sheets were soon in her hands. The first sight of these gave her a pang. The story seemed to her even more "advanced" and brazen in print than it had seemed in manuscript. Poor Alice did herself injustice; her story was not really a harmful one in any way—except in so far as she had followed out her friend the publisher's suggestions—but its authoress was morbidly sensitive and shrinking.

"I will show the proofs to Noel," she resolved more than once during her nightly terrors; and then when day came she changed her mind. But at last she resolved on a compromise. "See, Noel," she said one day, "a friend has written this story and sent it to me to read in proof. Tell me what you think of it."

Noel unsuspectingly took it home, and in a day or two brought it back. "My dear Alice," he said carelessly, "I've only just glanced at this. But I've seen enough to know what it's like. If the author is a great friend of yours,

I should see as little of her as possible in future. I can't stand that sort of book. It is of the worst type of the bad literature of the present day."

If it had been yet possible at this date to recall the novel, Alice would have done so. A sudden mist rose before her. This was really Noel's opinion! What *was* she to do? Would he ever forgive her when he came to know? She acknowledged to herself that she could not confess to him. Therefore he must never know. She felt strangely shy with Noel all the rest of the afternoon; and they had but a dull walk. In the evening she wrote to the publisher: "Please on no account allow my name to appear in connection with the novel, 'The New Eve.'" And then she bound Minnie too to secrecy. "Do not mention my book to Mr. Crichton," she said to her, as they parted that night, "I want to surprise him with it."

Was it the consciousness of deceit, or what, that made from this day an estrangement between Alice and her lover? Alice never knew. But from that time it seemed as if their happy love-making was at an end. No more did they talk blissfully of possible lawn-mowers and kitcheners; no longer did they discuss that snug future vicarage. Noel seemed strange and cold, Alice unhappy and conscience-stricken. She loved him as much and more than ever, but she began to dread the sound of his step on the stair. She often made pretexts to go out shopping, or on business, and left him alone with Minnie, out of mere dread of what she might inadvertently say. It was doubtless a kind of nervous "possession," for Alice had been overworked. But the shadow had silently crept between them, and every day it grew.

A fortnight from the day Alice had written to the publisher, this advertisement appeared in the papers:

Now Ready.
THE NEW EVE:
A STORY OF THE AGE.
By
ALICE TREMAINE.

Alice's instructions had come too late, they told her on inquiry. On such slight things may a life's happiness depend.

In a day or two the book was "out," with the name of its author flaunting gayly on the title-page, and on Saturday evening Noel came by appointment to take Alice to a concert. Alice made sure that he had seen it. He was moody and silent, and Alice's feelings were such that if there had not been luckily an extra ticket for Minnie, she did not know how she should have got through the evening. She hardly dared begin any subject for fear of leading up to the unfortunate novel, which indeed she began to hate as if it had been a sentient, responsible thing.

Alice was, as we have said, very sensitive; it was partly, no doubt, the result of living so much alone. She now got the idea firmly fixed in her head that Noel had seen the novel and the author's name, and that this accounted for his silence and altered looks. In reality the silence and altered looks were more or less the result of Alice's own changed conduct. She no longer seemed glad to see him; no longer did her face glow when he suggested a country walk, or an hour's shop-gazing in Oxford Street; she no longer liked to talk of the pretty vicarage that should be theirs. What she saw in Noel's face was mainly the reflection of her own mood.

The subject of their approaching marriage was somehow dropped; but Noel was no less frequent in his visits; he still remained at his London curacy; and now the autumn drew on. On one of the dark November days, Alice was returning from the British Museum—where she had been looking up references all the morning—to tea. On the threshold of her little parlor she heard voices—the voices of Noel and Minnie. What could they be discussing so earnestly? Alice opened the door and went in. Minnie was leaning on the Remington typewriter, with her head buried in her hands, and Noel was bending over her. Both started as Alice came in; Noel was very pale.

"I came to see if you would go out," he said, "and I found Miss Minnie with a bad headache; I've been advising her to take some antipyrine."

The little typist raised her head, and Alice noticed that her eyes were red and heavy. "Go and lie down, Min-

nie," she said kindly. "I know how to treat her headaches," she added, turning to Noel; "she has them often."

Minnie went, and Alice, after enjoining rest, returned to the parlor. Somehow on this particular afternoon she yearned more than ever to talk to Noel. "Oh! if he would only be as he was before," she sighed to herself. She loved him more than ever, but more than ever she felt an invisible barrier between them. Her heart cried out to him, but she could not speak of what was in her heart. Some people are made so. And Noel made a few trivial remarks, and went.

After this Alice got a bad feverish cold. The doctor had to be called in; he said she was "below par," and ordered nerve tonics. But it was surprising how she failed to get her strength back. She lay day after day, weak and feverish—the doctor, a kind old man, got quite anxious about her. Noel called often, and Minnie, who stayed at home to nurse the invalid, had to see him, and take him out daily bulletins. Minnie had often red eyes, and Alice noticed this gratefully, but with compunction—it was so kind of a little typewriting girl to cry for sympathy, and have red eyes for her sake! What a bother she was to herself and to everybody. And all the time Alice was ill she seemed to see written up in large fiery letters on the wall, like nightmare posters, "'The New Eve,' by Alice Tremaine."

And "The New Eve" was all this time selling like wildfire, and was now in its sixth edition!

When Alice at last got better, and could leave her room, she was surprised one day to find the little typist sitting by the fire, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"What is it, Minnie, dear?" she asked sympathetically. "Is it Mr. Smith?" (for Mr. Smith, Minnie's ex-lover, although cashiered some time ago, had since been occasionally importunate).

"No, it's not him, Miss Tremaine"—Minnie sobbed, with averted face. "It's that—that—I'm not happy"—(sob) —"I must go—o—o" (sobs).

And as it turned out, Minnie did go.

She declared that nothing should ever have induced her to quit her dear Miss Tremaine, if her old grandmother, who lived in Essex, hadn't written begging her to come and soothe her declining years. So Minnie, with many tears and sobs, packed up her Remington typewriter, and said farewell to her friend one March day on the platform of Liverpool Street Station, and Alice went back to her lonely lodging—lonelier now than before—and with the necessity before her of finding another typewriting girl.

Noel had not called within the last week or so, but about this time Alice made up her mind to write to him fully about "The New Eve," and to put things back on their old, happy footing. Of course he would know long ago about it, but at any rate she would relieve his mind by a full confession. So she wrote a long letter to Noel, and posted it herself with a beating heart.

"My Noel will come back to me now," she said to herself, and her eyes brimmed with happy tears.

Next evening, coming back from one of her editors, she noticed a bulky post-parcel awaiting her on the table of her little room. "Oh, press-cuttings!" she thought carelessly, for many of these had showered in upon her of late. Beside the parcel lay a letter. This was from her friend the publisher, enclosing an account, and a check. The check fairly took away her breath. It was for no less a sum than £200.

"Oh, Noel, Noel!" she cried out involuntarily. Here were riches at last.

Then she opened the parcel that she had supposed to contain press cuttings, and started in amazement, for out of it rolled a packet of letters—her own letters—those she had written to Noel, with such love and tenderness, during her last year in London. A note from him lay at the top. She opened it:

"My dear Alice,—I have never seen 'The New Eve,' nor do I remember ever to have heard of it; but I am very glad indeed that you have written a successful novel. I have not the least idea why you seem to think I should

object to your doing so. . . . But I have something vastly more important to say. To my grief, I have found that we have both made a great mistake, and that it is better to realize the fact before it is too late. My sole consolation is that I imagine, from your manner of late, that you have found it to be a mistake also. We are not suited to each other; and, for I must confess all, I love another, and have, indeed, loved her for long. My only prayer is that you may soon forget one who was never worthy of you.

"NOEL CRICHTON.

"Under the circumstances I return all such of your letters as I have here."

She seemed not to see the letter; she was not even conscious that it was in Noel's handwriting. She felt, as the clairvoyants are said to feel, through and beyond it, seeing not the letter at all, but only a little typewriting girl, with red eyes and curly hair. But why with red eyes? Ah! yes, she saw it all now!

The patches of light suddenly faded from the floor, as the sun sank behind the opposite house-roofs. Through the wall the next lodger was clinking the teacups preparatory to getting tea, while from the pavement far below came the newsboy's cry, "Extra spesh—ul! Extra speshul—Scandal in 'Igh Life!" Alice took no notice; she sat for some time oblivious to sight and sound. Then she did a curious thing. She rose mechanically, and, going over to the mirror, scrutinized her face carefully. It was thin and wan, with incipient crows' feet at the eyes, and hair already turning gray at the temples.

"Ah!" she murmured, half unconsciously, "what should we hope for when we are plain and old? Youth is all that men care for in us."

And she sat down again aimlessly, her hands dropping at her sides.

This was the hour of her success, yet still she sat into the growing gloom, the publisher's cheque lying untouched in her lap, a lonely and miserable woman.

And this was Alice Tremaine's stroke of luck.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

ART AND LIFE.

BY VERNON LEE.

II.

I AM desirous of beginning this second chapter, in which I propose to show how a genuine æsthetic development tends to render the individual more useful, or at least less harmful, to his fellow-men—I am also desirous of beginning this chapter also with a symbol, such as may sum up my meaning, and point it out in the process of my expounding it. The symbol is contained in the saying of the Abbot Joachim of Flora, one of the great precursors of St. Francis, to wit: "He that is a true monk considers nothing as belonging to him except a lyre—*nihil reputat esse suum nisi citharam.*" Yes; nothing except a lyre.

But that lyre, our only real possession, is our *soul*. It must be shaped, and strung, and carefully kept in tune, no easy matter in surroundings little suited to delicate instruments and delicate music. Possessing it, we possess, in the only true sense of possession, the whole world. For going along our way, whether rough or even, there are formed within us, singing the beauty and wonder of the world, mysterious sequences and harmonies of notes, new every time, answering to the primæval everlasting affinities between ourselves and all things; our souls becoming musical under the touch of the universe.

Let us bear this in mind, this symbol of the lyre which Abbot Joachim allowed as sole property to the man of spiritual life; and let us remember that, as I tried to show in my previous chapter, the true lover of the Beautiful, active, self-restrained, and indifferent to lower pleasures and interests, is your man of true spiritual life in one sense. For the symbol of Abbot Joachim's lyre will make it easier to follow my meaning, and easier to forestall it, while I try to convince you that art, and all æsthetic activity, is important as a type of the only kind of pleasure which reasonable beings should admit of, the kind of pleasure which tends

not to diminish by wastefulness and exclusive appropriation, but to increase by sympathy the possible pleasures of other persons.

Now, it so happens that many of the pleasures which we allow ourselves—pleasures which all the world admits our right to—are pleasures which waste wealth and time, make light of the advantage of others, and light of the good of our souls. This fact does not imply either original sinfulness or degeneracy—religious and scientific terms for the same thing—in poor mankind. It merely means that we are all of us as yet very undeveloped creatures; the majority, moreover, less developed than the minority, and the bulk of each individual's nature very much in the rear of his own aspirations and definitions. Mankind, in the process of adapting itself to external circumstances, has perforce evolved a certain amount of intellectual and moral quality; but that intellectual and moral quality is, so far, merely a means for rendering material existence endurable; it will have to become itself the origin and aim of what we must call a spiritual side of life. In the meanwhile, human beings do not get any large proportion of their enjoyment from what they admit to be their nobler side.

Hence it is that even when you have got rid of the mere struggle for existence—fed, clothed, and housed your civilized savage, and secured food, clothes, and shelter for his brood, you have by no means provided against his destructive, pain-giving activities. He has spare time and energy; and these he will devote, ten to one, to recreations involving, at the best, the slaughter of harmless creatures; at the worst, to the wasting of valuable substance, of what might be other people's food; or else to the hurting of other people's feelings in various games of chance or skill, particularly in the great skilled game of brag called social life.

Our gentlemanly ancestors, indeed, could not amuse themselves without

emptying a certain number of bottles and passing some hours under the table; while our nimble-witted French neighbors, we are told, included in their expenditure on convivial amusements a curious item called *la casse*, to wit, the smashing of plates and glasses. The Spaniards, on the other hand, have bull-fights, most shocking spectacles as we know, for we make it a point to witness them when we are over there.

Undoubtedly we have immensely improved on all this, but we are susceptible of a great deal of further improvement. Most people are safe only when at work, and become mischievous when they begin to play. They do not know how to *kill time* (for that is the way in which we poor mortals regard life) without incidentally killing something else: proximately themselves, birds and beast, and their neighbors' good fame; more remotely, but as surely, the constitution of their descendants, and the possible wages of the working classes. It is quite marvellous how little aptness there is in the existing human being for taking pleasure either in what already exists ready to hand, or in the making of something which had better be there; in what can be enjoyed without diminishing the enjoyment of others, as nature, books, art, thought, and the better qualities of one's neighbors. In fact, one reason why there is something so morally pleasant in cricket and football and rowing and riding and dancing, is surely that they furnish on the physical plane the counterpart of what is so sadly lacking on the spiritual—amusements which do good to the individual and no harm to his fellows. Of course, in our state neither of original sinfulness nor of degeneracy, but of very imperfect development, it is still useless and absurd to tell people to make use of intellectual and moral resources which they have not yet got. It is as vain to preach to the majority of the well-to-do the duty of abstinence from wastefulness, rivalry, and ostentation as it is vain to preach to the majority of the badly off abstinence from alcohol; without such pleasures their life would be unendurably insipid. But inevitable as is such evil in the present, it inevitably brings its contingent of wretchedness; and it is there-

fore the business of all such as *could* become the forerunners of a better state of things to refuse to follow the lead of their inferiors. Exactly because the majority is still so hopelessly wasteful and mischievous, does it behoove the minority not merely to work to some profit, but to play without damage. To do this should become the mark of Nature's aristocracy, a sign of liberality of spiritual birth and breeding, a question of *noblesse oblige*.

And here comes in the immense importance of art—and by art I mean æsthetic appreciation even more than æsthetic creation; I mean the extracting and combining of beauty in the mind of the obscure layman quite as much as the embodiment of such extracted and combined beauty in the visible or audible work of the great artist—and here comes in the immense importance of art as a type of pleasure. For experience of true æsthetic activity must teach us, in proportion as it is genuine and ample, that the enjoyment of the Beautiful is not merely independent of, but actually incompatible with, that tendency to buy our satisfaction at the expense of others which remains more or less in all of us as a survival from savagery. The reasons why this mischievous tendency is combated by true æstheticism are both negative and positive, and may be roughly divided into three headings. Only one of them is generally admitted to exist, and of it, therefore, I shall speak very briefly: I mean the fact that the enjoyment of beautiful things is originally and intrinsically one of those which are heightened by sharing; we know it instinctively when, as children, we drag our comrades and elders to the window when a regiment passes or a circus parades by; we learn it more and more as we advance in life, and find that we must get other people to see the pictures, to hear the music, to read the books which we admire. It is a case of what psychologists call the contagion of emotion, by which the feeling of one individual is strengthened by the expression of similar feeling in his neighbor, and is explicable, most likely, by the fact that the greatest effort is always required to overcome original inertness, and that two efforts,

like two horses starting a carriage instead of one, combined give more than the value of each taken separately. The fact is so obvious that we need not discuss it any further, but merely hold it over to add, at last, to the result of the two other reasons, negative and positive, which tend to make æsthetic enjoyment the type of unselfish, nay, even of altruistic pleasure.

The first of these reasons, the negative one, is that æsthetic pleasure is not in the least dependent upon the fact of personal ownership, and that it therefore affords an opportunity of leaving inactive, of condemning to atrophy by inactivity, the passion for exclusive possession, for individual advantage, which is at the bottom of all bad luxury, of all ostentation, and of nearly all rapacity. And here I would beg my reader to call to mind that curious saying of Abbot Joachim's, and to consider that I wish to prove that, like his true monk, the true æsthete, who nowadays loves and praises creation much as the true monk did in former centuries, can really possess as sole personal possession only a musical instrument—to wit, his own well-strung and resonant soul. And now, as to luxury, by which I mean the possession of such things as minister only to weakness and vanity, the possession of such things as we cannot reasonably hope that all men may some day equally possess.

When we are young—and most of us remain mere withered children, never attaining maturity in such matters—we are usually attracted by luxury and luxurious living. We are possessed by that youthful instinct of union, fusion, marriage, so to speak, with what our soul desires; we hanker after close contact and complete possession; and we fancy, in our inexperience, that luxury, the accumulation of valuables, the appropriation of opportunities, the fact of rejecting from our life all that is not costly, brilliant, and dainty, implies such fusion of our soul with beauty.

But, as we reach maturity, we discover that this is all delusion. We learn, from the experience of the occasions when our souls have truly possessed the Beautiful, or been possessed by it, that if such union with the harmony of outer things is rare, perhaps

impossible, among squalor and weariness, it is difficult and anomalous in the condition which we entitle luxury. We learn that our assimilation of beauty, and that momentary renewal of our soul which it effects, rarely takes place in connection with our own ownership, but comes, taking us by surprise, in presence of hills, streams, memories of pictures, poets' words, and strains of music, which are not, and cannot be, our property. The essential character of beauty is its being, so to speak, a relation between ourselves and certain objects. The emotion to which we attach its name is produced, motivated by something outside us, pictures, music, landscape, or whatever it may be; but the emotion resides in us, and it is the emotion, and not merely its object, which we desire. Hence material possession has no æsthetic meaning. We possess a beautiful object with our soul; the possession thereof with our hands or our legal rights brings us no whit nearer the beauty. Ownership, in this sense, may empower us to smash the object and thus cheat others of the possession of its beauty, but does not help *us* to possess that beauty. It is with beauty as with that singer who answered Catherine II., "Your Majesty's policemen can make me *scream*, but they cannot make me *sing*;" and she might have added, for my parallel, "Your policemen, great Empress, even could they make me *sing*, would not be able to make *you* hear."

Hence all strong æsthetic feeling will always prefer ownership of the mental image to ownership of the tangible object; and any desire for material appropriation or exclusive enjoyment will be merely so much weakening and adulteration of the æsthetic sentiment. Since the mental image, the only thing æsthetically possessed, is in no way diminished or damaged by sharing; nay, by one of the most gracious coincidences between beauty and kindness, the æsthetic emotion is even intensified by the knowledge of its co-existence in others; the delight in each person communicating itself, like a musical third, fifth, or octave, to the similar yet different delight in his neighbor, harmonic enriching harmonic by stimulating vibration.

If, then, we wish to possess casts, copies, or photographs of certain works of art, this is æsthetically considered exactly as we wish to have the means—railway tickets, permissions for galleries, and so forth—of seeing certain pictures or statues as often as we wish. For we feel that the images in our mind may require renewing, or that, in combination with other more recently acquired images, they will, if renewed, yield a new kind of delight. But this is quite another matter from wishing to own the material object, the thing we call work of art *itself*, forgetting that it is a work of art only for the soul capable of instating it as such.

Thus, in every person who truly cares for beauty, there is a necessary tendency to replace the legal illusory act of owning by the real spiritual act of appreciation. Charles Lamb already expressed this delightfully in the essay on the old manor-house; compared with his possession of its beauties, its walks, tapestried walls and family portraits, nay, even of the ghosts of former proprietors, the possession by the legal owner was utterly nugatory, unreal:

"Mine too, Blakesmoor, was thy noble Marble Hall, with its mosaic pavements, and its twelve Cæsars; . . . mine, too, thy lofty Justice Hall, with its one chair of authority. . . . Mine, too—whose else?—thy costly fruit-garden . . . thy ampler pleasure-garden . . . thy firry wilderness . . . I was the true descendant of those old W—'s, and not the present family of that name, who had fled the old waste places."

How often have not some of us felt like that; and how much might not those of us who never have, learn, could they learn, from those words of Elia!

I have spoken of *material, actual* possession. But if we look closer at it we shall see that, save with regard to the things which are actually consumed, destroyed, disintegrated, changed to something else in their enjoyment, the notion of ordinary possession is a mere delusion. It is obtainable only by a constant obtrusion of a mere idea, the *idea of self*, and of such unsatisfactory ideas as one's right, for instance, to exclude others. 'Tis like the tension of a muscle, the constant keeping the consciousness aware by repeating "*Mine—mine—mine* and not *theirs*; not *theirs*, but *mine*." And this wear-

some act of self-assertion leaves little power for appreciation, for the appreciation which others can have quite equally, and without which there is no reality at all in ownership.

Hence, the deeper our enjoyment of beauty, the freer shall we become of the dreadful delusion of exclusive appropriation, despising such unreal possession in proportion as we have tasted the real one. We shall know the two kinds of ownership too well apart to let ourselves be cozened into cumbering our lives with material properties and their responsibilities. We shall save up our vigor, not for obtaining and keeping (think of the thousand efforts and cares of ownership, even the most negative) the things which yield happy impressions, but for receiving and storing up and making capital of those impressions. We shall seek to furnish our mind with beautiful thoughts, not our houses with pretty things.

I hope I have made it clear enough that æsthetic enjoyment is hostile to the unkind and wasteful pleasures of selfish indulgence and selfish appropriation, because the true possession of the beautiful things of Nature, of art, and of thought is spiritual, and neither damages, nor diminishes, nor hoards them, because the lover of the Beautiful seeks for beautiful impressions and remembrances, which are vested in his soul, and not in material objects. That is the negative benefit of the love of the Beautiful. Let us now proceed to the positive and active assistance which it renders, when genuine and thorough-paced, to such thought as we give to the happiness and dignity of others.

I have said that our pleasure in the Beautiful is essentially a spiritual phenomenon, one, I mean, which takes place in our own sensations and emotions, altering the contents of our mind, while leaving the beautiful object itself intact and unaltered. This being the case, it is easy to understand that our æsthetic pleasure will be complete and extensive in proportion to the amount of activity of our soul; for, remember, all pleasure is proportionate to activity, and, as I said in my first chapter, great beauty does not merely *take us*, but *we* must give *ourselves* to it. Hence, an increase in the capacity for æsthetic

pleasure will mean, *cæteris paribus*, an increase in a portion of our spiritual activity, a greater readiness to perceive small hints, to connect different items, to reject the lesser good for the greater. Moreover, a great, perhaps the greater, part of our æsthetic pleasure is due, as I also told you before, to the storing of impressions in our mind, and to the combining of them there with other impressions. Indeed, it is for this reason that I have made no difference, save in amount, between æsthetic creation, so called, and æsthetic appreciation, insisting, on the contrary, that the artistic layman creates, produces something new and personal, only in a less degree than the professed artist. For the æsthetic life does not consist merely in the perception of the beautiful object, not merely in the emotion of that spiritual contact between the work of art or of Nature and the soul of the appreciator: it is continued in the emotions and images and thoughts which are awakened by that perception; and the æsthetic life *is* life, is something continuous and organic, just because new forms, however obscure and evanescent, are continually born, in their turn continually to give birth, of that marriage between the beautiful thing outside and the beautiful soul within. Hence, the full æsthetic life consists in the creating and extending of ever new harmonies in the mind of the unconscious artist who merely enjoys, as a result of the creating and extending of new harmonies, not merely in the invisible mind, but in the visible work, of the conscious artist who creates. This being the case, the true æsthete is forever seeking to reduce his impressions and thoughts to harmony, and forever, accordingly, being pleased with some of them, and disgusted with others.

The desire for beauty and harmony, in proportion as it becomes active and sensitive, explores into every detail, establishes comparisons between everything, judges, approves, and disapproves, and makes terrible and wholesome havoc not merely in our surroundings, but in our habits and in our lives. And very soon the mere thought of something ugly becomes enough to outweigh the actual presence of something

beautiful. I was told last winter at San Remo that the scent of the Parma violet can be distilled only by the oil of the flower being passed through a layer of pork fat; and I confess that since that revelation violet essence has lost much of the charm it possessed for my mind: the thought of the suet counterbalanced the reality of the perfume.

Now this violet essence thus obtained is symbolic of many of the apparently refined enjoyments of our life. We shall find that luxury and pomp, delightful sometimes in themselves, are distilled through a layer of coarse and repulsive labor; and the thought of the pork suet will spoil the smell of the violets. For the more dishes we have for dinner, the greater number of cooking-pots will have to be cleaned; the more carriages and horses we use, the more washing and grooming will result; the more crowded our rooms with furniture and knickknacks, the more dust will have to be removed; the more numerous and delicate our clothes, the more brushing and folding there will be; and the more purely ornamental our own existence, the less ornamental will be that of others. There is a *pensée* of Pascal's to the effect that a fop carries on his person the evidence of the existence of so many people devoted to his service. This thought is doubtless delightful to a fop; but it is not pleasant to an æsthete: for vanity takes pleasure in lack of harmony between one's self and one's neighbor, while æsthetic feeling takes pleasure only in harmonious relations. Now the thought of the servile lives devoted to make our life more beautiful counterbalances the pleasure of the beauty; 'tis the eternal question of the violet essence and the pork suet. But the habit of beauty, the æsthetic sense, becomes, as I said, more and more sensitive and vivacious; and the more wide awake it becomes, the more difficult it is to seclude it from the knowledge of every sort of detail, to prevent its noticing the ugly side, the ugly lining of certain pretty things. 'Tis a but weak and sleepy kind of æstheticism which "blinks and shuts its apprehension up" at your bidding, which looks another way discreetly, and discreetly refrains from all comparisons. The real æsthetic

activity is an activity; it is one of the strongest and most imperious powers of human nature, it does not take orders, it only gives them. It is, when full grown, a kind of conscience of beautiful and ugly, analogous to the other conscience of right and wrong, and it is equally difficult to silence. If you can silence your æsthetic faculty and bid it be satisfied with the lesser beauty, the lesser harmony, instead of the greater, be sure that it is a very rudimentary kind of instinct, and that you are no more thoroughly æsthetic than you could be thoroughly moral, if you could make your sense of right and wrong be blind and dumb at your convenience. Hence, the more æsthetic we become, the less we shall tolerate such modes of living as involve dull and dirty work for others, as involve the exclusion of others from the sort of life which we consider æsthetically tolerable. We shall require such houses and such habits as can be seen, and, what is inevitable in all æsthetical development, as can also be *thought of*, in all their details; we shall require a homogeneous impression of decorum and fitness from the lives of others as well as from our own, from what we actually see and from what we merely know; for the imperious demand for beauty, for harmony will be applied no longer to our mere material properties, but to that other possession which is always with us and can never be taken from us, the images and feelings within our soul. Now, that other human beings should be drudging sordidly in order that we may be idle and showy is a thought, a vision, an emotion which does not get on in our mind in company with the sight of sunset and sea, the taste of mountain air and woodland freshness, the faces and forms of Florentine saints and antique gods, the serene poignancy of grand phrases of music.

This feeling is increasing daily. Our deepest æsthetic emotions are, we are beginning to recognize, connected with things which we do not, cannot, possess in the vulgar sense. Nay, these deepest æsthetic emotions depend, to an appreciable degree, on the very knowledge that these things are either not such as money can purchase, or

that they are within the purchasing power of all. The sense of being shareable by others, of being even shareable, so to speak, by other kinds of utility, adds a very keen attraction to all beautiful things and beautiful actions, and, of course, *vice versa*. And things which are beautiful, but connected with luxury and exclusive possession, come to affect one as, so to speak, *lacking harmonics*, lacking those additional vibrations of pleasure which enrich impressions of beauty by impressions of utility and kindness.

Thus, after enjoying the extraordinarily lovely tints—oleander pink, cinder gray, and most delicate citron—of the plaster which covers the commonest cottages, the humblest chapels, all round Genoa, there is something *short and acid* in the pleasure one derives from equally charming colors in expensive dresses; similarly, in Italy, much of the charm of marble, of the sea-cave shimmer, of certain palace-yards and churches, is due to the knowledge that this lovely, noble substance is easy to cut and quarried in vast quantities hard by; no wretched rarity like sapphires and rubies, which diminish by the worth of a family's yearly keep if only the cutter cuts one hairbreadth wrong!

Again, is it not one reason why antique sculpture awakens a state of mind where stoicism, humanness, simplicity, seem nearer possibilities—is it not one reason that it shows us the creature in its nakedness, in such beauty and dignity as it can get through the grace of God only? There is no need among the gods for garments from silken Samarkand, for farthingales of brocade and veils of Mechlin lace like those of the wooden Madonnas of Spanish churches; no need for the ruffles and plumes of Pascal's young beau, showing thereby the number of his valets. The same holds good of trees, water, mountains, and their representation in poetry and painting; their dignity takes no account of poverty or riches. Even the lilies of the field please us, not because they toil not neither do they spin, but because they do not require, while Solomon does, that other folk should toil and spin to make them glorious.

Again, do we not prefer the books

which deal with habits simpler than our own? Do we not love the *Odyssey* partly because of Calypso weaving in her cave, and Nausicaa washing the clothes with her maidens? Is it not an additional touch of divinity that Christianity should have arisen among peasants and handicraftsmen?

Nay more, do we not love certain objects largely because they are useful—boats, nets, farm carts, ploughs—discovering therein a grace which actually exists, but which might else have remained unsuspected? And do we not feel in ourselves a certain lack of significance and harmony, of fulness of æsthetic quality, when we pass in our idleness among people working in the fields, masons building, or fishermen cleaning their boats and nets? Is there not in this case a *tare*, a diminution of æsthetic value to our detriment, due to the sense of our futility, an increase of æsthetic value to their account due to what beauty there is about them being connected with ordinary and useful things?

And in this manner does not our æsthetic instinct strain vaguely after a double change: not merely giving affluence and leisure to others, but giving simplicity and utility to ourselves?

And, even apart from this, does not all true æstheticism tend to diminish labor while increasing enjoyment, because it makes the already existing more sufficient, because it furthers the joys of the spirit, which multiply by sharing, as distinguished from the pleasures of vanity and greediness, which only diminish?

One may at first feel inclined to pooh-pooh the notion that mere æstheticism can help to bring about a better distribution of the world's riches; and reasonably object that we do not feed people on images and impressions which multiply by sharing; they live on bread, and not on the *idea* of bread.

But after all, the amount of material bread—even if we extend the word to everything which is consumed for bodily necessity and comfort—which any individual can consume is really very small; the bad distribution, the shocking waste of this material bread arises from its being, so to speak, used sym-

bolically, used as spiritual bread, as representing those *ideas* for which men hunger: superiority over other folk, power of having dependants, social position, ownership, and privilege of all kinds? For what are the bulk of worldly possessions to their owners: houses, parks, plate, jewels, superfluous expenditure of all kinds, and armies and navies when we come to national wastefulness? What are all these ill-distributed riches save *ideas*, ideas futile and ungenerous, food for the soul, but food upon which the soul grows sick and corrupt?

Would it not therefore be useful to reorganize this diet of ideas—to reorganize that part of life which is independent of bodily sustenance and health, which lives on spiritual commodities—the part of life including ambition, ideal, sympathy, and all that I have called *ideas*? Would it not be worth while to find such ideas as all people can live upon without diminishing each other's shares, instead of the ideas which each must refuse to his neighbor, and about which, therefore, all of us are bound to fight like hungry animals? Now, as I have tried to show, ideas of beauty are foremost among those which, like the miraculous loaves of the Apostles, feed thousands and leave basketfuls for next day.

But such ideas, such impressions and preferences are, after all, one may again object, very rare—themselves an exotic, almost a luxury.

Quite true. Indeed, I have already remarked that they are not to be expected either from the poor in material comfort, nor from the poor in soul, since both of these are condemned, the first by physical wretchedness, the second by spiritual inactivity, to fight only for larger shares of material bread; with the difference that this material bread is eaten by the poor, and made into very ugly symbols of glory by the rich. But, among those of us who are neither hungry nor vacuous, there is not, generally speaking, much attempt to make the best of our spiritual privileges. We teach our children, as we were taught ourselves, to give importance only to the fact of privilege, expense, rareness, already necessarily obtruded far too much by our struggling,

imperfect civilization. We are angry with little boys and girls if they inquire too audibly whether certain people are rich or certain things cost much money, as little boys and girls are apt to do in their very far from innocence; but we teach them by our example to think about such things every time we stretch a point in order to appear richer or smarter than we are; while, on the contrary, we rarely insist upon the intrinsic qualities for which things are really valuable, but for which no trouble or money would be spent on them, but for which the difficulty of obtaining them would, as in the case of Dr. Johnson's musical performance, become identical with impossibility. I wonder how many people ever point out to a child that the water in a tank may be more wonderful and beautiful in its beryls and sapphires and agates than all the contents of all the jewellers' shops in Bond Street. Moreover, we rarely struggle against the standards of fashion in our habits and arrangements; which standards, in many cases, are those of our ladies'-maids and butlers, or tradesfolk, and in most cases the standards of our less intelligent neighbors. Nay, more, we sometimes actually cultivate in ourselves, we superfine and æsthetic creatures, a preference for such kinds of enjoyment as are exclusive and costly; we allow ourselves to be talked into the notion that solitary egoism, laborious self-assertion of ownership (as in the poor mad Ludwig of Bavaria) is a badge of intellectual distinction. We cherish a desire for the new-fangled and far-fetched, the something no other has had before; little suspecting, or forgetting, that to extract more pleasure, not less, to enjoy the same things longer, and to be able to extract more enjoyment out of more things, is the sign of æsthetic vigor.

Still, on the whole, such as can care

for beautiful things and beautiful thoughts are beginning to care for them more fully, and are growing, undoubtedly, in a certain moral sensitiveness which, as I have said, is coincident with æsthetic development. This strikes me every time that I see or think about a certain priest's house on a hillside by the Mediterranean—a little house built up against the village church, and painted and roofed, like the church, a most delicate gray, against which the yellow of the 'spaliered lemons sings out in exquisite intensity. Alongside, a wall with flower-pots, and dainty muslin curtains to the windows. Such a house and the life possible in it are beginning, for many of us, to become the ideal, by whose side all luxury and worldly grandeur becomes insipid or vulgar. For such a house as this embodies the possibility of living with grace and decorum *throughout* by dint of loving carefulness and self-restraining simplicity. I say with grace and decorum *throughout*, because all things which might beget ugliness in the life of others, or ugliness in our own attitude toward others, would be eliminated, thrown away like the fossil which Thoreau threw away because it collected dust. Moreover, such a life as this is such as all may reasonably hope to have, may, in some more prosperous age, obtain; since it involves no hoarding of advantage for self or excluding therefrom of others. And such a life we ourselves may attain at least in the spirit, if we become strenuous and faithful lovers of the beautiful, æsthetes who recognize that their greatest pleasure, their only true possessions are in themselves; knowing the supreme value of their own soul, even as was foreshadowed by the Abbot Joachim of Flora, when he said that the true monk can hold no property except his lyre.—*Contemporary Review*.

KAFFIR FINANCE.

BY W. R. LAWSON.

THERE are far-sighted men in the City, but not one of them claims to have foreseen the development of that strange and fascinating phenomenon known as the "Kaffir Market." As a centre of speculation it has had no equal in the history of finance. Never before has such a maelstrom drawn together gamblers of all nations and kindreds and tongues. It seems incredible that the monstrous growth should be little more than ten years old. Johannesburg, of course, existed before then, and a number of Rand mines had even been introduced in London, but they had not got beyond a select circle whose headquarters were at Hatton Garden. There is a tradition in the American Railway market that it had the first offer of Kaffir business inside the House, but declined it rather disrespectfully. A Jewish firm of jobbers tried to run Kaffirs and Americans together; local sentiment, however, was dead against the combination. The innovators had at last to choose between the old and the new, and they decided—very wisely as it proved—to throw up Americans. They moved to the Broad Street end of the House, and started in a very modest way a novel market which has grown with the rapidity of Jonah's gourd, and now overshadows all its seniors. It covers more space than any three other markets in the House, and the pioneer firm which gave up Americans in its favor turned over last year more shares perhaps than all the American jobbers put together.

The "Kaffir Circus," which ten years ago was almost boycotted, is now the main centre of interest and attraction. Its Circean revels have proved irresistible. The most conservative of members had to yield to them in the long run, and streams of secessions from other markets continue even yet to swell the Kaffir crowd. Fortunes were made in it last year, some of which have been taken away and safely invested. The others will probably be scattered as suddenly as they were gathered. To get into a moderate con-

nection as a Kaffir jobber was to earn two or three hundred pounds a day, with no risk and very little trouble, save having to bear the horrible din of a howling pandemonium. To be able to shout higher than anybody else was the chief, and almost the only qualification for success. Intelligence and experience were superfluties. Where nearly all were ignorant alike about what they were dealing in, fools could "make prices" just as freely as wise men, and more so. Simply to "make prices" was to make money hand over fist, and Kaffir jobbers blossomed into plutocrats, set up their private hansoms, were welcomed into West End clubs, and flung about thousand-pound checks as lightly as half-crown cigars. When they rose to the dignity of underwriting or syndicating new issues a single company might bring them in ten or twenty thousand pounds. In one memorable case thirty thousand shares were said to have been booked within an hour by an active firm, whose "turns" or profits must have averaged two pounds per share.

Throughout the early part of 1895 the public were ravenous for gold shares. They would snap at anything in the shape of a mine—American, Australian, and especially South African. At the outset there were only seventy or eighty Rand shares available, to choose from, and the run on them was so keen that it added fully five millions sterling per month to their market value. Between the end of March and the end of June, the hottest period of the boom, they appreciated from little more than seventy millions to nearly ninety millions sterling. These were, for the most part, *bona fide* mines, and included all the dividend-earning properties on the Rand. If the speculative mania had stopped at them not much harm might have been done, but once started it soon broke all bounds. Fresh creations had to be made at the rate of three or four companies per day in order to satisfy the demand for gambling

counters. In course of the year nearly one thousand new mining companies were registered, the nominal capital of which exceeded one hundred and seven millions sterling. One third of them were connected with South Africa, namely, 338 companies, with an aggregate nominal capital of forty-six millions sterling. Western Australia was favored with as many more—342 companies—but their aggregate nominal capital was below the Kaffir level, being only about thirty-five millions sterling.

Nine tenths of these new creations were, on the face of them, gambles. Scores of them were smuggled into the Stock Exchange by side doors, and could only be dealt in unofficially. Out of 960 companies, only 229 ventured to submit themselves to public criticism by advertising their prospectuses and otherwise complying with the regulations of the Stock Exchange. Of the hundred and seven millions sterling of new mining capital registered, the amount publicly advertised and subjected to Stock Exchange rules was less than a third, namely, thirty-four millions. The amateur speculator often thinks little of that distinction, but one day he may learn (to his cost) its importance. Shares fully recognized by the Stock Exchange may be good or bad, but they have at least to be honestly dealt in. Shares not so recognized have more chance to be bad, and they may be manipulated without any check or control whatever. But somehow the so-called innocent public seem to have a fatal partiality for the shadiest cards in the pack. Brokers receive from remote corners of the Kingdom, where it might be supposed that no speculative mania could ever penetrate, orders to buy the most out-of-the-way shares which they have never before heard of themselves. The would-be purchasers cannot possibly know anything about them, but the names have struck their fancy, and one mine is as good as another to them.

Speaking from last year's experience it may be affirmed that two-thirds of the companies floated during a mining boom stand a poor chance of ever raising capital enough to break ground with. And even the other third, which

give some *prima facie* evidence of good faith, begin in a very improvident way. The above-named two hundred and twenty-nine companies advertised last year confessed to a very watery capital. Fully one half of their thirty-four million sterling nominal was reserved as vendors' shares. The smaller half, amounting to £16,798,000, was offered for public subscription, but a large portion of it (£7,338,000) had also to go to the vendors. The balance left for working capital would, in the most favorable event, have been less than nine and a half millions sterling, or not much more than one fourth of the whole capital on which dividends would have to be earned and paid if the company were to be a success. That is a fair statement of the financial basis on which the better class of mining companies are organized, and it may be imagined what sort of a financial basis the rotten ones have.

For every pound actually put into a joint-stock mine dividends have generally to be earned on three or four pounds, the nominal capital being invariably three or four to one of the working capital. Put this three or four pounds through a process of booming till you have it further loaded with premiums of 300 or 400 per cent., and every pound actually spent on the mine may have to earn dividends on ten or twelve pounds. That, however, is simple booming. It is not good enough for the Kaffir circus, which has invented an ingenious system of compound booming. A parent company breeds a number of babies and booms them in turn, sells their shares on the top of the boom, divides the spoil among its shareholders, and finishes with a big flare up in its own shares. Typical examples of this might be selected by the dozen from last year's registration list, but one may suffice. Early in the year the parent company A was floated with a capital of £60,000. During the spring it transferred part of its property to company B, which it floated with a capital of £140,000. In the following summer B's share was further subdivided, and a slice of it conveyed to a grandchild, C. In the interval speculative values had risen so much that this second slice was capitalized at

£165,000—just four times the original valuation of the entire property.

After this preliminary glance at the philosophy of mining booms, we may now proceed to the special characteristics of the Kaffir boom. Various circumstances in the early history of the Kaffir market have impressed on it peculiarities of character it is never likely to lose. Its original association with the diamond trade infused into it a preponderating mixture of Jewish shrewdness and financial versatility. The Rand was an offshoot of Kimberley, and the diamond merchants of Hatton Garden had a considerable voice in the destiny of them both. The diamond mines were the first to draw attention to the mineral wealth of South Africa, and they furnished the means for thoroughly prospecting the Transvaal. They raised the Cape Colony from mutton and mealies to luxury and political power. Cape politicians found an entry through them into the good graces of New Court and the favor of the Colonial Office. They gave rise to the alliance between Mr. Rhodes and the Rothschilds which produced the Chartered Company, the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, and a long series of history-making combinations.

These stood out from all previous financial ventures in the wide range of their ambition, the boldness and energy of their management and the universal interest they excited. The City and the Court were alike dazzled by them. They appealed to the popular imagination in all its wildest moods, offering a magnificent gamble combined with an imperial programme. The glamour of the new El Dorado spread to the Continent, and the Kaffir market became international. It penetrated into Cabinets and shaped a new policy for at least one European State. Who supposes that the African fever would ever have seized Germany so badly but for the diamonds of Kimberley and the gold of the Rand? Had these remained undiscovered there would probably have been no German colony in Namaqualand, no Zanzibar convention, no Transvaal crisis. If they were to disappear to-morrow, or—to keep within the limits of the conceivable—if the Bank of England were to cease monetizing

gold and adding indefinitely to an already threatened glut of gold money, where would the Rand mines be? What would then become of the much coveted and courted Transvaal? How long would it take President Kruger and his valiant Boers to shrink back into their original nonentity? And when they had got there, what would be left of German ardor and enthusiasm on their behalf?

If we go straight to the heart of this Transvaal problem it will show itself the most sordid and absurd cause of quarrel that ever arose between two great Powers. Gold gambling is bad enough as a periodic aberration of finance, but as an international feud on which millions of money are to be wasted and to which thousands of lives may be sacrificed, it is surely the climax of human infatuation. Whoever will soberly ask himself what is the real value to the world of the Rand or any other gold-field, will soon see how easily we may pay too high a price for it—not in cash only, but in human suffering and demoralization.

Let us do justice, however, to the stupendous energy which this singular movement has behind it. The Kaffir boom has eclipsed everything else of its kind, not only in magnitude, but in duration and intensity. Three reasons for that have already been incidentally mentioned—the high social and political prestige under which it was launched, the strong financial backing it enjoyed from the outset, and the widespread fascination which it exercised among all classes. Ever since there was a Stock Exchange mining boom have been of periodical occurrence. They have followed each other at intervals, and every new gold-field has had its little day, afterward dying out or settling down into an organized industry. We had the Mysore boom in 1884 and the Queensland boom in 1887, but their frenzy was comparatively short-lived. After a year or two of wild speculation the gold mines separated themselves from the bubbles, and their shares passed into the hands of investors, while the bubbles drifted down the stream into liquidation. If the Rand had been an ordinary gold-field, under the control of ordinary

financiers, it might have had the usual fate. But it was in many respects exceptional. Not only was it financed with unprecedented skill and success, but it had physical advantages altogether unique.

The Rand has, as a matter of fact, had two distinct booms. The first and smaller one lasted from 1886 to about 1889, and embraced only a limited number of "outcrop" companies, that is companies whose claims were all on the outcrop or external crown of the reef. It produced a few very rich mines, such as the Robinson, Ferreira, and Langlaagte, which earn their dividends as regularly as a bank or a brewery; also many second-rate mines which having discounted their prospects too rashly overreached themselves and had to begin afresh on a new basis. The frauds and the fiascos, a large majority of the whole, dried up, as their fate generally is in mining booms. Had the Rand, like so many of the older gold fields, remained in this first stage, it might have had fifteen or twenty years of a humdrum existence, after the fashion of Ballarat or Gympie. During that period it would have produced so many thousand ounces per month and have yielded handsome returns to a select circle of professional operators, and beyond that the world might have heard little more of it. The Rand, however, had a higher destiny, and its first boom was a mere prelude to a much larger development.

About 1891 the so called "deep level" movement began. When the older mines on the outcrop were coming within measurable distance of exhaustion, the idea occurred to mining engineers of sinking a second row of shafts to cut the reefs at lower depths. Thousands of claims were taken up on this second line, and a new group of companies was formed to work them. As the initial cost was to be heavy, large capitals were needed, and fine scope offered itself for wholesale financing. The deep level companies became favorite booming counters, and their shares were run up to fabulous premiums. One pound shares of the Rand Mines, for instance, were, at the height of the craze in September last, largely dealt in at £46. Premiums of 1000 to 1500

per cent. were thought little of. It was taken for granted that the deep levels would more than double the mineral resources of the Rand, and before one of them had been adequately tested they were valued in the market at a higher rate than many of the proved claims on the outcrop. They certainly furnished far greater facilities for speculation. South Africa had always been a country of magnificent distances, now it was also to be a country of magnificent depths. Forty, fifty, and even sixty years was to be the probable life of the new mines. The milling and cyaniding plants were to be on a par with the five thousand feet shafts. Everything was to be on a gigantic scale, and the dividends, though remote, when they did begin were to be princely.

But the promoters of the deep levels did not need to wait till they were in operation to make money out of them. That came to their hands very easily. They had only to mark off blocks of eighty or ninety claims from the many hundreds under their control and float them as sub-companies. In the rage for deep levels the new shares went off like hot cakes, and without moving a finger the parent company could rake in profits of five or six hundred per cent. The deep level companies do not pretend to have been superior to temptation. Most of them made hay while the sun shone—made it twice over in fact, for the fancy profits they realized out of the sub-companies enabled them to pay brilliant dividends on their own shares which the market promptly capitalized in a duplicate set of premiums. The deep level mines will do very well indeed if they earn in the next five years half as much as was made last year by manufacturing shares and trading in them. One of the many promoting and speculating trusts acknowledged lately that it had cleared over three hundred thousand pounds on a portion of its holding in a single sub-company, and that it had still a large number of shares left.

Baby companies are the trump card of Kaffir finance. They are the great industry out of which Kaffir fortunes have been made as well as the chief source of the cent. per cent. dividends

paid by the Consolidated Gold Fields, Barnato's Consolidated Mines, and other Kaffir trusts. The latter would be sorry to exchange their baby-farming profits for all the dividends earned on the Rand. Last year the total output of gold reported by the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines was 2,277,455 ounces, and its value in round numbers was eight millions sterling. The profit realized, as represented by the dividends distributed, was only £3,241,000. But one finance company, the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, claims to have made in the year ended 30th June, 1895, a profit of over two and a half millions sterling (£2,605,622). Had it come from *bona fide* mining it would have absorbed nearly five sixths of the entire profits earned on the Rand. But the company make no pretence of having earned it in that way. Of the £2,605,622 gross profit, only £61,611 is said to have been derived from dividends on working mines! £2,540,918 is set down as "profits realized by sale of investments less losses written of," and £3092 is credited to transfer fees. About 2 per cent. of the company's income was earned in South Africa, and 98 per cent. on the London Stock Exchange! In the first quarter of the current year the relative proportions were still more remarkable. On the prices of October 16th, 1895, the company's investments showed, according to the report, "a further unrealized profit exceeding £9,000,000." The dividends, estimated at the same rate as in 1894-95, had probably amounted to £16,000—only a small fraction of 1 per cent. as compared with the stock-jobbing revenue of the same period.

With such spoils dangling before his eyes, little wonder if the promoter's net was cast early and often. As the result of his activity, *nine hundred and fifty new companies* appear in the latest edition of *Burdett's Official Intelligence*. A large proportion of them have no registration in this country. The Stock Exchange committee declines to recognize them further than to grant them a special settlement under a new rule framed for the occasion, and Mr. Burnett mentions as a significant fact that out of 181 mining companies which settled under the new rule, "sixty-one

had published no prospectus of any kind." Under these circumstances it has been hard enough for him to obtain information even about companies registered in England. "Unfortunately," he adds, "in the case of companies registered under the Transvaal laws the information available at the London offices has often been so meagre as to be practically useless. In one instance, when the London secretary's attention was drawn to a discrepancy in the company's report which he was unable to clear up, that gentleman explained that he knew practically nothing about the company's property, and so long as the public were content to buy its shares at a premium without knowing or caring to know anything about the company itself, he imagined that he and the other London secretaries would not be supplied with fuller information than they at present possessed." To this frank display of candor it need only be added that the Transvaal companies which keep themselves so carefully masked are not as a rule insignificant one-horse concerns. They include some of the most brilliant successes of Kaffir finance; companies which count their shareholders by the thousand and their capital by millions.

The severest critic of Kaffir finance cannot deny to it one notable quality, that of being up-to-date. There is nothing new or original in end-of-the-century methods which it has failed to turn to account. Fortune has favored it in every conceivable way. When it was in low water chemistry came to its aid with the cyanide process which made mines pay that had never paid before, while paying mines paid all the more. Politics favored it in the irresistible personality of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. The bimetallists very foolishly and unintentionally, did it a good turn by raising an alarm about an imaginary dearth of gold. The stock market was only too willing to play into the Kaffir financier's hands. Since the Baring crisis of 1890 it had been slowly dying of inanition and dry rot. Anything that promised to infuse a little new blood into it was welcome. So the boom of 1895 started off under the most brilliant auspices. What with strong leadership, vigorous touting,

and a boundless substratum of popular credulity, it made quite an unprecedented splash.

Great is the Rand, but greater still are, or were, its prophets! Robinson, Rudd, Eckstein, Barnato, Beit and Company have been unquestionably the strongest combination ever formed to exploit the Stock Exchange. Previous to their time the Winchester House group had taken the palm for skill and ingenuity in the arts of the financial spider, but their short existence had ended in a cloud of bailiffs and receiving orders. On the surface nothing could have seemed more unlike than the cobweb creations of the Jabez Balfour brotherhood and the solid millions per month which were being coined on the Rand. "Banket" running fifteen pennyweights to the ton is, after all, a better material to boom than bubble trusts and American breweries; but a company-mongering craze, however or wherever it may begin, invariably degenerates into the same old game in the end. It has its regular stages to pass through and its familiar manoeuvres to play off on a greedy and by no means guileless public.

First, we have fairly honest properties presented to us which might do well enough if left to their natural development. Next we have second rate properties, manipulated by second rate financiers. Then come shady properties, the offspring of shady promoters, which increase in shadiness as their market widens. As the speculative fever spreads, rich reefs cannot be offered fast enough. Nature has limits even in South Africa, but the Kaffir financier has none. When raw material grows scarce he can create fresh supplies out of his own fertile brain. He can amalgamate, consolidate, reorganize, or enlarge existing companies; getting a fresh squeeze out of them every time. Even that does not exhaust his ingenuity. He may also aspire to do his own stock-jobbing, by means of specially created finance companies, trusts, and investment agencies. His crowning ambition is to set up a bank—a full-blown Kaffir bank—the objects and assets of which are to be disclosed hereafter. All that the public need know at the outset is the

amount of premium on the shares and the number of millions made by the promoters on the morning of issue. Whether the bank has been registered under British or Boer law, who are to be its directors, what class of banking business it is to do, and what liability the shares are to carry—these are all insignificant details to be ascertained after the premium hunt is over.

The climax of Kaffir bluff was the invention of these so-called banks, and in strict accordance with poetic justice, the launching of them proved to be the turning-point of the craze. From the morning when "Barney's Banks" (£1 paid) were madly run up to 4½ the pace slackened, and a few days later a sharp reaction had set in. Like the Dutch bubbles of the South Sea mania, "Barney's Banks" opened the eyes of the gamblers to a dim sense of their folly. The maddest of them saw that the mania was going too far and would soon have them over the precipice. Gold-mining is a risky enough business at the best, but when it must have banks and financial agencies and trust companies specially created for it, the only inference to be drawn is that it is preparing for the biggest smash possible to be conceived. Legitimate mining speculation requires no such adventitious aids any more than it requires its own bishops and aldermen. Banking is utterly and absolutely distinct from mining finance. The two cannot safely be combined, and what is more, the attempt to combine them can never be honestly made in the public interest. *Prima facie*, it has ulterior motives, which can only be to convert bad mining shares into equally bad, if not worse, bank shares.

The discoverer of a gold-mine is a lucky man, and if he works it properly he may be a useful man. If he offers an interest in it to the public on a fair basis he gives them a chance of sharing his luck. It may turn out a prize, in which case his fellow-shareholders should be grateful to him. But if it should prove a blank they will have no cause to complain. They paid for an unknown chance, and they have got all there was in it. So long as a mine is worked in its own proper character, simply as a mine, speculation in it

may be as honest and legitimate as speculation in railway stocks or industrial shares. But when it becomes a mere decoy for stock-jobbing, company promoting, and the least scrupulous sorts of high finance, how can it end but badly? The British public will submit only to a certain amount of fooling, no matter how cleverly it may be done. Last autumn the limit of their endurance was reached in the Kaffir market, and collapse followed as a matter of course. It was the only possible end to a twelve months' orgy of speculation. The immediate cause of the breakdown may have been the crisis at Constantinople, or it may have been anything else. When a house of cards is ready to topple over it matters little who gives it the final push.

A few years hence it may seem incredible that credulity and blind infatuation could be carried so far as they were during the past year. Without circumstantial details well authenticated it will hardly be accepted as a possibility. Nor is historical truth alone at stake. There are large practical interests involved in a thorough understanding of the craze. Previous booms were comparatively simple affairs, and the circle of their victims comparatively small. Mines were invariably capitalized in pound shares, so that in case of failure the total loss could be estimated at a glance. Each mine stood by itself, and had its own set of riggers whose rigging was quite obvious. The shares might be run up during a boom to two or three thousand per cent. premium, and in the reaction they might fall to seventy or eighty per cent. discount. No change was made, however, in their form. As they started so they continued, and when, as frequently happened, they came to a judicial end, no wheels within wheels had to be picked to pieces.

It would be fortunate for Kaffir shareholders if a similar simplicity still prevailed, but Kaffir finance has not been all these years in the hands of international experts for nothing. Consolidations, reconstructions, and reshufflings have produced many editions of the original share. A fully developed group can masquerade in at least half-a-dozen different disguises. Their

order of evolution is generally as follows:

First, the proprietary or development company, which acts as god-parent to the group.

Second, the mining companies proper, each having so many claims assigned to it and separately capitalized.

Third, the finance company, which wet-nurses new issues and "makes a market" in them.

Fourth, the trust company, too often used as a dust-bin for unmarketable assets.

Fifth, the "guarantee syndicate," an inner ring that pays itself high premiums for assuring imaginary risks.

Sixth, the Kaffir bank, the latest and coolest device for drawing money into Kaffir speculation on false pretences.

Six thimbles and two peas in the hands of a ring of skilled professionals do not leave much chance for outsiders, however smart and wide awake they may think themselves. Not only do the insiders have the concoction of the various companies and the fixing of their original capitalization, which practically determines their future value, but they have the entire management of them. They can decide which of the half-dozen is to pay the big dividends, and which are to draw blanks. They have all the initiative, do all the manipulating, and can arrange every new scheme to suit themselves. They might even strip a company of its assets and reduce it to an empty husk before the shareholders could interfere to prevent them. The proprietary or parent company is in that respect most at their mercy. Say that it starts with so many claims to develop—a thousand it may be—and that it divides them up among four or five working companies. The usual course is to receive in payment of the claims an agreed number of the sub-company's shares. These pass into the treasury of the parent company, but there is no obligation on the directors to keep them longer than they please, and no guarantee to the shareholders that they will be kept. They may be sold, pawned, exchanged, or put in trust at the pleasure of the directors, who have invariably proxies enough to give them complete control.

With five or six sub-companies operating on the same property, endless opportunities offer themselves for favoring one at the expense of the other. The best claims may be assigned to one and the poorest to another. Working expenses and costs of management may be unequally distributed among the several mines. The shares of one may be bulled and those of another may be beared by the inner ring. Good assets may be put into one trust, while the rubbish is shot into another. The bank may be favored at the expense of the investment company, or *vice versa*. No one but the insiders themselves can ever be sure where the pea is. They play against the public with every trump card up their sleeves. If book-makers had as free a hand as Kaffir financiers, a Derby Day would be worth millions to them. They could not possibly lose, and there would be no limit to their winnings.

The only real danger to the Kaffir bosses is that the public may get tired of so profitless a game, and give it up altogether as they have given up American railways. There is, however, not much sign of that yet. The market languishes under prolonged suspense as

to the future of Johannesburg, but full confidence is still felt in a revival. Should speculators grow tired of waiting for it, they may transfer their affections from the Rand to Coolgardie or Kootenay, but that would make little difference to the wire-pullers, who probably would rather welcome the change, the English section of them in particular. The maxim at present is to put British capital in British soil, and a Kootenay or Coolgardie boom is one of the probabilities of the current year. But it is to be feared that change of location will produce little change of method. The Kaffir system of finance has taken such a strong hold of the mining market that it no longer knows geographical distinctions. It will flourish as vigorously in one mining camp as in another. Neither law nor logic can do much against it until the speculative public find it out for themselves, which they can hardly do, so long as they think more of their chance of sharing the spoil than of the risk of being despoiled. When it comes to a question of honest intention there is, we fear, seldom much to choose between the winners and the losers in the Kaffir circus.—*National Review*.

NATURAL REQUITAL.

BY NORMAN PEARSON.

WHAT do we mean by Moral Responsibility? The common usage of the expression is inadequate, and to a certain extent incorrect. When we say that a man is morally responsible for something (usually something in the nature of an offence or injury), we generally mean that, judged by some standard of ideal justice, the man would be regarded as the true cause of this something having taken place. This is sound so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. It fixes the man with *imputability* (as Mr. F. H. Bradley calls it) rather than with *responsibility*. Indeed, in the case of an offence the implication rather is that, though the man ought to be punished, he yet will not be punished; that a moral tribunal armed with adequate

penal powers would undoubtedly punish him, but that in the absence of such a tribunal he will escape. In fact, we ascribe to him moral imputability, rather than actual responsibility.

Responsibility in its proper sense must mean that a man is actually liable to *answer for* his conduct—in the case of legal responsibility, here; in the case of moral responsibility, here or hereafter. Where a man has become responsible to human law, the tribunal which administers this law takes care, and obviously must take care, to make him *actually answer for* his conduct, and enforces its judgment by penalty. Without this liability to punishment, responsibility is an empty name. A law which cannot be enforced by penalty, or, in technical language, a law

which has no *sanction*, is in fact no law at all; and therefore responsibility, as well to a moral as to a legal tribunal, must carry with it this notion of liability to enforcement, or it is in truth no responsibility at all.

Moral responsibility, then, seems to require—(1) the notion of some intelligent tribunal or power by which we shall actually be judged, and by which what I will call an *external* penalty may be imposed; (2) the notion of some moral standard of right and wrong by which the judgments of this tribunal will be guided. And the question now arises, How far do the current ideas of moral responsibility fulfil these requirements?

To this question orthodoxy has a complete answer: the belief in a day of final judgment, when every man will be called upon to give an account of his works, and, according to the sentence pronounced upon these, will win eternal happiness or be doomed to eternal perdition. This belief amply fulfils all the conditions of true responsibility. There is an actual enforcement of penalty, and this penalty is of an *external* kind—i.e. it is imposed *ab extra* by an intelligent God as an act of His own free will; it is not a natural or *caused* result, in the scientific sense, of the man's works themselves. And, finally, the moral worth of the man's works will be tested on that occasion by a standard of right and wrong generically akin to our own standard here.

But when we turn from orthodoxy to the views of those who are wholly or partly unable to accept its doctrines, we find a similar belief in moral responsibility; but we do not find it adequately accounted for. So long as we retain our belief in the orthodox doctrines of reward and punishment, the doctrine of moral responsibility is feasible enough. But the moment these beliefs are discarded, moral responsibility becomes unintelligible. What possible tribunal is there before which we can be summoned, and by which we can be sentenced? What is the penalty to be, and how is it to be enforced? It is clear, I think, that if the orthodox eschatology be rejected, there is no means whereby moral responsibility can be enforced in the

hereafter. Can it, then, be adequately enforced here? I think not. Society, as distinct from the law, may and does visit certain kinds of immoral conduct with social penalties; but these are obviously insufficient for the purpose of moral responsibility. As penalties they are usually inadequate, and not seldom unjust. The judgments of the society which imposes them are always liable to error, because society cannot have access to the intention of the offender, an access which is essential to a proper estimate of the moral quality of the agent, if not always of the act. Moreover, in order to render social censure effective, it is necessary that the person against whom it is directed should be one to whom social estimation is a matter of concern; for in the case of a person to whom social estimation is indifferent social censure will be powerless.

Moral responsibility, as Newman says,* implies the notion of some one to whom we are responsible. And it further implies, as I contend, the belief that such some one will enforce this responsibility by penalty. Outside the doctrines of the Church we may seek, but we shall seek in vain, for any such person or any such system of penalty. And, therefore, the conclusion is inevitable that, without the belief in Christian or some quasi Christian eschatology, moral responsibility has little meaning and less force.

Now, there is a peculiarity about the notion of moral responsibility to which I have already alluded, and which is very significant. As a rule, it only comes to the front when *actual* responsibility, with its attendant penalties, fails or seems likely to fail. We rarely seek to fix a man with moral responsibility for an act for which he becomes fully amenable to the law of the land. We do not usually pronounce the thief or the murderer *morally* responsible for his crime, because the law has provided *actual* present penalties for it. In fact, where legal responsibility can be adequately enforced, moral responsibility is (perhaps unconsciously) treated as superfluous. But whenever there is seen to be no adequate temporal pun-

* *Grammar of Assent*, p. 110, fifth edition.

ishment, we turn at once to the thought of moral responsibility. When all England was ringing with the fall of Khartoum, nine men out of ten regarded Mr. Gladstone as being morally responsible for Gordon's murder. With the propriety or otherwise of this opinion I am not concerned. I take it simply as a familiar illustration. Now, though the feeling throughout the country was intense, for all its intensity it was, in most cases, very vague. What did the feeling really amount to? A strong sense that guilt had been committed, and ought to be punished. But beyond this it mostly faded into formlessness. Pressure might in some cases have extracted an expression of belief that the torments of Gehenna would be the penalty of Mr. Gladstone's misdeeds. But most even of those who denounced him most vehemently shrank from formulating their views into this ferocious definiteness; and the assertions of his moral responsibility, if closely tested, resolved themselves into a hope that he *might* be, rather than into an affirmation that he would be, made somehow responsible.

This is the undertone which rings through the common doctrine of moral responsibility, the so-called belief in which is little more than an aspiration after a perfect system under which all moral misdeeds would be punished, in the presence of a confessedly imperfect system under which many such misdeeds escape. Our idea of moral responsibility may include some more or less vague ideas of penalties in a hereafter beyond the grave; but, at the same time, it practically implies the belief that the misdeeds for which we can be made morally responsible only, will meet with no adequate penalties here. In short, the doctrine of moral responsibility, as commonly held, is rather the sigh of despairing righteousness than the enunciation of a vigorous moral faith.

If, then, apart from the orthodox eschatology, moral responsibility is but a broken reed, is there anything which can adequately take its place as a moral sanction? In answer to this question I suggest that there *is* something; and this something I call Natural Requit.

To those who believe that our con-

scious existence ends with death, I readily admit that the idea of natural requital will appeal but imperfectly, or will not appeal at all. But for the great majority who do believe, in one form or another, in some hereafter for man, natural requital should prove, I think, an amply sufficient substitute for moral responsibility.

Unless the conclusions of science are radically wrong, the belief in natural requital, so far from presenting any difficulty, seems absolutely forced upon us. Indeed, it is nothing but a special instance of the familiar law of natural causation. If it be true that every event produces an inevitable effect, and that the force manifested in both cause and effect is imperishable and eternal, we must regard all the phenomena of the universe as force manifestations inseparably united to each other in a system of perfect and all-pervading causation. The most trifling physical motion is rooted in the past, and will stretch its branches into an eternal future. Nothing happens by accident; nothing fails by mischance. The flicker of an eyelash, or the fall of a leaf, is as rigidly determined in the operations of the universe, as the stupendous processions of its suns.

So far as regards physical nature, this doctrine of natural causation commands the universal assent of scientists and philosophers, and is but feebly disputed, if at all, by the more intelligent theologians.

But when we turn from the realm of matter to that of mind, this unanimity disappears. Indeterminist philosophers join with theologians in insisting that the human will can, and does, act independently of the law of causation, which is observed to prevail throughout the rest of Nature. This belief, in its original crude form, is now, I think, generally discredited. Modern indeterminism does not usually deny that human action is always determined by the strongest motive, but directs its arguments rather to the question as to how this strongest motive is constituted.

But without discussing in detail the various indeterminist arguments which are urged in support of the freedom of the will, from somewhat various points

of view, I think that their general position may be correctly described thus :

The will has an inherent power of determining action, either by selection from among motives presented to it, irrespectively of their various original strengths, or by strengthening any selected motive by concentrated attention on it, so as to make it the strongest, or by supplying itself from within with its own motive, and thereby overpowering the motives which bear upon it from without. In short, as it has been expressed, the will is neither strictly determined nor wholly undetermined, but rather self-determined.

I have referred thus expressly to the doctrine of free will, because it is closely connected with the belief in moral responsibility. Indeed, it is obviously essential to the possibility of such a belief. If a man is to be held morally responsible for his actions, he must be a free agent when he acts ; for it is evidently a monstrous injustice to pass a moral condemnation on a man for an act which in reality he cannot help doing. Consequently, if, as strict determinism maintains, a man's actions are the necessary result of motives which he cannot control, operating upon a character which he did not form and cannot alter, it is impossible to hold that he can be morally responsible for them.

There is little doubt, I think, that the necessity of free will to moral responsibility operates strongly against a more general acceptance of determinism. It is seen that moral responsibility is impossible without free-will ; and it is assumed (perhaps unconsciously but most incorrectly) that morality is impossible without moral responsibility. Hence there arises a pardonable reluctance to adopt the doctrine of determinism, which by striking at free-will seems also to strike at morality. But though determinism may bring the bane, it also brings the antidote. It must, if it be consistent, deny moral responsibility ; but this is more than replaced by the belief in natural requital, which I claim to be its logical outcome.

Now, in the first place I would point out that the blow dealt by determinism at moral responsibility is not nearly so

important a matter as it may seem at first sight. As I have already attempted to show, the doctrine of moral responsibility, though quite intelligible for believers or quasi-believers in the orthodox eschatology, is practically meaningless for others. And in the case of those who cling to the doctrine, while rejecting the eschatology which alone makes it possible, overt criticism only gives the last touch to a structure which was already tottering to the base. I, therefore, claim this much at least for natural requital, that it substitutes a belief which is conceivable for one which can barely be stated without falling to pieces.

But natural requital has no need to seek its justification merely in the weakness of the opposing doctrine. On the contrary, it relies on a probability of immense strength, which is supported by all we know of the rest of Nature. Natural requital, as I have said, must be regarded as a branch of natural law—*i.e.* the law of causation, with its correlative, the law of the persistence of force. Consequently, if causation be, like force, universal, and, like force, unending, to deny that human conduct—in its widest sense, including thoughts and desires not necessarily externalized in action—is not followed by natural and inevitable results of *some* kind, is in effect to exclude causation from one realm of Nature.

But here it may fairly be objected that this only goes to show that human conduct produces natural effects of *some* sort—a conclusion which no one would seriously deny ; it does not prove that these effects are in the nature of requitals. The hidden murder, the secret theft, and so forth, undoubtedly produce their effects ; but, assuming the criminal to escape legal punishment, in what way can these effects operate as requitals ?

The objection is serious, and to some extent it is true. It is true that the natural requital of which I am speaking must be sought in the internal effects of the act upon the agent, not in the consequences which its immediate external effects may entail upon him. It is true, too, that these internal effects, so far as we can observe

them, are altogether insufficient as requitals either for good or evil. The wicked are often seen to flourish like a green bay tree, while virtue has to submit to suffering or neglect. And it is further true that our *present* knowledge of the laws of the universe does not reveal to us, as a positive fact, how such requitals can be furnished simply by the orderly operation of these laws. But in such a case we are not bound to confine ourselves to actual observation, to the exclusion of legitimate inference from the facts observed. If we say that the internal effects of an act upon the agent *cannot* constitute an adequate requital, because, as a matter of present observation, they do not necessarily constitute such a requital in our present stage of existence, we commit the error of declaring that the operation of natural law is coextensive with, and limited by, our experiences of it here. On the contrary, as I have endeavored to show, science requires us to believe that force and law will endure in the future as they have in the past.

Of course, to make natural requital an effective penalty, it must be assumed that the human "ego" does, in some form or another, survive the death of the human person on earth. I need not discuss here what this form may be, nor what the conditions of this future existence. I have dealt with these questions at some length on previous occasions; but for my present purpose I only assume the survival of what may be called "the soul," as a conscious personality, without attempting to define it more minutely.

Granted, therefore, that man's soul survives his earthly life, it is highly reasonable to believe that, in some stage or stages of this future existence, his earthly acts will meet with what may be truly described as their natural requital. It is as certain as anything of the sort can be that every conscious act or thought produces an inevitable effect upon the character; and this effect is none the less real because it may, and indeed usually must, escape notice. In the organ of consciousness, the brain, the force discharge which accompanies every such act or thought, produces an inevitable physical effect, either by wearing down some old channel of dis-

charge or by opening a new one. Again, physiologists tell us that every sensation of which we are conscious is built up out of a vast number of sensations which do not reach the level of consciousness; in other words, every perceived sensation is composed of a number of unperceived sensations.

It seems to me, therefore, that we are entitled to conclude that no conscious act, thought, or mental operation whatever takes place without leaving its mark on the character that gave it birth. But the "character" is in reality the "ego," or the "soul," in a more familiar garb, as becomes evident the moment we try to conceive of the mental man apart from his character. It will be seen at once that the "ego" without the character is a mere nothingness, an empty name, an inconceivable figment of metaphysics, without any intelligible contents whatever. In short, it is quite plain that the character *is* the self, and is identical with, or at any rate inseparable from, the soul, or the "ego," or whatever we choose to call that part of the human individual for which we reserve an existence after death. For convenience, therefore, I will speak of this part as the "soul;" though indeed it matters little what view be taken of the nature of the soul, so long as we recognize the inevitable effect upon it of all the conscious conduct of the individual. Whether the soul be material, or whether it be an inconceivable something which we choose to label "spirit," is of no importance to us here. All that we need take note of is, that in the realm of mind the character, and hence the soul, *is* modified by conscious action and thought—i.e. mental manifestations of force, just as in the realm of matter the body is modified by physical manifestations of force.

And now we may be able to see how natural requital will operate. The soul at death leaves the body with all the impressions (to use a physical term) produced by the individual's conduct in life still in it; and these impressions will represent or correlate to corresponding tendencies or habits of conduct. This being so, the happiness or unhappiness of each soul will vary with the degree in which these habits and

tendencies are suited to the new environment into which the soul will enter. If the habits, tastes, and aversions of the soul are in substantial harmony with or are easily adaptable to this new environment, such a soul will be happy; if they are not, the soul will be unhappy to an extent varying accurately with the degree of discordance.

But, it may be said, how can we tell that virtue and virtuous habits will be more in harmony with the conditions of future stages of existence than vice and vicious habits? It is, at any rate, conceivable that the conditions of the hereafter may be quite unsuitable to what we here regard as virtuous conduct. And if this be the case, the idea of natural requital as a *moral* agency falls to the ground. Admitting that positive knowledge on the subject is beyond our reach, we must also admit the possibility of a hereafter consecrated to vice. But having admitted this as a bare possibility, the smallest reflection shows that the probabilities are enormously against it. Though positive knowledge is denied to us, we have ample grounds for inference, and there is little doubt in which direction sound inference will point. The whole history of the past shows that, in general, material and moral progress advance together; and by progress I mean, not mere movement, but movement toward something better—movement, in fact, that is also improvement. It may be urged perhaps that, as our knowledge is relative and limited, we have no guarantee that our ideas of improvement are absolutely correct; that these ideas, proceeding exclusively from a human standpoint, may indicate truly what is good for us, but do not necessarily indicate what is good absolutely. Pleasure and pain, as we understand them, clearly exist only in relation to human consciousness. Alter the conditions of this consciousness, and pleasure and pain will undergo a corresponding variation. And if it be true that pleasure and pain—*i.e.* physical good and evil—have only a relative existence, must it not also follow that the moral notions which rest on them, and which embody our views of moral good and evil, are relative also? Can Mr.

Spencer's correctness be doubted when he says:*

Suppose that gashes and bruises caused agreeable sensations, and brought in their train increased power of doing work and receiving enjoyment, should we regard assault in the same manner as at present? . . . Or again, suppose that picking a man's pocket excited in him joyful emotions, by brightening his prospects, would theft be counted among crimes? Conversely: Imagine that ministering to a sick person always increased the pains of illness. . . . Imagine that liquidating another man's pecuniary claims on you redounded to his disadvantage. Imagine that crediting a man with noble behavior hindered his social welfare, and consequent gratification. What should we say to these acts which now fall into the class we call praiseworthy? Should we not, contrariwise, class them as blameworthy?

How, therefore, can we be sure that what we call moral progress has any truer reality than the pleasure and pain upon which our doctrines of morality are based? Moral progress has a meaning for us, as at present constituted, but we cannot say for certain that it is more than a mere human delusion; and, for aught we can tell, evolution may be simply a blind movement onward, or even a *descensus Averni*.

I have stated this objection as strongly as I can, because I wish to avoid the charge of overlooking or minimizing it when I say that, to my mind, except as a barren problem of controversial philosophy, it has little interest and less practical importance. It may be quite true that human intellect is an imperfect faculty, but the fact remains that it is the best which we have got; and, unless we are to quench our mental functions altogether, we must, as in fact we always do, rely on intellect to help us. If we look back on the past of the human race, we see that its history is a tale of development from lower to higher, from worse to better. We see that civilization in its widest sense has immensely increased the welfare of the civilized man; and we see written in the boldest characters that moral development is not only a concomitant but a factor of this increased welfare. We see that the very existence of any high degree of happiness depends on the recognition of moral obligations; and in the course of the centuries we

* *Data of Ethics*, p. 31.

may even see how the neglect of moral obligation has brought its own natural requital on the nations who have neglected it.

Nor is the truth of this conclusion at all invalidated by the fact that in different ages different or even conflicting views of morality have prevailed. Morality being a code of *conduct*, it is obvious that any important variation of social conditions will require a corresponding variation in the moral code of the community affected. And this fact in no way weakens either the value of morality or the reality of moral principle. It is clearly a mistake to suppose that all morality must be of one type. There are the heroic as well as the gentle virtues; and, as Mr. Spencer points out, the religion of enmity, even in the present day, is well-nigh as powerful as the religion of amity. Each is valuable in its own sphere, but neither is readily interchangeable with the other, for the simple reason that the conditions under which they severally arise are different. Even the wide toleration of modern opinion would unanimously condemn the brutality, though it might appreciate the heroic merits of a Crusader knight; and, on the other hand, a community modelled on the type of Jesus of Nazareth would be exterminated in a week if confronted with a community of Zulus. Similarly, it is quite possible that some of our present notions of morality may prove hereafter to be *naturally* immoral or non-moral—that is to say, they may prove either injurious or of no assistance to the course of our *natural* development in future stages of existence. But this would only show that in moral, as in physical development, there are difficulties to be overcome, mistakes to be rectified, losses to be repaired. It need not for a moment shake our convictions that “through the ages one increasing purpose runs,” or that, in spite of errors and obstacles, the *moral tendency* of the ages mounts upward. If there is any continuity of existence for us at all, it is a violent improbability to suppose that our course of progress will be reversed after death. On the contrary, it is far more reasonable to believe that man’s progress toward the goal of his

destiny, whatever and wherever that goal may be, will be accompanied by a gradually widening view of moral obligation, enforced by a system of appropriate natural requitals, till a state be reached in which morality will disappear, because immorality will have become impossible. And if, or so long as, individuality be preserved in that distant stage, we shall see the realization of Tennyson’s noble lines, in seeing

The full-grown will,
Circled thro’ all experiences, pure law,
Commeasure perfect freedom.

As to ethics, I think that, so far from destroying them by denying moral responsibility, we shall place them on a sounder because on a truer basis. Ethics being in fact the science of conduct, the ethical value of the belief in moral responsibility depends strictly on its value as a sanction of moral conduct. Now, so long as the sphere of moral conduct be limited to this our present stage of existence, it must be admitted that there are not here any sufficient penalties which *necessarily* attend immorality; and, consequently, the idea that man will become hereafter responsible for his misdeeds in the flesh to a moral judge with unlimited penal powers constitutes a moral sanction of enormous weight. But as soon as it is perceived that the sphere of conduct may possibly reach backward into the past,* and must, in all probability, reach forward into the future, the sphere of the natural penalties of immorality becomes at the same time proportionably extended, and the importance of moral responsibility as a sanction becomes attenuated to the vanishing point. On the other hand, the importance and value of ethics become correspondingly enhanced with the recognition that man’s morality is concerned not merely with the three-score years and ten of terrestrial human life, but with the sum total of the ex-

* It is necessary for me to state that I do not myself believe in the pre-existence of the “ego” as such. But I have thought it desirable to allude here to the possibility of such a pre-existence, and I distinctly hold the pre-existence of the *materials* of the “ego” in forms of lower mental complexity.

istence of the human "ego;" and that the moral value of conduct is determined not by its conformity to any special religious or theological dogmas, but by its relation to the due evolution of this "ego" as part and parcel of the universe. And then morality is seen to be built on a rock, where it needs none of the fictitious support of the moral responsibility of popular belief, for the place of this is taken by the *real* responsibility of Nature, which is enforced by an inexorable system of natural requital.

Moral responsibility, as I have attempted to show, involves the belief in a Divine personal judge, by whom this responsibility will be enforced. But there is a further belief which, though not arising directly out of the belief in moral responsibility, is, as a matter of fact, commonly attached to the belief in a Divine personal judge. This is the belief that such a judge may, and on occasion will, temper justice with mercy, and remit the penalties which the offender would otherwise incur. This doctrine is at once the strength and the weakness of the moral system of the orthodox. It appeals strongly to sinners by the hope which it offers them of their sins being condoned in consideration of a due repentance. But it also seriously weakens the sanctioning penalties of its moral code by teaching that repentance can avert or mitigate them. In Nature, on the other hand, there is no such thing as the forgiveness of sins, nor, it may be added, the forgiveness of mistakes. If there were, the moral order of the universe would become chaos. Every act produces its own inevitable effects, which neither prayer nor repentance can alter or avert. But though the religion of science must insist upon this, it does not, therefore, overlook the value of repentance, nor does it fail to recognize that similar misdeeds may bring different degrees of punishment on different offenders. With regard to repentance, seeing that the chief source of natural requital lies in the individual, it is obvious that anything which modifies the character must modify also the requitals which will spring from it. Regarded in this light, repentance is seen to be an influence of immense importance.

The power of strong emotion to work rapid and seemingly miraculous bodily effects is well known. And just as (to take a single instance) a sudden fit of anger may cure an attack of gout, so the deep emotion of repentance may work in a day changes of character which years of exhortation have failed to effect. Nevertheless, repentance is strictly a matter of causation, and as rigidly determined as any other event. It cannot be summoned or banished by any spontaneous effort of will; it will occur in the ordinary course of events, or it will not occur at all.

There is another point to be noticed in this connection, which I think is unduly ignored by ecclesiastical teachers. I have said that there is no forgiveness of mistakes in Nature; and I think it is necessary to insist upon this, because ecclesiastics are accustomed to magnify the value of piety to the practical exclusion of intelligence. It is hardly possible to suppose that mere piety, as at present understood, can be the only or even the chief condition of our future development. In the *Pilgrim's Progress* Ignorance is made to go by a byway into hell; and the lesson of the old allegory may in this sense be profoundly true, that the hereafter will demand of us intellectual fully as much as religious progress. Indeed, in strictness the two cannot really be severed. Granted a certain intellectual advance, and religion must follow willy-nilly in its train, under penalty of being excluded from the sphere of human interests altogether.

It follows also from this view of natural requital that the penalty of a particular misdeed may vary with the particular offender, because similar misdeeds may produce different effects on different characters.

And it further follows that the *test* of morality under natural requital will differ from that expressed or implied by the doctrine of moral responsibility. Under any form of moral responsibility the chief test of conduct is the intention of the agent, and it is this feature which forms one of its greatest attractions. Human law, which concerns itself mainly with the quality of the act, can only bestow at best an imperfect recognition on the quality of

the agent. And hence there is felt the necessity for some moral tribunal which will redress the injuries inflicted by legal or social censure on conduct which has been misguided or misunderstood. Under natural requital, on the other hand, the test of morality in its ultimate form will be whether the particular conduct furthers or impedes the evolutional development of the universe. And this test, while it is not confined either to the quality of the act or the quality of the agent, embraces them both. There can be no tampering with the orderly progress of Nature, and therefore no conduct which is an offence against that progress can escape its natural requital. But inasmuch as the source of this requital is in the offender's own being, the intention of his conduct will have its full weight in modifying or determining the character of the penalty.

It is clear, I think, that under such a view as this morality acquires a far higher sanctity, while immorality assumes a deeper guilt. When morality is seen to be inseparably interwoven into the evolution of Nature, sin becomes not merely a pardonable offence against an anthropomorphic God, but an unpardonable wrong to the universe, and to the Deity made manifest therein. The belief in moral responsibility naturally attracts men by its promise to redress the inequalities of the present, either by future rewards for unrecognized virtue or future penalties for unpunished guilt. But, as I have attempted to show, both these functions will be rigorously performed, though in a different manner, by natural requital, which, moreover, is a moral sanction of far greater power. So far as the conscious anticipation of penalty is an active impulse to moral conduct, there can be no question but that a system of *inevitable* and accurately graduated penalties, such as natural requital threatens, must, when once recognized, have a vastly greater effect on conduct than the empty menaces of the moral responsibility of philosophers or the fears of a hell which may always be escaped by a timely repentance. So far, again, as morality springs from obedience to principles, which, though ultimately evolved from experiences of

pleasure and pain, have now become, by heredity or otherwise, practically intuitive, the doctrine of natural requital adds to morality a new dignity, by regarding it as an inherent part of the order of Nature, not as a code imposed from without. If moral responsibility is a more attractive name than natural requital, that is only because we have hardly learned to recognize that the operations of Nature are in themselves in the truest sense moral, though Nature's morality and its sanctions differ in some respects from morality as popularly conceived of. "Red in tooth and claw with ravin," Nature truly enough "shrieks against the creed," that misery, pain, and evil are the works, actual or permissive, of a benevolent and *omnipotent* God. But in her inexorable sacrifice of the unfit she is in reality hewing out the shortest as well as the most merciful path of progress possible. This is the only explanation of the existence of evil which is at all compatible with the belief that the universe is governed by a Divine benevolence; and though from this standpoint Nature may appear a profound mystery, the mystery is not darkened by the necessity of ascribing to the God of Nature qualities and actions which might make a murderer shudder. Moreover, though natural requital implies inevitable penalty, it also implies inevitable reward. If Nature holds out no hope of any remission of sins, she threatens us with no prison house of eternal torture, and through her gates of death we see the bright beams of morning instead of the lurid glare of hell.

In like manner, by showing the true sanction of morality to be something inside not outside of Nature, natural requital gives morality its true position in the order of things, while it extends its scope from the narrow realm of earthly life to the whole course of the soul's development. Sacerdotalism has done much to sever religion from morals by its persistent tendency to exalt the value of correct theological belief at the expense of practical morality. In the religion of science such a severance is impossible. The morally right being that which accords with the broad course of the evolution of Nature, and

the morally wrong that which conflicts with it, any conduct (in the widest sense of the term) which impedes the soul's development stands proclaimed as an offence against the morality of the universe. But when this universe

itself is regarded as a Divine manifestation, an offence against natural morality is seen at once to be an offence also against natural religion.—*Nineteenth Century*.

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LETTERS ON TURKEY.

BY GEORGINA MAX MULLER.

IV.

HASAN AND HUSAIN.

THERE are certain things which seem even more incredible after one has seen them than before. That religious fanaticism may become a kind of raving madness, we know not only from mythology but from history also; and there are trustworthy accounts from eye-witnesses who describe the horrible tortures and mutilations which people will inflict on themselves, and the cruelties which they will perpetrate on others, while in a state of religious frenzy. We accept these accounts without always fully realizing them. We make allowance for innate savagery, or, among more civilized races, for the influence of intoxicating liquor. But no one would call the present inhabitants of Constantinople savages, and the use of intoxicating liquor is less frequent there than among ourselves. And yet what we saw there on the feast of Hasan and Husain, and what may be seen there every year during the first ten days of the Moharran, seems so difficult to believe that one is almost afraid to describe it. The Turks themselves, it must be said to their honor, have little to do with these exhibitions. They disapprove of them, but the Sultan, it is said, is unwilling to stop them for fear of being considered intolerant. The performance is chiefly Persian. The Persians resident in Constantinople form a kind of *regnum in regno*, and insist on their privilege of witnessing these religious atrocities every year. We were invited by the Persian Ambassador to witness this performance, and found our way toward the evening to a large square, a *khân*, surrounded by houses and shops, planted with trees,

and crowded with people. When it grew dark the houses were illuminated, and large bonfires were lighted, mostly with petroleum. The mixture of smells, petroleum, escaped gas, sewers, and humanity, was terrible, even in the open air. After waiting for some time, music could be heard, and the people made room for a large procession that marched in, consisting of more than a thousand men and boys, and preceded by children dressed in white, some riding on horseback with grown-up men at their sides, gesticulating, reciting, and crying. Then followed three companies, all in white shirts, some carrying swords, others heavy iron chains, and all shouting rhythmically, "Vah Hasan! Vah Husain!" The first set struck their bare chests first with their right hand, then with the left. The next company passed by swinging their chains from side to side with a graceful dancing motion. The third and last lot passed along sideways in two long lines facing each other, each man holding his neighbor's girdle with the left hand, while they swung their swords in unison with the right. Between these rows marched men reciting the story of Hasan and Husain. The whole procession passed on thus slowly round the *khân*, and left by the gate at which they entered. We wondered why we had been told that only people of strong nerves should attend this celebration. While the procession was visiting another *khân* we were refreshed with the most delicious tea. After a time we again heard the strains of music, this time louder and wilder, and the people all round us began to show signs of great and increasing excitement and agitation as the procession, lighted by the lurid

glare of the petroleum bonfires, re-entered the khân. The children passed by as before, followed by a white horse, on which sat two white doves, emblematic of the souls of Hasan and Husain. The cries of "Vah! vah! Hasan! Husain!" grew louder and louder, many of the spectators joining in, while the first company passed beating their bare breasts with such violence and regularity that it sounded like sledge hammers coming down on blocks of granite. The second company passed swinging their chains over their heads, and bringing them down on their now bare backs till the flesh was lacerated and streaming with blood. Then, last and worst of all, came the men with the swords, cutting themselves, particularly their heads, in good earnest, so that one had to stand back to avoid the blood which spurted forth in all directions. Soon their white shirts were crimson with blood, their heads looked as if covered with a red fez, and the pavement was running with blood; and yet these people marched on as if on parade. Very few indeed fell out. One man fell down dead before our eyes; and at last a kind of police came forward, holding their sticks over the people so as to prevent their hacking themselves to death in their frenzy. There was little violence, and there was no trace of drunkenness. The people, though densely crowded, were perfectly orderly, and one saw old rough men crying and shedding bitter tears, and with many sobs uttering the names Hasan and Husain. They were all men of the lower and lowest classes as far as one could judge from their outward appearance, and if you had asked one of them why they cried so bitterly, they would probably have had nothing to answer but "Oh, Hasan and Husain!" It is true there were some men who recited the history of Hasan and Husain, but no one seemed to listen to them; nay, their voices were completely drowned by the regular shouts of "Hasan and Husain!"

We stayed as long as we could, till the heat and the various exhalations became intolerable. We were afraid it would be impossible to get through the compact surging mass of human beings,

all gesticulating wildly and looking fierce and uncanny. The passages were narrow, and we had a number of ladies in our party. But as soon as the people saw the Imperial aide-de-camp who was with us, they made room for us. No number of policemen in London could have cleared a passage so quickly as our aide-de-camp and a few kavasses. When I expressed my admiration of this orderly crowd to a Turkish friend, he smiled and said, "Ah, we have no women in our crowds." The presence of women accounts evidently to an Eastern mind for most of our troubles in the West, and they express their conviction that we shall never get on unless we shut them up again.

Now if we ask why these hundreds and thousands of men were shedding tears and crying "Hasan and Husain!" history tells us little more than that Hasan, the fifth Khalif, the son of Fâtimah and of Ali, the fourth Khalif, reigned only half a year and was probably poisoned by his wife, while Husain was slain in the battle of Kerbelah, 680 A.D., fighting against the Syrian army of Obaidallah. Many princes have fallen under similar circumstances, but their very names are now forgotten, and no one sheds a tear about them. The real reason of these tears for Hasan and Husain lies much deeper. It is first of all *religious*. Mohammed, in spite of all his remonstrances and his protestations that he was a man, and a man only, was soon represented as having been created by Allah in the beginning of all things, and before there was as yet either heaven or earth, darkness, light, sun, moon, paradise, or hell. The only surviving child of Mohammed was Fâtimah, the wife of Ali, and the mother of Hasan and Husain. These four were soon made to share in the same miraculous birthright as the Prophet, and opposition to them or the killing of any of them was therefore looked upon as a kind of sacrilege. They were of the blood of Mohammed, and the shedding of that sacred blood was the highest crime that could be committed. Hence the *religious* feeling for Hasan and Husain, both murdered, though they were in a very special sense of the blood of Mohammed,

if not the direct descendants of Allah. There is besides a purely *sentimental* feeling for Hasan and Husain, because they were murdered young, and because national poetry has endowed them with many virtues. In Persia there are real miracle-plays (some of them translated by the late Sir Lewis Pelly), very different from the wild shoutings of the crowds at Constantinople, and in them Hasan, and particularly Husain, are represented as heroes and martyrs, and endowed with every virtue under the sun. The very day before the final battle in which he fell Husain was asked to surrender, but he declined. His sister came to him in the night, crying, "Alas for the desolation of my family! My mother Fâtimah is dead, and my father Ali and my brother Hasan. Alas for the destruction that is past! and alas for the destruction that is to come!" Then Husain replied, "Sister, put your trust in God, and know that man is born to die and that the heavens shall not remain; everything shall pass away but the presence of God, who created all things by His power, and shall make them by His power to pass away, and they shall return to Him alone. My father was better than I, my mother was better than I, and my brother was better than I, and they and we and all Muslims have an example in the Apostle of God." Then he told his soldiers to march away and leave him alone because he alone was wanted; but they all refused, and determined to fight. Then Husain mounted his horse and set the Korán before him, crying, "O God, Thou art my confidence in any trouble and my hope in every calamity." His sister and daughter began to weep, but Husain remained firm. At that very moment some of the enemy's cavalry went over to him. But the enemy was too strong for Husain's army. Husain himself was struck on the head, and had to retire to his tent, streaming with blood. He sat down and took his little son on his lap, who was immediately killed by an arrow. The father placed the little corpse on the ground and cried, "We come from God and we return to Him. O God, give me strength to bear these misfortunes." He then ran toward

the Euphrates to get some water to drink, and there was struck by an arrow in his mouth. While he stood and prayed, his little nephew ran up to kiss him, and had his hand cut off with a sword. Husain wept, and said, "Thy reward, dear child, is with thy forefathers in the realms of bliss." Though wounded and faint, Husain charged the enemy bravely and was soon killed, his corpse being trampled into the ground by the enemy's horsemen.

Whether all this be historically true or not, when presented on a stage we can quite imagine that it might draw tears from the spectators' eyes. But that, without any appeal to the eyes, hundreds of rough, nay ruffianly looking men, should gash and lacerate themselves almost unto death, while others stand about shedding bitter tears, is more difficult to explain. Still so it was, and there were the members of most of the foreign Embassies and Legations present to witness it, few going home without having their dresses spattered with blood.

There is, however, besides the religious and sentimental, another source, if not of the tears, at least of the excitement, and that source is *political*, if not *ethnological*. It is political in so far that of the two great divisions of the Mohammedans, the Shiites and Sunnites, the former never recognized any true Khalifs except the direct descendants of Mohammed, namely, Ali, the husband of Fâtimah, and their sons, Hasan and Husain. Abubekr, Omar, and Osman were in their eyes usurpers. Still more so were the Omayyades, the successors of Mu'awiyah, who in 661 A.D. took the Khalifate from Hasan. This feeling of hostility between the Shiites and Sunnites continues to the present day, and may still become not only the excuse for street rows, but the cause of serious political troubles.

There may even be an *ethnological* element at the bottom of this political division, for the Shiites are mostly Persian, that is, Aryan; the Sunnites are Arab, that is, Semitic. The Arab character is stiff, formal, and legal; the Persian character is free, poetical, and philosophical. The Persians, though conquered by the Arabs, were for a long time intellectually the masters and

teachers of their conquerors. At Constantinople they live side by side, apparently in peace, but the Persians must not be offended, and to deprive them of their national festival would be an offence in their eyes, though in the eyes of the world it would be a wholesome removal of an offensive anachronism. When one sees the state of frenzy into which thousands of people can work themselves up by merely shouting for hours "Hasan and Husain!" one understands the danger that might arise if ever more articulate utterance should be given to their shouts. One clever leader might carry away these people to a general massacre, and they would probably be as ready to die as they are to lie bleeding in the street, shouting "Hasan and Husain!" to the very end, and looking forward with delight to the black-eyed girls, and to Hasan and Husain, waiting for them in Paradise.

V.

TURKISH LADIES.

No one who visits Turkey can know anything of the real life of the people unless he has seen some of the harems, for it is a mistake to imagine that because they are invisible to the outer world the Turkish women have no influence. On the contrary, unable to spend their time in going about and in visiting or receiving general visitors, they have all the more leisure for intrigue and scheming, and it must be remembered that all marriages are arranged exclusively by the female relations on both sides.

Though the present sultan's own wives and slaves are said to be mere frivolous dolls, spending their energies on dress and eating sweetmeats, many of the pashas' wives are women of keen intelligence, able to manage their husbands' properties, and it is well known that the valideh sultans, or mothers of the sultans, have often exercised immense influence in State affairs. The young girls now in Turkey are all being educated, the sultan having established excellent schools, where the girls go till the age of twelve or so, when they "put on the yashmak" and disappear. Up to that age they may be seen sitting

with their fathers in the public gardens of an afternoon, and going to and from school of a morning, attended, if of the higher classes, by the usual hideous black attendant. I was not invited to the royal harem, but I had the opportunity of seeing several Turkish homes during our stay at Constantinople. My first visit was to the wife of one of the great ministers. The wife of one of the foreign pashas in the Turkish service arranged the visit, and kindly accompanied me. We drove to a part of Pera beyond the Grande Rue, and almost opposite the palace of Yildiz, though separated from it by a deep valley. I had often observed when driving the high white walls in this locality, but had never realized that they concealed the harems of many of the ministers and highest nobility. We passed the minister's own house, his selamlık, and across the road stopped at a high gate in the high wall, where we prepared to leave the carriage; but the gates were opened for us, and we were desired to drive in, as the gardeners were still at work, so that the ladies could not be in the garden. We drew up at the door of a large square white house, the entrance up high steps. All round us rose the harem walls, not covered with creepers as at Yildiz, but bare and white, and so high that even from the top windows of the house nothing could be seen. In spite of the beautiful turf and brilliant flower-beds and shrubs, it looked and felt like a prison. The door was opened by a slave, and we found ourselves in a long and very narrow passage, which led into a large and lofty central hall full of palms, with a fountain playing in the middle, and all round stood the slaves—the women, black and white, in bright-colored cotton dresses and white turbans, the black eunuchs in frock coat and fez.

We were shown into a large handsomely furnished room, with a splendid yellow carpet, but without a book, or work, or any sign of life and occupation. The little wife soon appeared, dressed in European dress; in fact, it is only in the Royal Harem that the native costume is kept up. She was accompanied by her sister-in-law, the wife of the minister's brother. The

latter spoke Turkish only, so my friend devoted herself to her, while I had a lively talk in French with the minister's wife. She was small and nice-looking, with brilliant eyes. She told me that she drove out once, at the utmost twice a year, in a shut carriage, the only time she passed outside those terrible walls. She was fond of her garden and her pets, cats and birds, but she had no children, and, I was told, lived in constant dread that her husband would, in consequence, divorce her, for very few Turks now have two wives. Her idea of European life was founded on French novels, which she read incessantly, and she said to me : " Well, we are happier than you, for our husbands may fancy one of our slaves whom we know, but your husbands go about with French actresses whom you don't know ! " Sweetmeats were brought in by slaves, and then cigarettes, but I had to confess my ignorance of smoking. and, lastly, the delicious Turkish coffee in golden cup stands. The minister's wife is a good musician, and her sister-in-law draws and paints, taught by the minister, who is quite a good artist ; but in spite of music and painting, and French novels, and lovely garden, I had a sad feeling that she was like a bird beating her wings against her gilded cage. She had read too much to be content. All the time of our visit the doors stood open, and the slaves passed and re-passed, as if keeping up a constant espionage. We were just going into the garden, a slave reporting the departure of the gardeners, when the minister and his brother came in, having hurried back from the Palace to see us. From the moment of their arrival the two little wives were absolutely silent, and though I tried to include his wife in my interesting talk with the minister, I failed utterly ; but, as I reflected afterward, we were talking of the mosques and buildings, of the sarcophagi in the Museum, and the treasures of the Seraglio, which she had never seen, and never could see, so our conversation must have been unintelligible to her. I came away with a feeling of the deepest pity for these two women, who seemed to me restless and unsatisfied, indulged as they evidently

were by their husbands and surrounded by all that wealth could give them.

During our stay at Therapia the Austrian ambassadress took me to call on the wife of Munir Pasha, Grand Master of Ceremonies. Their house at Yeni Keui is on the Bosphorus (the walls washed by the water), and I had already visited Munir Pasha in his selamlık, separated from the harem by a beautiful garden, full of hundreds of roses of different sorts. Here, as there was no harem wall, the windows were all carefully latticed, but the inmates can see out through the lattice, though no one can see them. We were in one of the Austrian caïques, and were received on landing by two or three blackies, one of whom, a singularly tall figure, I had noticed more than once on the steamer in attendance on the young daughter on her way to and from school. We found our hostess in a large room on the ground floor, and as she only spoke Turkish, her nephew, a palace aide-de-camp, was there to interpret. Munir Pasha's wife is a very capable, clever woman, probably not what we should call highly educated, but able to conduct all her husband's affairs and manage his estate, as nearly his whole time must be spent at the Palace. Though everything had to be said through the nephew, we speaking French, the conversation never flagged for a moment. This was the only harem I visited where no refreshments were offered us. Our hostess, who was a woman of between forty and fifty, and, like most Turkish ladies, decidedly stout, was dressed in mauve-colored muslin, with a chain of very large amethysts round her neck ; her hair was dark and dressed in the French fashion of the day. The house was built like most of the houses I saw, the front door opening at once into a central hall with rooms on each side, the end opposite the door filled by a wide handsome staircase. Munir's wife gave me the idea of a happy busy woman. She told us she went out in her caïque constantly, of course veiled and in the ferejeh, the shapeless cloak worn by Turkish ladies, old and young, which entirely conceals the figure, and the ugliness of which is not even redeemed by the splendid materials and brilliant

colors usually employed. Our hostess parted with us at the door of the room, for fear any man might be in sight through the open door of the hall.

Not long after this, my husband and I and our son, who is a Secretary of Embassy, were invited to luncheon by Hamdy Bey, the head of the Museum of Antiquities and discoverer of the Sidon Sarcophagi, which are the glory of the museum. His house is on the Bosphorus, but a public road runs between it and the water. We were shown upstairs, where, in a room full of art treasures, wonderful specimens of faience tiles and Oriental hangings, we found our host and his wife. She is of French origin, though brought up as a Turkish lady, but she sees her husband's friends and presides at his table. The whole house is furnished in European style, and, but for the view over the Bosphorus and the caïques and, strange boats passing every minute, one might fancy one's self in any country but Turkey. After luncheon, during which his wife bore her part in the animated French conversation, she took me back to her drawing-room, while the gentlemen went to the men's side of the house to smoke. My hostess said what a delight it must be to me to travel, on which I asked whether she never accompanied her husband. She was genuinely shocked, and told me that was an impossibility, adding: "I never cross the road behind the house to my hill garden except in yashmak."

We had seen so much of Sadik Bey, the delightful Palace Aide-de-camp who attended us everywhere at the Sultan's desire, that I felt a great wish to see his home, though he had, of course, never talked of it to us and I did not know how many children he had. He is an Arab, and had once incidentally mentioned that his wife was Arab too. He seemed very much pleased at my wish, and it was settled that I should go down from Therapia to Pera to call on "Mrs. Sadik." His house was small, but loftier than most Turkish houses, and built on the very edge of the steep hill opposite Yildiz Palace. Here, again, a narrow passage shut off all view of the entrance door from the interior of the house. I was shown into what was evidently his sitting-

room on the ground floor, for there was no lattice. The room was plainly furnished, but there was a bookcase full of French and German books, for Sadik Bey had been some time in Berlin, and French he had learned in Pera; he did not understand English. He soon appeared and took me upstairs. At the top of the staircase stood his very pretty wife, small, with fine eyes, and masses of dark hair, in which she wore a natural rose. She was dressed in white muslin, with white satin shoes, the dress trimmed with *pink* ribbons and a *scarlet* sash, while the rose was deep crimson. She wore very fine diamonds, and was evidently got up in her very best, and in her eyes my black brocade must have seemed very dingy. The room into which we went was small and tightly latticed. She seemed bright and happy, and cast looks of adoring affection on her lord and master, who sat opposite her, and opened the conversation by asking: "What do you think of her?" I could truly say she was the prettiest woman I had seen in Pera. It was a very hot day, and Sadik Bey took down the lattice, and the whole beautiful view burst on me of the green hill opposite, crowned by the white kiosks of Yildiz Palace, and the Mosque where the Sultan goes for Selamlık, and to the right the waters of the Bosphorus, sparkling over the brown roofs of the houses in the Beshiktash quarter. From this moment his wife moved back, and sat where she could not see anything out of window but the sky. The children were then brought in—a little girl of about eight, the most fantastic figure, whose dress and hat would have suited Madge Wildfire. She went to school every morning, and of an afternoon learned music and needlework from her mother, who is particularly skilful with her needle. Like her mother, the child only speaks Turkish and Arabic, and her father told me was never to learn any European language. "What is the good? It only makes them unhappy;" and I felt he was right. The baby boy of eighteen months, a very fine child, was carried in by his mother; and lastly her mother, a dear old lady, with a white linen covering over her head and

a shapeless gown of some soft dark material, came in, bringing me the most delicious iced-almond drink, rather like the almond sherbet one gets in Sweden. I should like to have seen more of the little house, but felt shy about asking to go into other rooms, as I did not know how far it might be liked; but I left them feeling that they were a really happy family, and there could be no doubt of the affection between husband and wife, and the perfect content of the wife in her round of home duties. And yet I heard Sadik Bey say later on, when he had taken his family into the country not far from Therapia, that there was nothing to do, for "one can't sit with the women"—as if they were far his inferiors.

My last experience was in the house of a very liberal minded Turkish lady, a distant connection of the Sultan, who had allowed her lovely daughters to visit freely at the various embassies till they were above fifteen, when the Sultan interfered and ordered them to assume the yashmak. They are said when in Egypt or on the Princes' Islands in the Marmora to be very emancipated. They had a fine house on the Bosphorus, with a large balcony, almost covered by Virginian creeper, and here, going by in the steamer, I had often caught a glimpse of their heads as they sat on the balcony at work or afternoon tea. The mother was out the day I called. I found the daughters most attractive and strikingly handsome. They spoke English well, and had read a good deal. One was a fine musician, the other a clever artist, and many of her studies and sketches in oils hung about the rooms. They showed me their own boudoir, which was like any girl's sitting-room in England, only larger and more handsomely furnished. The panels of the doors were fitted with their own sketches from Cairo, and the tables were covered with photographs. It was evident that they tried to make the best of their circumscribed lives, but they were not happy. The youngest was engaged to a man of very bad character, whom she has since divorced, and it was evident from things she said that she hated the idea of her marriage and was postponing it as long as possi-

ble. We had five o'clock tea on the balcony, where they could see and not be distinctly seen. They went out every evening in their caïque, and not so thickly veiled but that I often recognized them afterward. They filled me with the deepest pity, as I thought of the unsatisfied lives that stretched before them.

We can hardly realize the full monotony of a Turkish lady's life. Every woman, rich or poor, with the least regard to her character must be in her house by sundown. Only think of the long, dull winter afternoons and evenings when no friend can come near them, as all their female friends must be in their own houses, and male friends they cannot have. Even the men of their own family associate but little with them. Let us hope that with the increase of intercourse between Europeans and Turks the life of the women must change, and that as the men have dropped their Oriental garb the women will in time part with the yashmak and ferejeh, and that with them their isolated lives will cease. Young Turks who have been educated in Berlin, Paris, and Vienna before they marry have been heard to declare that their wives shall be free, and yet when it comes to the point they have all yielded to the tyranny of custom. Nor is there any chance of change during the reign of Abdul Hamid, whose views on the seclusion of women are very strict, scarcely a year passing without fresh laws on thicker yashmaks and more shapeless ferejehs. On the Bosphorus their caïques are a great resource to the Turkish ladies, but in Pera those of the upper classes can only go out, in closed carriages, to the Sweet Waters, occasionally accompanied by their husbands on horseback. But they may speak to no one while driving; their own husbands and sons cannot even bow to them as they pass, and no one would venture to say a word to his own wife or mother when the carriage pulls up—the police would at once interfere. The highest mark of respect is to turn your back on a lady, and this is *de rigueur* when any member of the Imperial harem passes. We were drinking coffee one day at the Sweet Waters, at the part which flows by the gardens

of a country palace of the sultan. All at once Sadik Bey jumped up and ran behind a tree, with his back to the Sweet Waters. Two or three closed carriages of the Imperial harem were passing along the road in the gardens on the other side of the river, the blinds so far drawn down that it was impossible to see if any one was inside, and yet all along our side we saw the Turks, whether officers or civilians, going through the same absurd ceremony, and only when the carriages were out of sight did they return to their coffee. Formerly a man never saw the face of his intended till after the marriage ceremony, when they withdrew into a room and the veil was lifted for the first time. Now it is generally contrived that the bridegroom elect shall see his future wife for a moment

unveiled. This seclusion of the wives prevents hospitality in our sense of the word. The pashas entertain each other, and a few of them invite European gentlemen to their houses; but no ladies, of course, can ever be received where there is no hostess to entertain them. Hamdy Bey is the one exception I know of, but his wife is French by birth. Till the happier days dawn when Turkish women can share the lives of their fathers and husbands, it seems to me that their better education only makes them restless and unhappy, and that those women are the best off who, like the women of the sultan's harem, have little interest beyond dress and sweetmeats, and remain children—and spoiled children—all their lives.—*Longman's Magazine.*

LI HUNG CHANG.

BY DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

“THERE are three parties at Pekin : 1. Li Hung Chang. 2. The Court. 3. The literary class. Li Hung Chang is a noble fellow, and worth giving one's life for.” These sentences are taken from an unpublished letter of General Gordon, written in July, 1880, when on his way to the Chinese capital. I have permission to quote them, and they provide an appropriate introduction for the remarkable statesman who is about to arrive in this country, as well as for the serious political questions suggested by the present condition of the Empire he represents.

I do not propose to describe in any detail here the varied and brilliant services which have made the name of Li Hung Chang as well known in foreign lands as in his own. The main incidents of his career since he co-operated with Gordon, over thirty years ago, in the suppression of the Taeping rebellion are probably familiar by this time to the majority of readers, and no one has ever impugned the sincerity of his desire to improve the administration of his State, to introduce industrial reforms, and to maintain peace. If the progress has not been rapid, if the part

of reformer has not been as popular or as successful as it deserved to be, no one has blamed Li Hung Chang for the smallness of the result, while every one has admired the skill, courage, and determination with which he has forced his way against the most powerful enemies, and the prejudices of the lettered and official classes, to a summit of power such as no other Chinese subject ever attained during the countless centuries of her past history. And now, in the evening of his life, the Grand Old Man of China has undertaken a tour round the capitals of the world, in order to see with his own eyes those foreign countries with which the fate of his own must be closely mixed up, and to study their systems of efficient administration for purposes of peace and war, especially the latter, to which China must by her own effort, or by external compulsion, and with as little delay as possible, provide the best approximation that she can. There is a serious side as well as an ornamental to the showy embassy that the Imperial Chancellor has conducted to the Courts of Europe. The ornamental part began and terminated at Moscow. The seri-

ous part, although not restricted to London, must be chiefly transacted in the capital of the Empire which has the largest stake in the trade and future of the Far East, and whose statesmen stand resolute to the purpose that that stake shall not be diminished, much less filched away.

Li Hung Chang comes to form his own opinion about us, but it is also desirable to state that we have to form our opinion about him; not as to his undoubted ability, or the tact and dignity with which he will hold his own in any assembly, but as to his power and capacity to effect that improvement in the administration which will practically amount to a regeneration of China. It is something to be assured, on the most unimpeachable authority, that this serious task was the principal object he set before himself on undertaking a mission from which his age and his inexperience as a traveller would have justified his asking to be excused. But, as the people most closely concerned in the result after the Chinese themselves, we are bound to measure his chances of success with the nearest approach to accuracy we can attain, and it would be paying our guest a very poor compliment to minimize the difficulties of his task or to declare that he is sure to accomplish it. With the fullest admission as to the great ability and unfailing shrewdness of Li Hung Chang, there is more reason to anticipate that the powerful forces arrayed against him, the two of the three parties into which General Gordon divided the repositories of supreme power in China, will prove triumphant, to the inevitable ruin of their country, than that he, at his age, will carry out those drastic measures which can alone render China competent to preserve her independence.

There is one great reason for believing that Li Hung Chang may be not only in earnest as to his own mission, but also successful in impressing on his countrymen the imperative necessity of bestirring and qualifying themselves to take their part in the international conflicts of the future. The rude lesson they received at the hands of the Japanese must have opened the eyes of at least the ruling powers at Peking. It

was not merely the material loss they suffered by the destruction of a costly fleet and the imposition of an indemnity which will permanently absorb their maritime customs at their present total; but the blow to their self-esteem and reputation must have hurt far more deeply, and can only be deemed healed when China, Phoenix-like, has risen from the ashes of her own degradation. China entered on that war with a high reputation and such superior resources as seemed at least to justify the opinion that the struggle would prove arduous and, at the worst, inconclusive. A single campaign sufficed to shatter that reputation, to destroy the new military organization she was supposed to have created, and to cripple her in the future with a heavy legacy of debt. Worst of all, this terrible blow was inflicted by a race of Asiatics traditionally considered inferior, who had imitated admirably one branch of European progress, the art of *égorging vos prochains*, while China, wrapped in her pride, had been standing still, or wasting her resources on a sham.

In this experience was provided motive enough for that "awakening of China," which the late Marquis Tseng promised us ten years ago, but which the result has shown us we must still expect. As a stimulant it certainly should prove sufficient, although it must be frankly admitted that the only sign China has yet given of realizing her damaged and dangerous position is this very tour of her one statesman, and considerably over a year has elapsed since the treaty of Shimonoseki secured for her the breathing space necessary to repair what has been destroyed. It can well be believed that Li Hung Chang sees these facts as clearly as we do; but with a more complete knowledge than we have of the Chinese system and greater tolerance for national prejudices than we need pretend to, he may hesitate as to where or how the desirable reforms can be commenced. That hesitation will not be diminished by the fact that while the Japanese war was a terrible lesson for the members of the central Government, it did not affect nine-tenths of the Chinese people, who are still lulled in a sleep of

fancied superiority and security. If the Chinese people at large were really awake to the military helplessness of their country and to the imperative necessity of making every sacrifice to recover that capacity of defence which in nations is the only sound basis of self-respect, then the task of Li Hung Chang would be both easier and more likely to succeed. Unfortunately, the only persons in China thoroughly aroused to the perils of the situation are Li Hung Chang himself and a few high personages at Peking, among whom may undoubtedly be placed the Empress Dowager and the reigning Emperor. Against them are arrayed all the powerful forces of the Censors, the literary class, and those resolute opponents of all change, nowhere stronger than in China. They have numbers, they fill every post, and block every channel of improved knowledge and a healthier spirit, and they will even argue that as ironclads and rifles failed in 1894-5 to give them the victory over Japan it would be folly to throw away any further sums on such useless purchases!

When it is stated that Li Hung Chang has come on a mission for the purpose of inaugurating a system of reforms it is necessary to consider both the state of opinion in China and the amount of opposition he is likely to encounter from interested parties. That opposition can only be diminished and overcome by the growth of a strong national opinion that reforms are necessary, and that the one way to preserve the independence of China is by carrying out some of those radical changes in the normal Asiatic practice which Japan has done with such complete thoroughness and beneficial result. If in the first place Li Hung Chang can arouse his countrymen to a correct sense of their deficiencies and to the resolution to shake off their self-conceit and adapt themselves to facts like other nations, he will have laid a sound basis for reform and future progress, and accomplished a far more practical and useful work than by drawing upon paper model systems for a fresh constitution. Recent events have not given outsiders a very high opinion of the patriotism of the Chinese, but their

pride is undoubted, and if it can be turned into the proper direction it may yet supply the lever which will enable a Chinese statesman to regenerate his country. If commercial and political rivalry with the Japanese, a race always regarded as very inferior to themselves, does not supply the Chinese with an adequate stimulant to excel, it is hard to imagine what will suffice, and the regeneration of China by her own effort will be handed down to the Greek Kalends.

The systems of administration in vogue in Europe and America will teach Li Hung Chang nothing, for as a system the administration of China is a very good one, and suits the country as well as any other that could be devised. What is wrong and rotten in the state of China is the manner in which that system is worked; and it is here that sweeping changes are required, which will tax the strength and the courage of even such a powerful Minister as Li Hung Chang. In the first place, no real progress can take place in China so long as the Censors retain the power to judge every proceeding of the Government by the light of Confucian ethics and to veto every reform because it is opposed to the apothegms of classical writers of the fossilage of China's existence. Will Li Hung Chang or his Imperial master have the daring to abolish by a decree of the Vermilion Pencil the Board of Censors and put an end forever to their absurdly antiquated but none the less fatal strictures on every suggestion of practical reform? I ask the question because, while the measure is radical and drastic, it is well within the compass of Imperial authority, and would not entail that serious interference with the elaborate Civil Service system of China that must follow any sweeping attempt to provide her with a new form of administration. Yet it is absolutely necessary for the success of any remedial measures in China that, on the threshold of their being undertaken, a strong and, if possible, a fatal blow should be dealt that literary class which has been supreme in China, and which has used its influence and position to prevent progress and to exclude all useful knowledge. It can only be

reached in the first place through the Board of Censors, and no reforms will have any chance of success, nor can we feel any faith in the good intentions of the Chinese Government itself, as long as that conclave of unpractical and bigoted pedants is able to obstruct every act of the administration, and to pervert when it does not prevent every beneficial measure.

The fate of the Censors will provide a sure test of the sincerity of the intentions of those who take up a policy of reform in China. With regard to Li Hung Chang's feelings in the matter, there is no doubt that he regards them with unequivocal dislike and hostility. They have always been his bitter foes, and if they had had their way he would long ago have been shorter by a head. But we do not know whether he attaches that importance to their summary effacement which to the Western mind seems the kernel of the whole difficulty. Yet he must see that the day of classical criticism has gone by, that China stands in need of acts, not words, and that even if the Censors are eventually beaten on every point, instead of being, as they nearly always were, victorious, they retain with their existence a power of delaying measures that must seriously diminish their value. Moreover, China cannot spare the time for such wasted efforts. Formerly a few years, or even a whole cycle, mattered nothing for the solution of a trifle, but now China can only count on a very brief period to set her whole house in order.

The next measure in any project of reorganization should be the curtailment of the powers possessed by the viceroys; and it would be still better if that highest grade were altogether abolished, and each province assigned to a *futai*, or governor of the second grade. The former have always striven to make themselves more or less independent of the central authorities, and under the existing system the Peking Government, which bears all the responsibility, can only count on a very partial control of the resources of the provinces, and may find itself exhausted and beaten long before the various parts of the empire are able and willing to come to its assistance. By reducing the grade of

these provincial rulers the Chinese executive may look for a prompter obedience to its orders, and a more cordial co-operation in the task of combining all the resources of the State for purposes of defence than would be rendered by the great satraps of the existing system, who think mostly of their own interest and personal position. Neither implicit obedience nor the efficient utilization of China's immense latent strength will be attained until the means of internal communication have been improved, and the outlying provinces, like Szechuen, and the densely peopled centre of China have been brought into railway communication with the capital and the centre of government. But that railway development will have to be preceded by an administrative reorganization.

Several railway projects have already been put forward in a more or less tentative manner, and one of them, that from Peking to Hankow, the important city on the Yangtsekiang, which is the true heart of China, would unquestionably strengthen the position of the Imperial Government, and might prove self-supporting. But it must be hoped that no English capitalists will provide China with the means of building any railways north of the Great River until it has been made clear that she has both the capacity and the resolution to withhold from Russia those large concessions which, when the day of settlement comes, that Power will demand. Still, railways must affect more largely than any other single circumstance the future position of the Peking Government, and to their influence more than to anything else might we look for that awakening of the Chinese people which is absolutely necessary if the efforts of reformers like Li Hung Chang are to be crowned with success. Yet it would be folly to ignore the fact that popular feeling and prejudice will be strongly against their introduction, and if the Censors are left in their present omnipotent position to express the lowest and most ignorant views of the people, there is little doubt that they can retard the commencement of railway construction until the real control has passed out of the hands of any Chinese Government. We must recollect that

China has become, from its antiquity and dense population, a vast burial ground, and that religion, as well as superstition, forbids the least attempt being made to disturb the spirits of the ancestors who haunt these scenes. There are ways of propitiating and disarming this popular feeling, but they will certainly not be given a fair trial as long as there are Censors to give it pointed expression, and possessing the privilege of reading their anathemas to the Emperor in person.

As intimately connected with the railway question as the Censors' privileges and popular prejudices is the practical point of the site of the Chinese capital. Peking was chosen as the seat of government because the existing dynasty is of northern race, and its founders wished not merely to dwell in a congenial climate, but also to be as near as possible to the base of their military power in Manchuria. The same reason had influenced the Mongols and before them the Tartars in fixing their capitals somewhere near the present Chinese metropolis. But events have deprived this view of its original force, even from a dynastic standpoint. The Manchu dynasty as a separate institution from the Chinese Empire has no chance of preserving its existence, and the late war demonstrated beyond dispute that its Tartar forces were, if anything, less efficient and courageous than the native Chinese. The causes that made Peking the capital have therefore no longer any force, while the change in the position has made it especially dangerous that the capital should lie at the mercy of an enterprising and expeditious adversary. That it does occupy such an exposed position cannot be disputed. The small Anglo-French expedition, with none of those improved weapons which have made modern armies so formidable, had no difficulty in advancing upon and practically seizing Peking in 1860, and there can be no doubt that the Japanese last year would have been equally successful if the war had continued. But the danger from the sea coast will be far less than that presented when Russia has a railway to Vladivostock, and can at any moment march an army through Manchuria. The fragment of a will

left the existing Chinese administration by Count Cassini's astute diplomacy, and the vigorous support of his Government will depart when to threatening despatches on the table of the Tsungli Yamen can be added the menace of an army crossing the Usuri by the high road to Moukden and Peking. If the sting has to be taken from that threat the capital must be moved from Peking, and that with all possible despatch.

General Gordon, when summoned to China in 1880 to advise its Government in reference to the crisis with Russia, most strongly urged this point on the attention of Li Hung Chang, and recommended the immediate transfer of the capital to Nankin. But Nankin itself is not in a sufficiently secure position, and the site of China's capital should be at a greater distance from the sea. If Hankow were selected there would be all the advantages of remoteness from the nearest points of any hostile Power, at the same time that the existence of a water way from the sea to its very gates would leave the administration open to those external influences to which China has hitherto been so opposed. At the same time, a railway across the great provinces of Hupeh and Hunan from Hankow to Canton would open up an unknown but thickly peopled and highly productive region, and add immensely to the security and well-being of the Government. By these three practical measures—the abolition of the Censors, the reduction of the Viceroys for the concentration of power in the hands of the central Government, and the transfer of the capital to the interior—an immense stride toward the true regeneration of China would be effected. I have reason to think that one and all of these schemes have been passed in review by Li Hung Chang, but whether he feels either able or willing to carry them out must be left to time to show. It may be confidently said that without some of them no measure of reform will be successful or will endure.

There are other matters which the enlightened statesman, whose name is almost a convertible term for that of China, will consider in the interests of his country. They may perhaps form

a larger part of his programme than even the study of political systems that are altogether unsuited to China and her people. His country is now stricken down under the shadow of great naval and military disasters. The fleet which certainly cost China a great deal of money, and on paper made a very fair show, is either at the bottom of the sea or in Japanese harbors. Of the two principal naval stations, one has been dismantled and the other remains a hostage in the hands of Japan for a period of years. Yet China has not given up her dream of maritime power. She has bought one or two fresh iron-clads since the war, and is expected to give large orders in English and German shipyards. It may seem presumptuous, but the advice is certainly based on good feeling and close study of her position, to urge her to do nothing of the kind. She is only wasting her resources and providing spoil for her enemies, as no fleet that she can create within the next ten years, the extreme limit within which it will be possible to maintain peace in the Far East, would have any chance of success against even the weakest of her possible opponents. Moreover, the dangers she has to cope with are on land, and not at sea. Expenditure on torpedoes and other means of coast defence is both prudent and necessary, but to spend millions on battleships and cruisers is only to invite a repetition of the Yalu and Wei Hai Wei.

The more strongly this conviction is held the more incumbent does it become for those who are responsible for the security of China to make a strenuous, and sustained effort to give that country an army and a military organization sufficient to enable it to maintain its rights against all aggressors. So clear-headed a man as Li Hung Chang must see that if his country was able to make but a poor defence against Japan it would have no chance at all in a contest under existing conditions with either Russia or England. To put the matter brutally but unmistakably, China is helpless, and so long as she remains so will have to submit to any indignity that may be offered her. She can, of course, procure the protection of Russia, followed for a time by

the other members of that strange Slav-Teuton-Gallic Triple Alliance, but while the efficacy of that protection might in certain eventualities prove doubtful, there can be no question as to its cost. The Russian ruler would always find the policy congenial which assigned the position of a dependant to the occupant of the Dragon Throne, but it would be an undeserved reflection on Li Hung Chang's astuteness to suggest that he does not see that the protection of Russia is as humiliating and far more perilous for his country than the loss of a campaign with an undisguised antagonist like Japan.

Just as the policy of Russia is to keep China in leading strings, to destroy her nerve and self-reliance, and to make her think that she is safe because the great White Czar extends over her his protecting arm, so is it the bounden duty of any Chinese statesman desirous of maintaining his country's liberty and the majesty of his Emperor to struggle against and combat that influence, and to resist the insidious counsels by which it would be extended. China has nothing to fear in the way of unprovoked aggression from England, the only Power whose hostility would justify her in accepting the support of Russia at all cost, nor is there any likelihood of Japan resorting to any fresh measures until she has made sure of the future instalments of the war indemnity, and that will not be under five years. Even when Japan decides to move again it will more probably be in the direction of Korea—the derelict vessel of Asian politics—where her plans are suspended not abandoned, than against China herself. These considerations ought to show a Chinese statesman that there is no desperate need to rely exclusively on Russia's protection, or to follow blindly her advice, while the safer and more dignified course is obviously to reform the military organization of his country and to show the world that her great resources in men and money can be employed for the purposes of adequate national defence.

The administrative reforms of which China stands in need might have been discovered and enforced without Li Hung Chang leaving his own country ;

but his European experiences cannot fail to impress on him the fact that if China is to hold her own she must do as other nations, and maintain a large and well-equipped army. The advice given by General Gordon in 1880, that China was not to think of a regular army but to wage all her wars in an irregular fashion, good as it was at the time, is now obsolete. If China is to exist as an independent empire, she must have a large and a well-trained army, and she must give up her antiquated notion that war can be conducted by ignorant generals and untrained officers. Her last attempt to reconcile the exploded theories of a very primitive age with the hard and uncompromising facts of modern warfare cost her dear; any attempt to repeat the experiment would be nothing short of fatal to the Chinese Empire. Li Hung Chang will have been afforded every opportunity of seeing the immense armies maintained by the most peaceful of peoples, and the magnitude of Russia's forces will not impress him more than the readiness of the English army to proceed anywhere, whether it be to carry out an expedition to the Equator or the interior of China itself. China does not want parliaments, but she does want an army.

If this want is essential for any real progress in other directions, it is also clear that China will never succeed in supplying it on her own initiation. She has not the experience nor the right man. Throughout her existence she has slighted the military profession, and pronounced it derogatory to be a soldier, with the result that when a great national peril presented itself she did not possess efficient and trustworthy defenders. China has the raw material for an army in excellent quality and unlimited quantity, but she does not possess the officers and leaders who are essential for the conversion of that raw material into a formidable army. If she attempts to carry out her own reorganization, centuries must elapse before any real progress could be made, and long before that day arrived her fate would have been sealed by those whose designs on China are part of the inevitable progress of mankind. We must hope that in this matter Li

Hung Chang has fully taken to heart the lesson supplied by the removal of Captain Lang from the command of the Chinese fleet, and the putting of a Chinese officer in his place shortly before the outbreak of the Japanese war. I am quite aware that General Gordon, in his memorandum of July, 1880, advised the Chinese not to employ Europeans, and to do everything for themselves, but at that moment it not only looked as if China would not suffer from being slow and sure in her movements, but the uppermost thought in Gordon's mind was not so much to provide China with an efficient army, as to avert a change in her government. Moreover, as Li Hung Chang will remember, Gordon's Ever Victorious Army of Chinese was led into action by a strong *cadre* of European officers. Everything that has happened since has increased the necessity for placing Chinese troops under foreign tutelage for several generations. War has been made more scientific and dangerous, with the result that the consequences of defeat for the unprepared and unqualified have been rendered more serious and costly. If another argument were needed to convince the Chinese of these facts it might be found in the representation that the enemies against whom they will have to hold their own will be far more formidable than the Taepings, or even than the Japanese.

While it is comparatively easy to decide what China should do in the direction of military reorganization, it is not so obvious what the best working plan for her would be. Up to the present time there has been no definite plan. The Viceroy at Canton and Nankin have employed officers, chiefly Germans, in drilling some troops, but their treatment has been capricious, and the gain to China has been *nil*. If any good is to result, the control of all arrangements with foreign officers must be withdrawn from the provincial authorities and retained exclusively in the hands of the central Government. This arrangement would still leave it necessary for the executive to form a definite plan of action, to which they would consistently adhere, and by which the Europeans they employed should be guided. Without entering

into details, it might be said that the main idea would be the formation of several corps, specially trained and officered, with permanent camps at Peking, Tientsin, Shanghai, Nankin, and Canton. Five corps of 25,000 men each would suffice as a commencement, and would provide China with the nucleus of an army. Up to the present absolutely nothing has been done in this direction. The breach with the German officers at Nankin and the summary conclusion of their engagement, ends one attempt, while the project of attaching a couple of hundred Chinese officers to Russian regiments has not yet been carried out. If Gordon were alive, it may be assumed that the recollection of his exceptional services, and the confidence his extraordinary spirit of self-sacrifice inspired, would have led the Chinese Government to entrust the supreme direction of military reform to him. But there is no one else in whom the Chinese would repose faith, and, unless they cordially support their nominee, the ablest administrator in the world will not meet with any success.

These considerations show how difficult the task of military reform will be in China. From Russia she is not likely to obtain any hearty assistance. A strong China would be a permanent obstacle in the path of that Empire's further expansion. If, as now seems probable, Russian diplomacy and reputation prove successful in acquiring the direction and control of China's military system, it is morally certain that that system will never be very formidable. It is not Russia's game to make China powerful and independent of her protection. Nor will any fitful projects of employing a few German officers and drill-sergeants in this town, and some American or other instructors in another place, produce any beneficial or adequate results. Nothing will be worth the money China will have to expend on army reform, unless the organization is complete and the plan systematic. English officers and advice would furnish the Chinese executive with the best means of organizing an army, and an adequate return for their money; and on political grounds it is obvious that England has as much

cause to wish China to be strong as Russia has to keep her weak. But unfortunately England and everything English is under a cloud in China, and nothing but the most skilful diplomatic action, supported by the common sense and patriotism of Li Hung Chang, will remove the suspicion and distrust with which the advice and attitude of this country are regarded by the Chinese Government and people.

Enough has been said to show the necessity of administrative and military reforms in China, and the directions in which Li Hung Chang may be expected to move for the accomplishment of some or all of them. There can be no difference of opinion on the point that they bristle with difficulties, and all Li Hung Chang's ability, courage, and exceptional position will have to be exerted even to obtain a start for the essential alterations that can alone avert the most serious calamities for China. But a start in China for any reform will mean a great deal more than in ordinary countries. If he only succeeds in smashing the literary class, he will have secured a fair chance for the success of measures of a practical character. If he can engage the services of even 500 officers of character, and secure for them a fair and unfettered field, China in a few years' time will find herself in the possession of an army that will at least suffice to make any other Power hesitate to attack her. Lastly, if he can induce the Emperor and Court to abandon Peking for some place of greater security in the interior, he will remove that sensation of imminent peril which is destructive of calm judgment and soon degenerates into active panic. Other reforms can wait, but these three are urgent. Without them the most admirable schemes of government must prove a failure. China has to show that she realizes the difficulties of her position, and that she is resolved to overcome them. On Li Hung Chang, in the first place, rests the immense task of proving that there is the will to do this; and the confidence his past career has inspired justifies the expectation that, so far as it is possible to succeed in his mission, he will attain some measure of durable success. China has often before found

safety through the genius of Li Hung Chang. We must hope that she will obtain by his efforts the remedies of which she stands in such extreme need, and for the application of which there only remains the brief lull until the Far Eastern Question reaches its second stage.—*Contemporary Review*.

HOW SUMMER CAME TO CAITHNESS.

BY SIR HERBERT MAXWELL.

HAIL! sunny Whitsuntide! Hurrah for flannel shirts and hobnailed shoon! welcome homespun suits and supremely shabby headgear—the livery of ten days' respite from the tyranny of town garb! In this free and far off land one may wear what he lists, for never a "lum" hat cometh here, save at funerals, and those affected by members of that archaic and strangely ceremonial class—the craft of postboys. Crisp heather and flowery turf instead of wood pavement and wall-posters—long gloamings on hyperborean shores in place of glare of gas and electric light—no sorry exchange, pardie!

Sure there is no more restless creature on earth than a salmon-fisher during a prolonged drought. All the readable fiction in the lodge, as well as a great deal which, under happier auspices, would have been pronounced unreadable, has been exhausted. The back numbers of the "Field" have been conned, even to the advertisements (not the least suggestive matter in its columns); impatient knuckles positively ache from repeated rappings of the barometer, and it is within actual knowledge that a scorched-out angler has derived jejune solace from the perusal of 1 Kings xviii. The record in that chapter of the breaking of a long drought is so faithful and vivid that it filled him with envy of the prophetic gift which enabled Elijah, while the farmers and shepherds of Israel were still plunged in despair, to detect in the brazen firmament "the sound of abundance of rain."

"And Elijah said to his servant, Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said, There is nothing. And he said, Go again seven times. And it came to pass, at the seventh time, that he said, Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the

sea, like a man's hand. And he said, Go up, say unto Ahab, Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not."

For more than a month our river had been at its lowest, for no rain had fallen since that which produced a small spate in the second week of April. This was all the more tantalizing, for this year 1896 has produced a heavier run of spring salmon in Scottish waters than has been known for many seasons, and our stream had drawn its full share. The loch had yielded a heavy score already, and still, as often as the north wind blew and passing clouds obscured the sun, here and there in the deep river "linns" ("dubs" they would call them on the Tweed), or in the loch, small grilse-flies prevailed to make an odd fish or two lay hold, out of the numbers which were perpetually rolling up to the surface. The bay, too, was full of summer fish, both salmon and grilse, waiting for a flood to give them escape from the seals, porpoises, and parasites which embitter marine life. Everything was languishing for rain, but, of all Scottish counties, rain falls most seldom in Caithness; snow is the staple from which these northern streams are brewed, and of that there was very little last winter.

By the way, there scarcely could be a more thorough refutation of the kind of evidence which is often given, and too often listened to, before Royal Commissions and other inquiries, to the effect that overstocking is the cause of salmon disease, than the condition of the Thurso in a season such as this. Of water there has been a minimum, of heat a maximum; fish have been huddled together in shoals, both kelts and clean fish, for many weeks, yet the dread *Saprolegnia* has not made its ap-

pearance: nor has any instance of it been recorded during the last forty years. On the other hand, in the rivers of the Solway, of far greater volume than the Thurso—rivers which have been depleted to the utmost by netting—the scanty stock is periodically subject to fierce attacks of this fatal scourge. So in the Tweed, where, it is true, the autumn run of fish do occasionally present some appearance of great numbers, even in these lean times in which our lot is cast, it is alleged that the disease, to the presence of which that river is peculiarly liable, takes its rise among fish crowded in low water. Marry! could we but have one season on Tweedside such as our forefathers knew before the days of extravagant netting all along the coasts, we might then have some idea what a full complement of fish really means.

But my present business lies not in the waters of Abana or Pharpar, but in the little Jordan of the northern land, in which, by the clemency of a friend, it was my privilege to cast an angle in the month of May of this year. It was not his fault that the rain tarried, and that recourse had to be made to other subjects of interest than the taking of fish. It was not difficult to find them. Angling apart, but for the fisherman's constitutional unrest, there was store of matter to occupy eyes, ears, and thought agreeably.

It was a very early spring, nearly a month in advance of last year. Ripe cherries in the open air near Dingwall and the hawthorn bloom past its best before the end of May, young grouse actually on the wing on the 24th—these are incidents without precedent in anybody's memory of the northern counties. "On the 4th of May," wrote Robert Dick to his friend Peach nearly forty years ago, "the buds are only swelling. There is no 'May blossom' in Caithness. Even at the end of May the few hedges are not in full leaf."

Everybody who knows the Highlands at this season, knows also the splendor of Highland broom—the badge of clan Sinclair—which, in the north, largely takes the place of the tenderer gorse. Well, the banks of the Beaulie are worth a special visit in May, by reason of an unusual floral display on the green links

near its mouth. They will be found ablaze with broom, but mingled with it, and greatly enriching it, are masses of a bonny purple-and-white lupin, an escape, no doubt, from some neighboring garden, which has established itself profusely on the light soil. Seaside landowners please copy.

The Scots fir is one of the few green things that seem to go rusty at this season of ebullient growth and life. It strikes an autumnal key among the vivid verdure of oak, birch, and sycamore; but it is not really sluggish: the rusty look is caused by the profusion of vigorous young shoots, russet brown in hue, which are pushing from the end of every spray. On some of the well-clothed hills near Bonar Bridge this peculiarity is clearly to be seen, the braes planted with Scots fir seeming lifeless and wintry, while those bearing larch woods are veiled in a mist of adorable green. Farther north, however, on the windy wastes of penultima Thule, there is no opportunity for comparative notes on woodland, for the same reason that cherubs can't sit down—*parceque il n'y a pas de quoi*. After the train has climbed the birch-clad valley of Helmsdale, and entered upon the appalling desolation of Forsinard, trees become a memory—nothing more. When first I made the acquaintance of the river of Thor some years ago, I was puzzled by the name attached to a salmon-cast on that stream. It was called the Hazel Pool: nor was the reason apparent, till there was pointed out to me, half-way up a frowning cliff on the far side of the river, a stunted, gnarled hazel-bush—quite enough to confer a title on the pool, for it seemed to be the only herb of appreciable stature in the whole vast parish of Halkirk. Yet there was forest once on these bleak plains, as attested by the presence of roots and stems of pine and birch in the numerous mosses.

Nevertheless, bare and cheerless as this country strikes the traveller, I found here the same blithe business of love-making and nest-building in progress that I had left the previous week in full swing beside a Hampshire chalk-stream. In a blazing springtide such as this, the lot of a pair of reed-buntings, with all their hopes and cares cen-

tred in a nest on the heather not fifty yards from the front door of our lodge, seems greatly more desirable than that of another pair of these birds which I left honeymooning beside the tepid Itchen. A coat of feathers must be terribly stuffy wear in that steaming valley. The two districts, so diverse in aspect and atmosphere, have many fowl in common, but many a winged thing breeds among these lochs which is unknown in southern counties. The ubiquitous mallard, the cosmopolitan teal, the worldly-wise sandpiper, are here in numbers, of course; but there are besides many aquatic couples of greater distinction. One day in fishing I came suddenly on a newly-launched brood of widgeon in the sedges by the river. Delicious little bundles of golden brown velvet, they were as greatly terrified as I was delighted, for I had never been before in the breeding haunt of this choice duck in nesting-time.

Mergansers, goosanders, black scoters, black-throated divers, red-shanks, and plovers of various kinds, denote the high latitude by their presence. These are common enough; but on a small loch four miles across the moor—a loch that shall be nameless by reason of the avidity of collectors—there is an island remarkable for possessing a small thicket of saugh-bushes. This is one of the very few places on the mainland where the gray lag-goose breeds regularly. Ah, these accursed collectors! how senseless is the craze for “British-laid” eggs to which they minister!—a craze which has raised the price of a gray lag’s egg from Sutherland to fivefold that of one from Iceland. Last year Mother Goose had brought a fine nide of eggs near to hatching on this island. The keeper was watching them to secure a pair of goslings for me: beshrew me! if one of these scamps did not rifle the whole lot under the brief cloud of a night in June.

On goosanders and mergansers, showy and aristocratic as they are in plumage and carriage, the salmon-fisher is forced to look with no friendly feelings. About four o’clock one sunny morning lately a pair of mergansers might have been seen taking breakfast in the pool

immediately under our windows. It is not often that one gets such a near view of their operations. Swift and fishlike they darted under water, propelled by powerful wings, making the spray fly over their backs in the shallows, too often emerging with a salmon-smolt between the sharp serrated mandibles that give them their popular name of sawbills. It was a mistaken clemency to bring these greedy marauders under the scope of the Wild Birds Protection Act, and make the shooting of them penal precisely at the season when they do most mischief—when the smolts are descending to the sea. They are all out as hurtful as cormorants, and though one would be sorry to see them extinguished altogether, their numbers certainly should be kept in strict check.

Yonder, however, are a pair of pirates of noble mien, but of such murderous repute that the law has shown no tenderness for them. The greater black-backed gull is one of the handsomest of British birds, measuring fully six feet from tip to tip of the wings. His massive snowy throat, powerful lemon-yellow beak, and sable back and wing coverts, compose a livery so distinct that one cannot but enjoy his presence. But justly he has been outlawed, for he is the enemy of all lesser fowls and of many small quadrupeds. These two black-backs are quartering the moor in diligent search for young peewits and golden plover, and great is the anguish of the parent birds. But the two species, so nearly allied in race, manifest their concern in very different ways. The golden plover, which have exchanged their white winter waistcoats for black summer wear, flit disconsolately from knoll to knoll, piping with indescribable despondency, mourning their bereavement in advance. Far otherwise the gallant lapwings. They swoop, dart, and tumble round the tyrants, uttering agonizing shrieks, and actually succeed in driving the great gulls off the ground. If gamekeepers had spared the ospreys and kestrels, and dealt more severely with black-backs and mergansers, they would have served the cause of grouse-shooting and salmon-fishing to better purpose.

A word in season for the lapwings. The farmers of Great Britain have no more indefatigable ally among birds. The food of the lapwing consists exclusively of worms, insects, mollusks, and crawlywigs of all sorts: the diligence with which these pretty birds search every inch of the fields over and over again ought to earn for them more tender consideration than they receive. We actually treat them worse than any other wild bird, for it is the only species of which both the bodies and the eggs are made regular articles of commerce. It is nothing short of disgusting to see, as one may do any spring in London, strings of these birds hanging in poulterers' shops at the same time that their eggs are displayed for sale. There is no reason to deprecate the traffic in the eggs; they are a delicate and rightly prized article of food; their collection brings a little harvest to a very needy class of persons each year; and a very large proportion of the eggs that find their way to market would never be hatched, even if left alone, because most of them are laid on ploughed and fallow fields, where they would be destroyed in the operations of sowing, harrowing, and rolling. But the lapwing itself is far from being a delicacy, and our county councils, who have the matter in their own hands now, ought to prohibit rigorously the destruction of the old birds after, say, February 1. Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey has described how they are taken in great numbers by spring and fall nets. "We have known the fowler," he says, "take in one fall of the net over a hundred plover, both green and golden, and as many as a thousand during a week."* As for the ordinary sportsman, surely it does not require much self-restraint to enable him to spare the pretty peewit, for it is the most confiding of all plovers, and offers such easy shots as to tempt, one would think, none but the veriest duffer.

The peewit is almost unknown in Caithness during the winter months, though the golden plover abounds at that season, and is a harbinger of spring almost as unerring as the swallow. It was quite an event when,

owing to the exceeding mildness of last winter, flights of lapwing began to arrive in February.

When Charles St. John published his charming "Tour in Sutherland" in 1849, he was able to record the finding, and—what had better not have been—the robbing, of several eyries of osprey. Now the whole county might be searched in vain for one, though no doubt passing birds may be seen at times on the coast or fishing in one of the innumerable lochs. In the whole British Isles there are only two places known where the osprey rears its young. It is not likely that I am going to betray these; but I have this piece of good news for those who delight in our nobler fauna, that at one of these stations, where there has been a single eyrie each year for more than a generation, this spring there were *two*, and two broods were safely hatched out. The keenest angler would willingly spare a few fish for the pleasure of seeing the splendid dash and skill of these fine fowl in taking their prey. Last November a pair of them frequented the middle waters of the Tweed, where they were once regular natives, but their visits to that river have become so infrequent of late years that none of the boatmen were able to say what they were.

It is a strange thing, and one for which it is difficult to suggest a reason, that the grouse of these counties, like those of the western islands, never become so wild as those farther south. It is not that they have less reason to fear the approach of man, for the wide moors are shot just as diligently and regularly as those elsewhere; nor is it owing to the character of the ground, which differs little apparently from southern moorland. The far-stretching wastes of undulating moor seem to provide a perfect theatre for the practice of driving, but it has never proved a success, because the birds refuse to be driven—they never become wild enough. This is all the more remarkable because the partridges on the arable lands of Caithness, though not so nervous as those of Norfolk and Lincoln, take quite as much care of themselves in winter as those of Galloway or the Lothians. If the progress of edu-

* "The Fowler in Ireland."

cation ultimately teaches these northern grouse to take timely flight before the line of flags, the stock will probably show the same proportionate increase as has followed on the institution of driving elsewhere—at Moy, in Inverness shire, for instance, and on the Yorkshire moors. If that come to pass, the returns from Caithness ought to be prodigious, for there are few counties which possess such unbroken stretches of good heather.

These, and others of like nature, were the problems and objects which kept busy our wits, notebooks, and field-glasses during the water famine; but if watching beast and bird were not enough to relieve his tedium withal, the salmon-fisher might turn his attention to the trout, with which every loch and stream abounds. Of these he may catch as many as he cares for, but in one important respect they are disappointing so early in the season. Caithness trout are very backward in coming into condition—far behind those of the waters of Sutherland in this respect. Very few, indeed, are so well made up as to give the fastidious sportsman much gratification in contemplating them when landed. But their numbers seem inexhaustible; their size is far from despicable—fish of a pound weight being far from uncommon; and the only detriment to the sport they afford later on, in the summer months, consists in their exceeding boldness and the small exertion of skill necessary for their capture.

The idler in this country will do well to let his thoughts wander in the records of the past. Not the least interesting associations of Caithness are those of the ancient Norse dominion, of which many signs may still be traced in the ruins, whether of masonry or of language, with which the district abounds. It would be strange, indeed, had they all disappeared, for it is only seven centuries—next year will be precisely the seven hundredth anniversary—since the earldom of Caithness was forcibly annexed to the new-born kingdom of Scotia. Dazzled by the intrepidity of the outlaw Wallace and the masterly enterprise of the Norman knight Robert de Brus, people are apt to forget how slender and recent was

the tie which held together the kingdom which, between them, they rendered independent. The realm which the award of Edward I. assigned to John de Balliol included Orkney and Caithness indeed, but they had been so included for less than a century previous. Therefore, while the people of these counties are among the most loyal subjects of Queen Victoria, and as proud as any of their standing as Scotsmen, they do well not to forget that their forefathers were lieges of Thorfinn the Skull-cleaver and Earl Harold.

Somehow the infusion of Scandinavian blood into the native population seems to have had less effect in dulling the mercurial temperament of the Gael than the heavy Anglo-Saxon has done in other parts of Scotland. One meets with flashes of occasional humor recalling the divine gift of *repartie* enjoyed by the Irish. "Oh, go to hell, will you?" exclaimed an angry sportsman to his gillie, who had made some provoking blunder. "Certainly, sir," was the reply, "and when would you be wishing me to start?"

It was in 1197 that Caithness was first reduced to full subjection to the Scottish Crown. In that year William the Lion invaded Moray, and after vanquishing Roderic and Thorfinn (not the Skull-cleaver this, but a son of Earl Harold), advanced to Thurso, where he destroyed the castle and sent Harold a prisoner to Roxburgh.

Such a checkered history—the contest of people of different races for a land—always leaves an indelible record in the place-names. In Orkney, indeed, the ancient Pictish nomenclature was completely obliterated during the four or five centuries of Norse dominion; nor did the Gaelic language ever cross the sea again to these islands; so that it has come to pass that not a single Gaelic name appears in the topography of those islands, saving only the first syllable of Orkney itself, which is supposed to be the Gaelic *orc*, a whale—the whale islands. But in Sutherland and Caithness it has happened differently; Gaelic, Norse, and Anglian names are spread all over the map. Sometimes the Norse original has not even a veil of disguise, as in Loch Watten, the largest lake of Caith-

ness ; of which the meaning is the somewhat childish one of Lake Lake—*vatn* being the common Norse equivalent to "lake" at this day. At other times the Scandinavian name has received a gloss suggested by local characteristics. Cape Wrath is a very appropriate designation on the lips of Englishmen for the northernmost point of Sutherland, for nowhere round the whole ragged coast of Scotland do the winds roar more constantly or the surges chafe with greater fury. But the Vikings laughed at the storm—if the sea ran too high, they could pull ashore their black *kyuls* in any sheltered creek and wait for fine weather ; so they named the cape *Hvarf*, the turning-point, for it was there they pushed their helms a-starboard, to run down to their possessions in the Sudrey, the southern islands—Hebrides, as we now call them.*

Not seldom it has happened that the people of Caithness, having forgotten their Norse speech, and not taken the trouble to learn Gaelic, have substituted a name in the English language (which they speak with remarkable purity), and then invented a story to account for it. Thus at Dirlet, about fourteen miles above the sea, the Thurso runs through a series of deep gorges, cut in the table-land of Strathmore. It is a scene of ineffable melancholy : you cannot see the river till you are close upon it, only a wide brown moor, with a little graveyard perched on the windiest ridge, enclosed in a high wall. No church, nor the ruin of one—just the dead-yard, with one tall, lean object showing above the enclosing wall. As you get nearer you find that this object is a human effigy, the figure of a young girl carved with considerable vigor and feeling in red sandstone. It is a monument to the daughter of one in the neighborhood, and the handiwork of a local, self-taught artist, who, under more propitious auspices, would surely have made himself a name. This lone figure, standing thus high over everything near, midway between the stupendous cliffs of Hoy in Orkney to the north and the boding cone of Mor-

ven in the south, impresses the imagination as many more elaborate and costly memorials fail to do.

Having paused, as you are sure to do, before this tomb, and taken in the spirit of the place, you walk round the outside of the graveyard and find that it is perched on the precipitous verge of the gorge. Below you, if it is winter, Thurso thunders, lashed into tawny foam ; if it is summer, as now, it steals with the voice of a harmless brook from one pool to another, deep, dark, impenetrable to the eye. An isolated cliff rises athwart the stream and thrusts it at right angles to its former course. At the base of the cliff is a pool—deepest, darkest, least penetrable of all : on its summit stands the ruined tower of Dirlet, the stronghold once of some petty Norse tyrant, passing afterward into possession of the Mackays.

It is a scene of intense savagery : you can imagine the traces of almost any imaginable crime having been committed to the profundity of that sombre pool, and you, being Saisneach, are not the least surprised to hear that it is called the Devil's Hole. Then you will be told an elaborate story to account for the name ; and there is no harm in that, provided you don't believe it. I forget the details, but it is something about a wicked lord of Dirlet named Sutherland, who robbed a church (nothing more likely) ; on the neighbors assembling to besiege him in his tower, and seeming about to prevail (which, having regard to the situation, is *not* so likely, unless they starved him out), this evil man thrust his ill-gotten valuables into a kettle or caldron, and flung it into the pool. Just as it touched the surface, a hand and arm emerged from the water and received it, said hand and arm belonging—as cannot be denied is what might be expected—to old Hokey. Yet, in spite of the inherent credibility of this tale, and the impossibility, in the absence of documentary evidence, of disproving it, did I not well, in view of the following fact, to warn you against believing it? The old Gaelic name for the pool, still preserved on the Ordnance Map, is *pol a' choire*—that is, the kettle or caldron pool, named, as so many similar pools have been in the

* The name Sudrey is still retained in an English bishopric—Sodor and Man.

Highlands, because of its boiling, swirling eddies. The presence, therefore, of the kettle in the story is easily accounted for, though the natives have preferred to explain it in a less matter-of-fact way, and the convenient but homely utensil has been suppressed in favor of the romantic but inconvenient personage above-named.

Kettles, by the by, must have remained at a premium in this district as late as the seventeenth century—not articles to be lightly flung into rivers, if we are to believe Richard Franck, who travelled through this country about the year 1650.

"From Dornoch," he writes in his "Northern Memoirs," "we travel into Caithness, and the country of Stranavar; where a rude sort of inhabitants dwell (almost as barbarous as Canibals), who when they kill a beast, boil him in his hide, make a caldron of his skin, browis of his bowels, drink of his blood, and bread and meat of his carcase; since few or none among them hitherto have as yet understood any better rules or methods of eating."

Sir Walter Scott, who re-edited this entertaining work in 1821, remarked in a note on this passage, that apparently the people of Strathnaver retained to this late period the rude cookery once proper to all Scotland. When Randolph Moray and the gentle Douglas gave Edward III. the slip at Stanhope Park in Weardale in 1326, their troops left nothing behind them but three hundred caldrons made of raw hides. On which Froissart comments as follows: "They have no occasion for pots or pans, for they dress the flesh of the cattle in the skins, after they have flayed them off." In which practice the curious reader may discern the true origin of the Scottish haggis.

When Richard Franck dabbles in ornithology he puts a greater strain on our confidence in him.

"More north in an angle of Caithness lives John a Groat, upon an isthmus of land that facet the pleasant Isles of Orkney; where the inhabitants are blessed with the plenty of grass and grain, besides fish, flesh, and fowl in abundance. Now that barnicles (which are a certain sort of wooden geese) breed hereabouts, it's past dispute; and that they fall off from the limbs and members of the fir-tree is questionless; and those so fortunate to espouse the ocean (or any other river or humitactive soil) by virtue of solar heat are destined to live; but to all others so unfortunate

to fall upon dry land, are denied their nativity."

Theophilus, Franck's companion, usually eager to accept any statement that his Mentor may choose to impose upon him, boggles a little over this startling explanation. "Can you credit your own report?" he ventures to say, "or do you impose these hyperbols ironically upon the world, designedly to make Scotland appear a kingdom of prodigies?"

"No, certainly," replies the unblushing Franck; "and that there is such a fowl, I suppose none doubts it; but if any do, let him resort to Camden, Speed, or Gerhard's herbal. . . . So that few ingenious and intelligible travellers doubt a truth in this matter; and the rather, because if sedulously examined, it discovers a want of faith to doubt what's confirmed by such credible authority. But if eyesight be evidenced against contradiction, and the sense of feeling argument good enough to refute fiction, then let me bring these two convincing arguments to maintain my assertion; for I have held a barnicle in my own hand, when as yet unfledg'd, and hanging by the beak, which as I then supposed of the fir-tree: for it grew from thence, as an excrescence grows on the members of an animal; and as all things have periods, and in time drop off, so does the barnicle by a natural progress separate itself from the member it's conjoined to. But further, to explicate the method and manner of this wooden goose more plainly. The first appearing parts are her rump and legs: next to them, her callous and unploom'd body; and last of all her beak."

And so on. Ah, well! we smile at old Franck, his turgid periods and deliciously inconsequent syllogisms; but some of us retain a privy hankering after the arbitrary and marvellous, such, for example, as that the phases of the moon affect the weather, or that communications from departed spirits are conveyed by rappings on modern upholstery.

But if the character of the nameless lord of Dirlot is unblemished by the legend of the Devil's Pool, there are ugly stains on the history of this land not so easily effaced. The Sinclairs, Earls of Caithness, were unruly subjects of the Stuarts; but they were so powerful and so far distant that they generally got off cheap. Thus on December 23, 1556, George, Earl of Caithness, obtained a remission from Queen Mary for

"the cruel Slaughter and Murder of Henry Leslye and his son, a youth, and other six persons, who were in a certain boat loaded with victual, opposite the place of Girnego; also for the cruel Slaughter of Hugh Neil-soune in Strathvlze [Helmsdale] . . . by way of Hamesuckin, in his own house. . . . Item, for treasonable usurpation of the Queen's authority, by taking David Sinclair his [the earl's] brother and incarcerating him for a long space. . . . Item, for the cruel Slaughter of William Auld in Searmelet, committed on suddenly" *—

besides a variety of other crimes of less magnitude, including violent seizure of the salmon-fishings of Thurso. The next Earl of Caithness, though a cultivated man and much at Court in his youth, became a terrible savage in later years. He was at hereditary feud with the Earl of Orkney; so in 1608, some of Orkney's men having been forced to land in Caithness by stress of weather—

"*The Earl of Catteynes maid them drunk; then, in a mocking iest, he caused sheave the one syd of their beards and one syd of their heads; last of all he constreyned them to tak their weshell, and to go to sea in that stormie tempest. The poor men, feareing his farther crueltie, did choyse rather to committ themselves to the mercie of the senseless elements and rageing waves of the sea, than abyd his furie. So they entered the stormie Seas of Pentlay Firth (a fearfull and dangerous arme of the Sea between Catteynes and Orknay), whence they escaped the furie thereof, by the providence and assistance of God, and landed saftlie in Orknay.*" †

This earl brought ruin upon his house, owing to want of success in his laudable design, pursued for many years, "to mak the Lord Forbes wearie of his lands in Catteynes." He was denounced rebel in 1621, and his own son, Lord Berriedale, applied for and obtained a commission to pursue him—all of which was no more than his due, were it only to punish him for the dastardly betrayal of his kinsman Lord Maxwell, who sought refuge with him after murdering the laird of Johnstone.

But among the records of these dark times, perhaps all connected with this district yield in horror before the proceedings in the trial of John Stewart, Master of Orkney, on the charges of "Witchcraft, Poysoning, and Murther-

ing of his brother Patrik Erll of Orknay." The prisoner was acquitted, but what words can describe the torments by means of which evidence had been produced against him. Alison Barbour, the instrument supposed to have been employed by Stewart in murdering his brother, was kept for forty-eight hours under "vehement tortour of the caschielawis," * but confessed nothing. The devilish ingenuity of the assize thereupon devised the additional stress of sympathetic torment. Alison's husband, eighty-one years of age, her eldest son, and her daughter, against none of whom had anything been alleged, were submitted to torture *beside her*. The old man was placed in the "lang Irnis" of fifty stone weight; the son received fifty-seven blows in the "boots," which reduced his legs to a mass of bloody pulp; the daughter—a child of seven years—was submitted to the "pinny-winkis," whereby her fingers were pinched to shapelessness. Under the stress of these accumulated horrors, the miserable Alison, who had endured without flinching all that could be inflicted on her own body, was taken out of the cashielaws in a dead swoon, revived, and confessed all that the prosecution desired, upon which she was led forth and burned as a witch, not, however, before she had revoked absolutely all that she had confessed. Thomas Palpla, another witness, was kept in the cashielaws eleven days and nights, placed in the terrible "boots" twice a day for fourteen days, "he beand naikit in the meane tyme," and so savagely scourged with cords "that thay left nather flesch nor hyde vpon him." All this, be it remembered, being part of a public prosecution, conducted by "Mr. William Hairt, Aduocat to our souerane Lord." But then "our souerane Lord" was none other than gentle King Jamie, thorough master of the whole matter of demonology and witchcraft. Oh, the good old days!

Happily there is a ghost of later times that haunts us among the crags of Dir-lot and on the upland of Strathmore—the gentle spirit of one who possessed

* Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, vol. i. part i. p. 394.

† Sir Robert Gordon's "History of the Family of Sutherland."

* The exact nature of this abominable engine of torture is not known.

this whole county in a different, yet far more real, sense from these blood-thirsty barons and ferocious advocates. Robert Dick—baker, botanist, and geologist of Thurso—was the first to bring Caithness into the realm of natural science, to make known its vast depth of flagstones and shales, crammed with the bituminous remains of myriads of fish, great and small, and to explain the unsuspected floral wealth of its silent hills and sounding shores.

Dick's story needs not to be retold here, but no traveller to this land should fail to read it in Dr. Smiles's book, for none can understand the pathos of the story till they have visited the scene of it. In worldly matters Dick was an honest failure; he ruined his business and himself by devotion to the pursuit of knowledge. Had he been a better baker, he had been forgotten long ago, and Thurso graveyard would be without its most imposing monument.

The following extract from a letter to his sister provides an example of the almost incredible exertions to which Dick's ardor was continually driving him:—

"On Tuesday last" (the letter was written on November 12) "I set out at two o'clock in the morning to go to the top of Morven. Morven . . . is by measurement on the map twenty-eight miles as the crow flies. But taking into account the windings and turnings of the road—up hill, down hill, and along valleys—it is a good deal more: say thirty-two miles from Thurso to Morven top.

"For the first eighteen miles I had a road: the rest of the way was round lochs, across burns, through mires and marshes, horrid bogs and hummocky heaths. . . . When I had a marsh to wade, I had it level, but when I had heather I had an awful amount of jumping. . . . My object in ascending the hill was to gather plants. . . . I reached Morven top at eleven o'clock A.M., and left it at two P.M. . . . The night became windy and stormy. Tremendous sheets of hailstones and rain impeded my progress. . . . In spite of hail, rain, wind, and fire, I got home at three o'clock on Wednesday morning, having walked, with little halt, for about twenty-four hours. I went to bed, slept till seven o'clock, then rose, and went to my work as usual. . . . Oh, those plants, those weary plants!"

No human frame could wrestle so with the climate of this region without suffering for it. "The rain is killing me," Dick wrote in the last April of

his life, yet still he fought on. A few weeks later, when laid on what was to prove his death-bed, he wrote to his brother-in-law:—

"I have sent you a Thurso paper full of holes—holes out of which I have cut words such as 'Thurso,' 'Caithness,' 'Dunnet,' etc., for my plants."

His collecting days were done, but he was still busy arranging his herbarium.

There must be many living (Dick died only in 1866) who remember the quaint, spare figure, the eager yet "douce" countenance, flitting swiftly over the roads and dismal twilight moors. None of his neighbors understood him, still less had any of them sympathy to spare for his darling pursuits. Some thought him uncanny or even crazed, but the chimney-pot hat and black tail-coat, which he wore through storm and shine, shielded him from the worst suspicion, and perhaps he himself felt less an outcast from the world of culture, as long as he could go clothed in the raiment of a Fellow of the Royal Society.

* * * * *

The rain came to us when it was least expected. There was a hard north wind on the morning of May 21, and never a cloud to veil the burning sun. But hope dies hard; we went up to the loch to try and delude one of its many inmates to take a fly. Changes are proverbially sudden in British climate, but the machinery of change seldom can be seen so plainly as under the broad sky of Caithness. The glass had given no warning, yet there came at mid-day the same sign that gladdened the eyes of Elijah's servant—"a little cloud out of the sea." At one o'clock "the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain." At this moment appeared what, in the days of faith in augury or the flight of birds, would have been reckoned a portent. An Arctic skua came swinging freely athwart the gale, now dipping in the rising waves, then soaring under the clouds. Strangest of British birds in this, that, without respect of sex, it has two distinct schemes of plumage—one of uniform sooty brown, the other dark above with white underparts. We had not noticed this daring bird during the

fine weather, but here was one of the white-breasted variety to herald the storm.

Suddenly the north wind slackened ; in a few minutes it was nearly a dead calm ; then puffs came from various quarters. My gillie, prone like all Celts to personify natural phenomena, affirmed that the wind was "looking about for some place to blow from" (it *must* always be blowing from somewhere in this country). Presently it found it, and by half past one a steady westerly breeze set in, with heavy persistent rain. The drought was broken ; there would be a welcome spate, but it was hardly likely that the charm would act immediately on the fish. Not now with the huge flies, four inches long, which were necessary to stir salmon out of the chilly depths of snow water in February, but with the smallest double-hooked grilse-flies must the attempt be made. Cruising along the sandy shore, and trailing the flies just where the water suddenly becomes profound, there came to pass a mighty commotion : a great form loomed out of the side of a wave, a broad tail swept round in the brown water, the line tightened bravely, the good greenheart bent in sympathy, and away went the salmon, buzzing off thirty yards of line at a stretch. The charm of these loch-fish lies in the splendid fight they show for liberty. Many a river-fish can be played under the point of the rod, and landed without running out more than half-a-dozen yards of line. But it is far different when there is plenty of sea-room, with no banks or shoals to cow the fish, and nothing to bar his powerful rush toward the deep water. It is this, and the splendid display a loch-fish generally makes on the rise, that compensates the fisherman for much weary, monotonous flogging of the surface. The bold rise is very characteristic of loch-salmon. In streams where it is expedient to fish the fly deep, a fish in seizing it most often never breaks the surface ; but in a loch the flies cannot easily be kept in motion if sunk ; they must be drawn along near the top, and the salmon must dash to the surface to catch

them, thereby imparting a peculiar charm to this kind of sport.

Well, our fish made a grand run, the gillie bent stoutly to his oars and followed it, the anchor was dropped in a few minutes, and the dispute soon ended in favor of the angler, who, peering at the index of the steelyard, complacently pronounced the verdict, "Eighteen pounds, neat !"

The flood came that night, but it was small and dirty, and at noon next day the water was falling fast. Fish were seen passing up over the shallows opposite the lodge, but these were not fresh from the sea, but had been lying in the lower pools. A short flood such as this affords the best opportunity for reckoning the speed at which salmon travel up from the sea. The rate is much faster in summer than when the water is cold. From the sea to the loch is some five-and-twenty miles, following the river course ; there was running water at the river-mouth—enough water, that is, to bring in fish from the sea—for twelve hours after noon on Friday. The first sea-fish were seen passing the lodge on Monday morning following, but it was not till Thursday that the first fish with sea-lice on him was killed in the loch, five or six days after leaving the salt-water. Doubtless, however, one would have come to hand sooner had the weather on the intervening days not been of the worst possible description for angling.

* * * * *

Warm as my attachment is to the barren north, and pardonably prone as all lovers are to prose about the objects of their reflections, it is time to release my reader's button-hole. I like to close my eyes and imagine that the roar of this city is the souging of the great wind sweeping down from Dorery. But there are less frequent aspects of Caithness which the advent of summer brings to mind—the leagues of brown moor, with gleams of lake and stream, stretching away to where the linked cusps of Shurery and the Reay hills, with the great cone of Morven, spread a band of intense purple across the flaming west.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

HENRIETTE RENAN: THE STORY OF A NOBLE LIFE.

THE world has often been reminded of the debt that it owes to the mothers of great men. But the relationship between mother and son, all-important as it is, cannot, under ordinary circumstances, become an equal intellectual companionship, such as that which has often existed between a sister and a brother, both vowed to the intellectual life—between the two Herschels, for instance, or Dorothy and William Wordsworth. The relation between Henriette Renan and her celebrated brother seems to partake of both those characters. She was twelve years old when he was born, and her affection for him had always a great deal of the maternal protecting element about it. At the same time she was his most intimate and tender *confidante*, the sharer of his intellectual life, the colleague, modest but efficient, of his literary enterprises. Through her life a delicate and proud reserve kept her unknown and, save by a few, unvalued. Even after her death her brother feared to offend her memory by giving to the story of her noble life a publicity from which she shrank. It is only to-day, thirty-five years after her death, that the world learns what she was—*une âme forte et belle*, worthy in intellect of Renan's fellowship and more than worthy in soul.

She was born at Tréguier, in Brittany, "an old episcopal city, rich in poetic impressions." The ancient bishopric was suppressed at the Revolution, but since that date the religious houses have been reopened and an active ecclesiastical life has developed about the cathedral. The stir of commerce is utterly absent from the place; the quiet streets are shut in on either hand by convent walls, or the well-fenced gardens of the canons' houses. Above the high-pitched Gothic roofs the slender spire of the cathedral shoots high into the upper air. The building is left open till late every evening, lighted by a single lamp. One can picture little Ernest, clinging to his sister's gown, as she went like the other pious girls of the city to say her evening prayers in the vast dimly-lighted nave, "full,"

to the childish mind, "of the terror of infinitude." The whole atmosphere of the old Breton city is one of legend and mystery. Everywhere one finds the Celtic glamour, "the light that never was on land or sea." Every village has its local saint, its miraculous well, its haunted ruin. Near Tréguier, on the high ground, stands the ruined church of St. Michael. Every year, on Holy Thursday, so the legend goes, the church bells of the city go to Rome to be blessed by the Pope, and, standing on the ruined tower of St. Michael, you may, if your faith be firm, be blessed with a sight of them as they pass through the air, trailing behind them the veils of lace with which they were decked on the day of their baptism.

In such an atmosphere of childlike and unreasoning credulity, the great champion of destructive criticism spent his early years, years to which, during the time of his highest reputation and success, he never ceased to look back with a tender and wistful regret. His father had held a naval command under the Republic, and afterward took up the career of a merchant captain on his own account. He was an upright gentle soul, simple and unpractical as the typical sailor ashore, and prone to the dreamy melancholy that belongs to the Celtic race. Madame Renan had the elasticity of temper that he lacked: her wit, courage and good humor carried her through a sea of troubles. Whether fortunately or unfortunately, Henriette Renan inherited her father's disposition. She was a thoughtful, timid, strictly dutiful and conscientious child. Her early education was conducted by the nuns of Tréguier, and the great hope of her childish heart was that she might "enter religion" when she should be old enough. All the circumstances of her life combined to give her that precocity of painful experience which, acting on a nature so solitary, serious and lofty, seemed to make of her a creature apart, vowed to high and painful duties, "never knowing other joys than those which spring from virtue and the affections of the heart."

She had a better education than usually falls to the lot of a *bourgeoise* girl in a small country town. A lady belonging to a noble family of Tréguier, which had been completely ruined by the Revolution, after some years spent in England, was taking pupils in her native town. For the training and example of this gentlewoman, accorded her at the most plastic period of her life, Mademoiselle Renan never ceased to be grateful.

The fortunes of the family meanwhile had taken an ill turn. M. Renan the elder had allowed himself to be drawn into commercial speculations which his son thus describes :—

“ Utterly unskilled in business matters, simple and incapable of calculation, forever hampered by that timidity which makes the sailor a mere child when dealing with the practical side of life, he saw the little fortune that had come to him by inheritance melting away in a gulf which he could not fathom. The events of 1815 brought on commercial crises which proved fatal to him. His sensitive and feeble nature could not make head against these trials : little by little he lost his hold on life. Hour by hour my sister witnessed the destructive effect of anxiety and misfortune on this gentle and amiable spirit, lost and bewildered in an uncongenial sphere. In these harsh experiences she gained a precocious maturity. At twelve years of age she was serious, careworn, oppressed with grave thoughts and sombre presentiments.

“ On the return from one of his long voyages in our cold, gloomy seas, my father had one last gleam of joy. I was born in February, 1823. The arrival of this little brother was a great consolation for my sister. She attached herself to me with all that need of loving, so imperious in a timid and tender heart. I still remember the little tyrannies that I exercised over her, against which she never rebelled. When she went out dressed for a social gathering to meet other young ladies of her age, I used to cling to her dress and beg her to come back ; then she would come in again, take off her best clothes, and stay with me. One day, in fun, she threatened to die if I were not good, and, in point of fact, pretended to be dead in an armchair. The horror caused by this feigned immobility is, perhaps, the strongest impression I ever experienced, Fate having willed that I should not be present during her last moments. In a paroxysm of fright I sprang on her and bit her terribly in the arm. She uttered a cry which I hear still. To all the reproofs which I received I could only answer one thing : ‘ Why were you dead ? Will you die again ? ’ ”

In July, 1828, M. Renan’s ship came home to Tréguier from St. Malo with-

out him. The crew declared that they had not seen him for some days. For a whole month his wife sought for him in vain. At last she learned that a corpse had been found on the sea-shore near St. Brioux, which was identified as that of her husband. There was no evidence to show how he came by his death. It may have been caused by accident ; it may be that he had cut short by his own deed a life of which he had long been weary. The sea, that stern foster-mother of his race, keeps his secret still.

In this tragic manner Henriette’s life at Tréguier came to an end. Alain, her elder brother who was then nineteen, set off to Paris to seek his fortune. Madame Renan went to live at Lannion, where she had friends, taking with her her daughter and little Ernest. Henriette was now seventeen : she still retained her childish faith in all its simplicity, and the great aim of her life was to enter the Convent of St. Anne at Lannion. In winter, when she went to church, she used to take Ernest with her, sheltered under her cloak. One day she noticed him sideling along in an awkward fashion and discovered that he was trying to hide a hole in his threadbare suit. The poor girl burst into tears : she could bear poverty and privation for herself, but not for her darling. It soon became clear to her that she must give up the idea of being a nun. She had resolved to pay her father’s debts and to undertake the charge of Ernest’s future, and to this task she addressed herself with heroic determination.

She was met at the outset by a strong temptation to relinquish her resolve. Without being beautiful, she possessed at this time, her brother tells us—and we can easily believe it—an unusual charm of appearance and manner. She was slight and delicately featured, with a singularly sweet and candid expression in her large dark eyes : an indescribable air of dignity and refinement

“ Lived through her to the tips of her long hands
And to her feet.”

In spite of her unfavorable social position—for the petty gentility of Lannion looked down from the unassail-

able height of antiquated prejudice upon the educated woman condemned to earn her bread—a man of means and standing in the place had the good taste to appreciate her qualities and the courage to demand her hand. He was a man of character and intelligence, and if Henriette had had only her own self to consider there is little doubt what her answer would have been. But he intimated—and perhaps we can scarcely blame him—that he did not intend to marry *Mdlle. Renan's* relations as well as herself, or to take on his own shoulders the charge of an impoverished family. Henriette, on her part, declined without hesitation an offer which would have given her a life of luxury at the cost of abandoning her own people. She tried for some time to conduct a private school at Lannion, but she knew none of the arts of self-advertisement so necessary to success in this world. The very delicacy and distinction of her nature were against her in that vulgar little provincial *milieu*. Such pupils as she had did not pay her, and she realized by degrees that while she remained at home success in the task she had imposed on herself was impossible.

"She resolved then," says Renan in his memoir of her, "to drink the chalice to the dregs. A friend of our family, who went to Paris about that time, mentioned to her a situation as assistant-teacher in a small ladies' school, and Henriette accepted it. She set out at twenty-four years of age, without protection or advice, for a world of which she knew nothing, and to which she was destined to serve a cruel apprenticeship. She suffered horribly during the first part of her stay in Paris. This world of shams, this desert where she had not a single friend, drove her nearly desperate. The profound attachment which we Bretons have to the soil, to old habits and to family life, awoke with agonizing keenness. Lost in an ocean where her modesty kept her unappreciated, hindered by her extreme reserve from forming those friendships which console and strengthen where they do not serve, she became a prey to a home-sickness which affected her health. The worst of all for the Breton in this first moment of transplantation is that he believes himself abandoned by God as by men. Heaven is veiled for him. His happy faith in the general morality of the universe, his tranquil optimism, is shaken. He believes himself to be cast out of Paradise into an Inferno of frozen indifference, the voice of the good and beautiful seems to have become toneless; he cries, 'How shall I sing the Lord's song in a strange land?'

"Imagine a young girl, never having left her quiet little town, her mother, her friends, suddenly thrown into the frivolous life of a boarding-school, where all her serious ideas are wounded at every turn, and where she finds at the head of affairs nothing but light-mindedness, carelessness, and sordid calculation. This first experience made her a severe judge of girls' schools in Paris. Twenty times she was on the point of returning home; it tasked even her invincible courage to remain."

After some time her position ceased to be so painful. She found a more congenial sphere of employment and became known to a few friends who were able to appreciate her as she deserved. She spoke to one of these, a M. Descuret, about Ernest, who had passed with distinction through the seminary course at Tréguier. M. Descuret mentioned young Renan to the celebrated Monsignor Dupanloup, who was then the Principal of the Seminary of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet in Paris. M. Dupanloup, not unwilling to secure so promising a pupil, offered a bursary to young Renan, who began his training for the priesthood in 1838, at the age of fifteen and a half.

Every week Henriette came to see him. He was still her special charge—still, as long as she lived, to be cared for and thought for like a child, though becoming more and more her intellectual companion and friend. Apart from that little oasis of family affection, her life was severe and studious. She worked sixteen hours a day at teaching or private study. History had a special interest for her, and in this branch she had the knowledge of a specialist. With all this usual culture, she was free from any shadow of conceit or pretence. "The culture of the intellect had in her eyes an intrinsic and absolute value: she never dreamed of drawing from it the satisfaction of personal vanity."

It is not strange that in her solitary life, adrift on a sea of books without a pilot, she should have come to question the faith of her early years. Too soon, and too sadly the "Heaven" of her childhood "veiled its face" for her. With her faith in the legends of her Breton birth-place went the whole structure of dogmatic belief. There is not often any half-way house for a Roman Catholic between complete ac-

ceptance of the Church's teaching, and complete rejection of what is called the supernatural. Yet in clinging to the idea of God and a future life, she strove to feel that she had retained all that is essential in Christianity. Her brother testified that it was her influence which kept him from definitely accepting the hypothesis of "an inconscient God and an ideal immortality." The true heart corrected, to some extent at least, the superficial logic of the head. During her brother's stay at the seminary, she carefully abstained from any attempt to influence his religious views or to withdraw him from the path which led to the priesthood. Yet there is no doubt that it was a relief to her when he decided to wait a year at least before pronouncing the irrevocable vows.

That was in 1845. Five years before, Mdlle. Renan had gone to Poland as governess in the family of Count Zamoyski. The hope of being able to fulfil the obligations she had undertaken toward her father's creditors could alone have induced her to give up her friends and studies in Paris, and her weekly visits to her beloved brother; to accept in a distant country, a position which at its best can never be agreeable to a sensitive spirit. Can Grande of Verona was a magnificent patron, yet it was at his court that Dante tasted—

"Come sa di sale
Lo pane altrui, e com'è duro calle
Lo scendere e il salir per l'altrui scale."

And Henriette confesses in one of her letters that "this life under the roof, in the family, at the table of others, is horribly painful and difficult." Still the experience had its bright side. She loved her pupils and was loved by them. She became the trusted friend of the family in which she resided, and after her return to France her opinion was consulted and her advice sought. She had the opportunity, so precious to a person of her intelligence and culture, of visiting the great art centres, Dresden, Florence, Venice, and above all, Rome, which she loved to call with Lord Byron, "dear city of the soul." Then she had the perpetual friendship of her books, and the hope of returning at last, when her work was done, to spend

the afternoon of life with the loved ones for whom she had sacrificed so much.

A very interesting correspondence between Henriette and Ernest Renan during this period has lately been given to the public. The young man had just completed in 1844 his theological course at Saint-Sulpice. His education, his own personal preferences, the wishes and hopes of his friends and more particularly of his mother, all urged him in the direction of the priesthood. On the other hand, he is checked and hampered by considerations, which are best expressed by himself.

"I see the time approaching when I shall have to take the irrevocable step of entering the ecclesiastical state. Hitherto a reasonable probability founded on wise counsels has sufficed, but now it is necessary to have an absolute certainty; the result, not of circumstances or outside influences but of an intimate conviction—God preserve me from saying that Christianity is false—falsehood does not produce such fair fruit. But it is one thing to say that it is not false and another thing to say that it is the absolute truth—at least as expounded by those who profess to be its interpreters. It has made me what I am, its morality shall be always my rule, Jesus shall be always my God. But when one comes down from this pure Christianity, which is really reason itself, to these trivial, narrow ideas which fall before criticism. . . . And yet they tell you that you must admit all this—that you are not a Catholic without it. Oh, my God! my God! what must I be then? This is my state, my poor Henriette. You now understand my position. Yes, I repeat to you, this is the one cause that keeps me from entering the church. Humanly everything would be favorable; the life required would not be very different from that which I should lead in any case, I should be sure, in entering it, of a future perfectly conformed to my tastes—everything seems to combine to smooth my way. . . . but all else must give way to duty. It is only the thought of Mamma that rends my heart, but it cannot be helped."

At this time Renan was, as he describes himself, "old in thought" but as ignorant of the actual world as a baby. His sister had first to relieve him of the material consequences of the step he had taken by supplying out of her own resources the funds necessary to start him in Paris on an independent footing. She never seems to have been conscious of any generosity in this, or to have entertained for an instant the idea that her interest could possibly be divided from his. With her help he

was able to continue his studies and to establish himself in a suitable position.

"You must not," she writes, with rare delicacy and grace, "for the sake of present saving, compromise our whole future. Yes, our future, dear Ernest, for I do not believe that any event henceforth can separate either our interests or our hearts. . . . Do not then have any hesitation on the score of expense. . . . I will manage so that whatever happens, you shall not be in difficulties."

Then after entering with some detail into the momentous question of a new suit, she adds :—

"In short, dear, I think I have provided for everything ; if any detail has escaped me put it down to the preoccupation of my mind, and dispose entirely of the little that I have, for that little belongs to you as much as to myself. Yes," she continues, "we shall yet have some happy days together, while our friendship, our union, is always the same. . . . I feel, I understand, I share, all that you are suffering. Yes, it is very hard to have to break with all that has filled your dreams and made your joy in the past, it leaves a terrible void in the heart. But, Ernest, think of the fate of an honest man, obliged by an irrevocable bond to teach what his reason and even his conscience do not permit him to accept. That fate might have been yours ; can I thank heaven too much for having saved you from it? Be brave, dear, your path is full of thorns, but at every step, as at the beginning, you will find the love and support of your sister, of your first friend, of her who has no keener wish, after that of seeing you happy, than that of keeping a place in your heart. Let me still find in you what I have ever found, and I shall forget the tears I have shed ; I shall find many hopes, much happiness, to come in the future."

In 1850, Henriette Renan had accomplished the task that she had set herself twenty-two years before. Her father's creditors were satisfied and his reputation free from stain. Mme. Renan was provided for and Ernest launched on his career. She was at last free to return.

"But," says her brother, "those ten years of exile had quite transformed her. The wrinkles of old age were prematurely graven on her forehead ; of the charm she still possessed when she said good-bye to me in the parlor of the seminary of St. Nicholas, there only remained the sweet expression of her ineffable goodness."

It was said of her after her death, by one who knew how little of human delight had ever entered into her lot, "Dieu n'avait voulu pour elle, que les grands et après sentiers." But the few years which followed her return must have

been like "the delicate plain called Ease" to the tired feet of Bunyan's pilgrims. She took a little *appartement* with her brother, near the Val de Grace. The windows looked out upon the garden of the Carmelite convent in the Rue d'Enfer, and it was a constant source of interest to her to watch the life of these recluses—scarcely more cloistered than her own. She had the true Frenchwoman's skill in management, so that she could contrive on a sum ridiculously inadequate in English eyes, to keep her tiny household in comfort and even with a sort of modest elegance. She had that delight in simple pleasures which is a mark of mental sanity. "A fine day, a ray of sunshine, a flower, was sufficient to enchant her." Her fine and sure literary taste made her an invaluable assistant to her brother in his work. She read in proof everything he wrote, and became to him, in fact, a sort of artistic conscience. One is glad to find that she took up her testimony against the irony—or rather flippancy—which intrudes so unseasonably into M. Renan's treatment of the most serious subjects.

"She had not," he says, "what is called *esprit*, if we are to understand by that word something satirical and mocking in the French manner. She never turned any one into ridicule—it would have seemed to her a cruelty. I remember, that as we were going in boats to a *pardon* in Lower Brittany, our vessel was preceded by another, on board of which were some poor ladies, who, wishing to deck themselves for the fête, had hit on rather unfortunate and tasteless arrangements, which excited the mirth of the people who were with us. The poor ladies perceived this, and I saw my sister burst into tears. It seemed barbarous to her to make game of good people who were trying to forget their misfortunes in an hour's gayety, and who, perhaps, had inconvenienced themselves by deference for the public. In her eyes absurd persons were to be pitied ; as such she loved them and stood up for them against those who ridiculed them."

"Hence her indifference to society, and her want of success in ordinary conversation, nearly always made up of malice and frivolity. She had grown old before her time, and she had the habit of exaggerating her age by her dress and manners. Commonplace people did not understand her and thought her stiff and awkward. Everything was true and deep with her ; she could not profane herself. Poor people and peasants, on the contrary, found her exquisitely kind ; and those who were capable of meeting her on her own level soon learned to appreciate the distinction and the depth of her nature."

The years during which she lived alone with her brother must have satisfied her ideal. Her life possessed what she in common with M. Charles Booth considers as the two essentials of human happiness, work and affection. The motto of Thomas à Kempis, "In angello, cum libello," was often on her lips. Her love for her brother absorbed her heart, as her co-operation in his toils absorbed her intellect. Like all strong passions, this love was not exempt from jealousy. One need not wonder that it cost her a bitter struggle to realize the fact that she could not all her life be all in all to him.

She had felt it her duty, in fulfilment of the quasi-maternal relation she held toward her brother, to take some steps toward his matrimonial establishment; but she could not refrain from rejoicing when the negotiations fell through. Renan, however, naively enough, imagined that the failure of her plans had caused her a real disappointment, and that he should be giving her a pleasure by proposing to her Mdlle. Cornélie Scheffer as a sister-in-law. Poor Henriette was not, after all, quite perfect in unselfishness. She could not bear the idea of sharing Ernest's affection with another. Her distress was so great that M. Renan felt bound to tell his *fiancée* that he must sacrifice his engagement rather than wound one to whom he owed so much. He came home and told his sister what he had done. But already the old habit of self-devotion had reasserted itself. Early in the morning she visited Mdlle. Scheffer. What they said to each other may easily be imagined, when we know that the result of the interview was to remove all difficulties, and to knit between Henriette and her future sister a bond of friendship that remained unbroken to the last.

Mdlle. Renan did more than consent to the union; it was her generosity that made it possible. Her pecuniary resources were on this occasion, as always, put at the disposal of her brother; and without her help he could not have met the responsibilities entailed by his marriage. She continued to live with the young couple, and the birth of Renan's little son Ary effaced the last lingering trace of bitterness from

her heart. The baby was an unfailing delight and consolation to her; on him the deep reserved heart spent all the wealth of its tenderness. One likes to think of that gleam of innocent sunshine at the close of a strenuous life.

In May she accompanied M. Renan on that celebrated expedition to Palestine, the fruits of which were given to the world in the *Vie de Jesus*. After spending some months in Galilee and the Lebanon, they found themselves at Beyrout in September. Their work was nearly finished, and they were eagerly looking forward to their return home, when Mdlle. Renan was seized with fever. The village of Amschitm near Byblos, a favorite sojourn of hers, seemed preferable to Beyrout as a resting-place for the short remaining time; but scarcely had they removed there when her brother in his turn was smitten. There was no one in the village competent to treat the disease, and when the doctor from Beyrout arrived it was too late to save Henriette. She died, as she had lived for so long, alone. During her long agony her brother was lying in a state of complete unconsciousness, from which he was roused by the administration of the most powerful remedy known to science, only an hour after she had passed away.

"She died," says M. Renan, "as she had lived, without recompense. The hour when men reap what they have sown, when they look back from their repose on the toils and sorrows of the way, never struck for her on earth. May her memory remain with us as a precious argument for those eternal truths which every virtuous life contributes to demonstrate. For myself, I have never doubted of the reality of the moral order, but I see clearly now that the whole logic of the system of the universe would be overthrown, if such lives were but a mockery and an illusion."

Could we ask stronger testimony than these words of the great "destructive" supply, of that imperious need of a belief in God and immortality, which, by a logic stronger than all the syllogisms of the schools, implies its own satisfaction? No, if—

"We are not wholly breath,
Magnetic mockeries,"

—if the life of man is anything but a

ghastly farce, there must be some field, to us unknown, for the energies of the unsatisfied spirit, some haven for the "love that never found its earthly close." Otherwise, the noblest, truest, wisest of the race would be of all men most miserable, and the bitter cry of

the poet would be the last word in the destiny of man :—

"He weaves and is clothed with derision,
Sows and he shall not reap :
His life is a watch or a vision,
Between a sleep and a sleep."

—*Temple Bar.*

MÉNAGIANA : AN OLD FRENCH JESTBOOK.

BY SIR M. E. GRANT DUFF.

JESTBOOKS are proverbially dull. Wit always shows best against a background of seriousness. At the same time we owe a great debt of gratitude to those who have been in the habit of writing down the bright things that have been said in their time. Such collections are not to be read through, but to be turned over and sipped. Those are the pleasantest in which many ingredients mingle, so that the page is sometimes grave and sometimes gay. Of all the countless *ana* that have been given to the world, although some have been connected with far more distinguished names, the most agreeable, so far as I know, are those for which we have to thank the friends of Gilles Ménage, the omnivorous reader and very militant scholar of the seventeenth century, who was born at Angers in 1613, and ended his long life only in 1692. Bayle, who was his warm admirer, called him the Varro of his times ; but many of his contemporaries were less amiable, and hailed him by other titles by no means equally polite. He published poems, and wrote in prose on innumerable subjects, among others on Tasso, on Diogenes Laertius, on Terence, on Lucian, on Women Philosophers, on Malherbe, on the origins of the Italian language and on the origins of French. His book on the last-named topic was considered, in the earlier part of this century, as still of some value. It is only, however, in the last few decades that etymology has become an exact science, sternly demanding proofs for every assertion. Less than fifty years ago there was a well-known tutor in Oxford, whose etymology was so wild that it was declared that he derived "tea-pot" from

tepeo. The same kind of reproach was made to Ménage ; and to the discussions which took place about his etymology we owe an amusing epigram :

Alfana vient d'équus sans doute,
Mais il faut avouer aussi
Qu'en venant de là jusqu'ici
Il a bien changé sur la route.

Alfana, I may mention, is a Spanish word for a strong and spirited horse.

"Ménagiana," the book by which Ménage is and will be best remembered, is described, on the title-page of the Amsterdam edition of 1693, as *bons mots, rencontres agréables, pensées judicieuses et observations curieuses*. It grew out of the conversations which took place, especially at the Wednesday gatherings in his house, which he called his "Mercuriales," and the daily gatherings which he established after he was prevented by bad health from leaving his own apartments. The edition which I have just mentioned is in one small volume ; but later there appeared one in two volumes, and that which is considered the best was published at Paris in 1715 and consists of four volumes. I can best give an idea of a book, which ought to be better known than it is to our generation, by turning over the pages, and quoting the passages which I chanced to mark on my last perusal of it. There is not the slightest attempt at arrangement. Remarks on the most diverse subjects, and anecdotes connected with times the most remote from each other, are found side by side.

To say that the wit of Ménage and his friends is sometimes less restrained than befits the drawing-rooms of our relatively decorous age, is only to say that he and they belonged to their cen-

tury; but the vast majority of his pages may be read aloud by any one. I propose to cite some specimens of the kind of matter to be found in the book, sometimes translating and sometimes abridging the text.

"They talked at the Hôtel de Rambouillet of the spots recently discovered on the disk of the sun, which might lead people to apprehend that it was becoming less powerful. Just at that moment M. Voiture came in, and Mlle. de Rambouillet said to him: 'Well, what news is there?' 'Mademoiselle,' he said, 'il court de mauvais bruits sur le soleil.'"

"M. de B. said to me some little time ago that 'The verses of Huet were pretty.' 'They pass beyond the pretty,' I replied. 'You are like the man who, seeing the sea for the first time, said that it was a pretty thing.'"

Readers of Dean Church's book on the "Oxford Movement" will remember a grave parallel to this. R. H. Froude remarked one day to the author of the "Christian Year," who was then his tutor, that he thought Law's "Serious Call" was a clever book. Keble made no answer at the time, but said just before parting: "Froude, you said you thought Law's 'Serious Call' was a clever book; it seemed to me as if you had said the Day of Judgment will be a pretty sight." This speech, Froude told Isaac Williams, had a great effect on his after life.

"A Bernardine and a Benedictine happened to meet at a country inn, and were full of courtesy to each other about grace, each pressing on his companion the honor of blessing the table. At last the Bernardine said: 'Benedictus Benedicat.' The Benedictine, not to be outdone in politeness, said: 'Bernardus Bernardet.'"

"I held one of the hands of Madame de S. in mine. When she had taken it away, Monsieur Pelletier said to me: 'Voilà le plus bel ouvrage qui soit jamais sorti de vos mains.'"

"Some one called the attention of the late M. de — to the magnificent Cathedral of Coutances. 'Was that made in this district?' he inquired."

"Two persons were talking of some business. One of them said: 'Assume,

sir, that you owe me 10,000 crowns.' The other immediately interrupted him with the words: 'Pray have the goodness to make some other hypothesis.'"

"M. de B., contemplating one day two figures of Justice and Peace kissing each other, which were sculptured above a fireplace, said to a friend: 'Look, they are kissing each other; they are saying Adieu, never to meet again.'"

"At the last sermon of a mission in a country parish everybody wept, save one peasant. Another asked him: 'Why don't you weep?' 'I do not,' he replied, 'belong to this parish.'"

Here is a story which is always cropping up, and will probably long continue to do so, fitted on to some well-known personage of the time. It used to be told, forty years ago, of Lady Jersey going to the Chapel in Curzon Street; and was told in London last century about some one else:

"Mme. de B., arriving too late for mass one Sunday at twenty-five minutes before one o'clock, said to her lackey: 'Go and write my name.'"

Lady Jersey was supposed to have put it somewhat differently, remarking to her daughter as she turned away, finding all the seats filled: "Well, my dear, at least we have done the civil thing."

"An Italian, much given to haranguing, who had very few auditors, addressed them with the words: 'Po-chissimi Signori.'"

"The Archdeacon of Auxerre, who was in the habit of screaming in the pulpit, said, in speaking of Bourdaloue: 'He preaches *fort bien*, and I *bien fort*.'"

"There was shown to me one day an extremely good picture of St. Bruno, and I was asked what I thought of it. I replied *instantanément*: 'He would speak if it were not for the obligation of his rule.'"

"M. de Varillas said to me: 'Poor old Cardinal Baronius with his twelve big volumes. If the good God had not stood by him, he would have written a great many more.'"

"A priest having to make a panegyric on St. Augustine in a diocese of Gascony, the bishop sent for him, and, wishing to tell him not to speak on the controverted subject of Grace, said: 'I

wish to banish Grace from my diocese."

"Some one remarked to Casaubon in the Hall of the Sorbonne: 'They have disputed for four hundred years in this Hall.' He replied: 'What have they decided?'"

"Pope Innocent XI. was the son of a banker; he was elected on the Feast of St. Matthew, and the same day there appeared on Pasquin's statue: *Invenierunt hominem sedentem in telonio*—They found a man sitting at the receipt of custom."

"The Marquis del Carpio, Viceroy of Naples, was entering a church at Madrid, and gave the holy water to a lady who entered at the same moment, on one finger of whose very ugly hand was an extremely beautiful diamond. He said, loud enough to be heard: 'I should prefer the ring to the hand;' and she, taking hold of the collar of the order which he was wearing, replied: 'And I should prefer the halter to the donkey.'"

"We of Angers pronounce the letters M and N Âme and Âne. One of our Angevins, who was obliged to read a document which commenced with "Ego N," the letter N being illuminated in red, began: 'Ego, Âne rouge.'"

"M. de M. was interred in the dress of a Capuchin. A woman, whose husband he had had put to death, called out in the middle of the funeral: 'It's all very well for you to disguise yourself. Our Lord will know you nevertheless.'"

Balzac—the scholar of the seventeenth, not the novelist of the nineteenth century—had a habit of collecting good things for the purpose of bringing them in on fitting occasions in his writings. When he and Ménage were talking one day of what was wanted to make people happy, the latter said: "Sanitas sanitatum et omnia sanitas." "Balzac begged me," says Ménage, "not to publish this, because he wished to use it somewhere, and use it he did." More than two hundred years had to pass away before an eminent person, who had the same habit as Balzac, made it famous through all the English-speaking world, which believed it to be his own.

Lord Beaconsfield's greatest art did not consist in saying good things on the spur of the moment; he evolved most of his good things while mooning about during the recess under the beeches of Hughenden. Those were the same trees, passing under which he observed to a Hungarian lady of large property and practical turn of mind: "This is one of Nature's solitudes!" and received from her the slightly discouraging answer: "Why don't you keep pigs?"

The old Balzac was quite as famous in his day as the modern one. Ménage says of him that he was the real founder of French as it was spoken in his day: "l'auteur de notre langue, telle qu'elle est aujourd'hui."

It was he, too, who delighted Ménage by saying, when the latter had procured for him in one of his controversies the assistance of Milton's celebrated opponent: "Non homini sed scientiæ deest quod nescivit Salmasius." With this may pair off, by the way, a remark put into the mouth of a famous scholar of our own day:

I am the Master of this College,
And what I know not is not knowledge.

Here is a brief epitaph on a doctor:

"Cy gît, par qui gisent les autres;"

which is not, however, nearly so good as the answer made to Frederick the Great by one of his Generals, when he threatened, if defeated in his next battle, to abdicate, go off to Venice and practise as a physician: "Toujours assassin?" The old Scottish gentleman near the Border was hardly less happy, when he said to his son, who was leaving him to settle as a doctor in Carlisle: "Gang awa' man, gang awa', and avenge Flodden!"

"St. Michael knocked at the gate of Paradise. 'Who is there?' inquired St. Peter. 'A Carmelite nun,' was the reply. 'We get nothing but Carmelite nuns here. I'll open when there are a dozen ready to come in.'"

To Ménage, too, we owe the well-known story of the Jew, who, surprised by a thunderstorm when eating some ham, said: "What a fuss about a little piece of pork!" but Ménage tells it of a gentleman eating an omelette when he ought to have been fasting.

"M. de Benserade, speaking at the Academy of the thanksgivings which had taken place for the restored health of the King, said: 'The merchant leaves his business to hurry to the altars, the artisan leaves his work, the doctor leaves his patient—and the patient is all the better.'"

The following is historically important: "I was present at the first representation of the *Précieuses Ridicules*. Mlle. de Rambouillet was there, Mme. de Grignan, all the Hôtel Rambouillet, M. Chapelain and several other persons of my acquaintance. The piece was played with general approval, and I was myself so well pleased that I saw at once the effect which it would produce. As I left the theatre, taking M. Chapelain by the hand, I said: 'You and I approved all the follies which have been so well criticised; but, believe me, to use the words of St. Remy to Clovis, we must burn what we adored, and adore what we burned.'"

Arbitrators ought always to be unequal in number, "On account," says the Digest, "of the natural faculty of men for disagreement."

The saying, true or false, that the best way to have your books badly printed is to send a well-written manuscript, is as old as *Ménage*, who asserts that if you send them clearly written they are handed to apprentices, while if they are badly written the masters work at them themselves.

"M. de Chevreuil was so accustomed to speak in Latin that he said to his horse: 'Non ibis, mala bestia, etiam admotis calcaribus.'"

I have myself known a lady, anxious to avoid disturbing a rabbit, address her companion in French.

"A provincial who came every year to Paris used to say: 'Je viens interrompre la prescription de la Barbarie.'"

A French lady in our own times said to a clergyman from the uttermost parts of Scotland, who reappeared in her once familiar drawing-room: "Vous voici en règle avec la civilisation!"

"A Venetian, who had never before left the lagoons, found himself on an animal which would not stir. Taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he held it up and said: 'No wonder this

horse does not go forward; the wind is against him.'"

"M. D., who had known intimately St. Charles Borromeo during his lifetime, finding himself in great danger from a tempest, soon after the canonization of his friend, said: 'Help me, St. Charles, because I knew you when you were alive.'"

"Seneca tells of an old man who, asked to drink wine cooled with snow, replied: 'Ætas mea frigore suo contenta est.'"

"William the Silent and Count Egmont had an interview before the former left for Germany. Egmont represented to his friend that he was taking a very unwise step, because the Spaniards would immediately confiscate all his property. Finding that his arguments availed nothing, he said at last: 'Adieu then, Prince without a Principality.' 'Adieu, Count without a head,' replied the other."

"They called the Palazzo Barberini at Rome 'Mons Martyrum,' on account of the number of people whom the Barberini had ruined in order to build it."

The excellent remark made at the same time, with reference to the havoc wrought among ancient buildings for the same purpose, does not seem to have reached *Ménage*:

Quod non fecere Barbari fecere Barberini.

When the foolish outcry was raised against Lord Elgin, for saving the sculptures of the Parthenon from rapidly impending destruction, some one said:

Quod non fecerunt Gothi, hoc fecerunt Scoti.

A lady in India told me the following story, which had been related to her by the captain of the vessel which had brought her out to that country, as an incident in his own life. A clergyman, who was sailing with him, was so scandalized by the bad language of the sailors that he said he must really speak to them. The captain dissuaded this zealous personage from doing so, assuring him that their oaths meant very little, that as long as they went on abusing each other, with imprecations, he might be sure, even in the wildest weather, that there was no danger; but that if they ceased to do so, he

might be equally sure that the state of affairs was serious. Soon afterward wild weather did come on. The sailors grew more abusive and more imprecatory than ever. The wife of the clergyman, very much alarmed, called his attention to what was going on, and sent him on deck to listen. He came back and said : " Thank God, all is well. They are cursing and swearing as heartily as one could desire."

Of course the same circumstances may have recurred, and a P. & O. captain may really have had this experience ; but the story is suspiciously like one in the second volume of " Ménagiana" which ends thus : The Jesuit, who is the hero of it, sends his companion up from the hold to see what is going on. The companion returns and says : " Hélas ! mon père, tout est perdu, les matelots jurent comme des possédés, leurs blasphèmes seuls sont capables de faire abîmer le vaisseau." " Dieu soit loué," répondit le Père ; " allez, allez, tout ira bien."

The following is an excellent epitaph :

" Ci-gît un très-grand personnage
Qui fut d'illustre lignage,
Qui posséda mille vertus,
Qui ne trompa jamais, qui fut toujours sage.
Je n'en dirai pas davantage,
C'est trop mentir pour cent écus."

I remember these lines coming back to me years ago in the Nilgiris, when a clever young aide-de-camp told me a story of an officer, long since dead, who had risen from the ranks, but who could employ his tongue as effectively as his sword. Meeting a lady who much disliked him, he said : " Good evening, Miss —, you are looking very handsome to-night." " I wish I could say the same, Major —." " Oh ! but you could, if you were to tell a lie, as I did."

A man who had dangerous enemies consulted the oracle, asking whether he should leave the neighborhood or stay at home. He received the reply, " Domine stes securus." Some days afterward, however, his enemies burned his house over his head ; he escaped with difficulty, and all too late discovered that what the oracle had said was " Domi ne stes securus."

In his earlier days the Duke of Alva

was not thought as great a commander as he came to be considered later. When he was governor of the Milanese, some one addressed to him a letter in this form : " To the most illustrious Duke of Alva, Captain-General of Milan in time of peace, and Great Chamberlain to His Majesty in time of war."

Here is a bright little epigram from the days of the long and dreary squabble between Jansenius and his opponents. A pretty girl had gone to a masquerade as a Jesuit. Some one wrote :

" On s'étonne ici que Caliste
Ait pris l'habit de Moliniste.
Puisque cette jeune beauté
Ote à chacun sa liberté,
N'est-ce pas un Janséniste ?"

" Henri IV. said one day to the Spanish ambassador that, if he chose to mount his horse, he might go to hear mass at Milan, breakfast at Rome, and dine at Naples. 'Sire,' answered the ambassador, 'if you rode at that pace, you might the same day manage to hear vespers in Sicily.'"

The same king was more fortunate when a Spanish ambassador—I know not whether the same or another—said to him : " The king my master will come to dispute that frontier at the head of fifty thousand men." Henri IV. replied : " Ce ne seront que des ombres,"—ombres being of course a play on the Spanish word for men—hombres.

" Balzac tells of a councillor who had a great fondness for sentences of death. The President of the tribunal with which he was connected, having asked his opinion on a case which had just been concluded, he started suddenly from sleep and said that the man should have his head cut off. 'But,' said the President, 'the question is about a meadow.' 'Then let it be mown !'"

On the same page on which this is recorded occurs a remark which might console some persons for not succeeding the late Lord Tennyson—that *poeta regius* means simply the king's fool. It appears that one gentleman had the advantage of being not only *poeta regius*, but also *poeta regineus*—fool both of the king and queen.

" A peasant was taking some pears

to his new Seigneur, who was exceedingly ugly. As he entered the house he found two large apes dressed in uniform, and with swords at their sides. They seized his basket, and devoured each of them half a dozen of the best pears. The peasant, who had never seen creatures of this kind, saluted them courteously, and allowed them to do what they pleased. When he had made his present, his Seigneur, laughing, asked him why he had not brought his basket full. 'Because,' he replied, '*messieurs vos enfants* as I entered seized my basket and took those that are missing.'"

Ménage is, however, very far from being always merry. His pages are thickly strewn with remarks of a different character, such as the following: "Seneca uses a very happy phrase when, speaking of a great fire at Lyons, he says: '*Inter magnam urbem et nullam nox una interfuit.*'" And again: "*L'universale non s'inganna.*" How that phrase pleases me! Seneca says on this subject: '*Nemo omnes, neminem omnes fefellerunt!*'"

* * * * *

"I read and pronounce Greek as all Greece reads and pronounces it today." How long will the enemies of youth succeed in keeping up the detestable custom against which Ménage protested in these wise words? If only Bishop Gardiner, who had sensible views on the pronunciation of Greek, had, instead of burning persons for erroneous opinions about matters on which certainty was not attainable, filled Smithfield from end to end, all day and every day, with persons who taught its mispronunciation, how after generations would have risen up and called him blessed!

"After the battle of Nieuport, which Prince Maurice gained over the Archduke Albert, the horse of the latter fell into the hands of his enemies. Grotius says excellently well of this horse:—

. . . Pars hand temnenda triumphi,
Præda fui, ferem ne fugientis equus.

Erasmus speaks of a line as being celebrated among the Latins, but admits that he does not know the author. This is the famous

Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.

Ménage tells us that the first person to discover the real author was Galleotus Martius of Narni, who died in 1476, and who pointed out that it came from the *Alexandreis* of Philippe Gaultier, who was born at Lille, in Flanders, in the thirteenth century. Ménage gives the whole passage, in which the poet warns Darius that in fleeing from Alexander he will fall into the hands of Bessus:—

Quo tendis inertem
Rex periture fugam? Nescis, heu! perditæ,
nescis
Quem fugias; hostes incurris dum fugis
hostem.
Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.

The line

Qui decumbit humi, non habet unde cadat,

which is said to have been quoted by Charles I., with reference to his own misfortunes, was attributed by Ménage to Ovid; but one of his editors discovered that it was composed by a modern poet, whom he calls Alain de l'Isle, and that it ran originally:—

Tutior est locus in terra quam turribus altis.
Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat.

I may conclude by a copy of hendecasyllables by Bonnefons, which surely deserves the praise which Ménage gives it of being as good Latin as that of the age of Augustus. This writer seems to have published a little collection of poems at Paris in 1587, which must be a real treasure if it contains much as exquisite as this. But a second specimen in elegiacs which Ménage quotes, though very good, does not seem to me so remarkable.

Dis, Acus, mihi, quid mee puellæ
Illa candidula, illa delicata
Albis candidior manus ligustris,
Quid læves digiti tenellulique
Tantum commuerisse vel patrasse
Possunt, ut toties et hos et illam
Configas stimulo ferociente?

Ah! ne molliculas manus inepta,
Ne læves digitos et immerentes,
At pectus stimulo acriore punge,
Pectus durius omnibus lapillis,
Durius scopulisque rupibusque,
Hic stylum altius altiusque fige,
Hic acuminis experire vires.
Quod si mollioris meam puellam,
Dic, quantum hinc referes superba laudem!
Hac te cuspidem vulnerasse pectus,
Quod nullis potuit Cupido telis.

This would not, I think, have been disowned by him who sang the Sparrow of Lesbia. Let us hope that the

fair one was kinder to her lover than that unedifying and imperious lady.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE ANCIENT INCAS.

It is a strange but indubitable fact that it is possible for highly advanced refinement and a primitive type of barbarism to exist side by side, to support each other in a united polity. Such an anomaly is presented in the case of the ancient Incas of Peru, the race dominant in Peru when Europeans first found their way thither. The word Inca, or Ynca, was also specially the title of the monarch, and it would appear of certain princes.

The early history of the Incas or ancient Peruvians is shrouded in oblivion. At the time of the Spanish conquest, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, their empire extended from about the second degree north to the thirty-seventh degree of south latitude, embracing the modern republics of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chili. It was never specially suitable for agriculture and communication; but the industry and genius of the natives overcame all impediments. The coast in the main is a series of sandy deserts: the Sierra or region of the Andes contains stupendous chains of mountains, elevated plains, and table-lands, interspersed with warm and fertile valleys and ravines. The people who inhabited it were of rather less than the average height, of a light copper color, highly civilized, industrious, and of a very contented disposition. They were numerous, and warlike, so far as acquiring neighboring lands and bringing the people under their sway was concerned. In these characteristics they present a marked contrast to their equally civilized but yet unknown neighbors the Aztecs, in the north, and the Patagonians in the south. The Aztecs were diminutive, almost sufficiently so to earn the name of pygmies; while they were most pugilistically inclined, fighting and conquering for the love of war. The Patagonians, on the other hand, were savages in every way, and of immense stature.

The capital of the empire was Cuzco, situated high up among the Cordilleras, but yet enjoying a salubrious climate, owing to its situation in the tropics. According to the tradition of the Incas, this was the spot at which their empire began. It was, as the word Cuzco signifies, the navel of the country. The city was well fortified, naturally and artificially, by a strong fortress on the north, and a spur of the Cordilleras on the east. The city was connected with the four divisions of the empire by four great roads, constructed for military purposes, to enable large bodies of troops to be moved expeditiously from one place to another. These roads are marvels of scientific workmanship, and the remains which to-day may be seen attest their former magnificence of design and construction.

The head of the government was the Inca or king, as the word signifies. He represented a despotism so thorough that the food of the people could be withheld at his word. The succession descended from father to son unbroken through their whole dynasty, being claimed by the eldest son of the "boya" or lawful queen, as she was called, in distinction from the king's numerous concubines. It is a noteworthy coincidence of Egyptian and Peruvian custom, although too much importance should not be given to it, that the queen was selected from the sisters of the Inca—the idea of this revolting practice being to keep the heaven-born race (so called) uncontaminated from the world. The heir-apparent was very early given into the charge of the "amautas" or wise men, who instructed him in all the knowledge they had, and particularly in religious matters, as the Inca was the head of the church. He was carefully trained in military affairs. At the age of sixteen he was examined very rigorously with the young nobles for admission to the order

of chivalry. This examination consisted of the performance of athletic exercises, such as running, boxing, fully trying their agility and strength: severe fasts, mimic combats with blunted weapons. This lasted thirty days. At the conclusion, the successful candidates were presented to the sovereign, and had their ears pierced to receive the round ornament denoting their degree of nobility. This ornament was inserted in the gristle of the ear; and so distended it that in some cases it rested on the shoulders. After this, the candidates moved off to the public square to indulge in songs and dances. This ceremonial was called the "huaracu."

The Inca represented the Sun, and presided over all important religious festivals. He alone could raise armies and command them; he controlled the imposition of taxes, the making of laws, the appointment and removal of judges. He was the head of everything, and from whom everything flowed.

The nobility were of the same blood as the Inca, but immeasurably below him in dignity: the proudest of them could not come into his presence unless barefooted, and carrying a burden of some sort upon his shoulder, to denote the homage due to the Inca. The common people were as much below the nobility as the nobility were below the king.

Ethnology, philology, architectural remains, and customs have failed to shed much light on the problem as to the origin of the American peoples, civilized or uncivilized: points of resemblance in skull, physique, language, and customs with Asiatic Mongolians, Europeans, North Africans, Andaman Islanders, Borneans, and Polynesians, have been insisted on, and elaborate arguments made to show that America was populated, partly at least, from North-east Asia, Ireland, Wales, Madeira, Egypt, Japan, and elsewhere. It need hardly be said that none of these theories have been proved, and that most of them are untenable and wholly baseless paradoxes. But the general tendency of anthropologists is to assume as most likely that part of the population at least must have come

across Behring Strait from Asia. Sir Daniel Wilson's theory was that there were in America three great divisions of race with as many distinct lines of immigration, the first wave having started from Asia, and reached the South American Continent. Next, an Atlantic Ocean migration occupied the Canaries, Madeira, and the Azores, and so passed to the Antilles and Central America. And thirdly, that after the excess of Asiatic population had spread through the north of Asia, a wave of emigration flowed by way of Behring Strait into North America, thus accounting for the different characteristics of the inhabitants of North and South America. It has, on the other hand, been pointed out that the three races, Incas, Aztecs, and North American Indians, are proved to be connected with each other from the shape and construction of their crania. The skull is distinguished by the presence of an interparietal bone of a more or less triangular form, perfectly distinct the first month after birth, and subsequently united to the occipital, the suture being marked by a furrow which is never obliterated, and which is easily recognized in all the crania.

A point that has been made much of is the similarity of the Inca architecture to that of the Egyptian—the square openings, wider at the bottom than the top, doing duty for arches, and the custom of royal marriages and embalming the dead. Whatever and whenever the origin, it is certainly true that a nation more highly civilized than the Incas preceded and occupied the country before them. But this takes us back to prehistoric times, and we are lost in the mists of tradition.

Let us glance at a few of their civil institutions. The whole of the country was divided into three parts—one for the Sun, one for the Inca, and another for the People. The sizes of the different parts differed in different districts. The lands set apart for the Sun provided means to support the temples and elaborate ceremonial of Peruvian worship, and the numerous priesthood. Those for the Inca supported him in his luxuriously royal state, as also his large household and various demands of the Government. "The remainder

of the lands were divided *per capita* equally among the people." It is here that the absolute serfdom of the people is so patent. Every Peruvian by law was compelled to marry at a certain age. He was then provided with a dwelling, and a plot of land sufficient to support his wife and himself, an additional portion being granted for every child, double as much for a son as for a daughter. The lands were redivided yearly, being added to or diminished according to the size of the family. The effect of this was to keep the people on the soil, and to prevent them acquiring too much land, and consequently power. The lands were entirely cultivated by the people. First, they tilled the lands of the Sun; next, those of the old, sick, widow, orphan, and soldiers engaged in war; they were then allowed to till their own; and last of all, the lands of the Inca. In like manner, the manufactures and agricultural products were attended to.

The flocks of llama belonged to the Sun and the Inca. It was death to kill one. At certain seasons of the year they were collected from the hills and shorn; large numbers were sent to supply food for the Court, and to be used at the religious festivals and sacrifices. Male llamas only were killed. The wool belonged to the Inca, and was stored in the Government depositories, and dealt out according as the people's wants required. In this way they were provided with warm clothing. When they had worked up enough wool into clothing for themselves, they were then employed in working up material for the Inca. The distribution of the wool and superintendence of its manufacture was in the hands of officers appointed for the purpose. No one was allowed to be idle. Idleness was a crime, and severely punished. All the mines belonged to the Inca, and were worked for his benefit. The various employments were usually in the hands of a few, and became hereditary; what the father was, that the son became. A great part of the agricultural products was stored in granaries scattered up and down the country, and was dealt out to the people as required. It will thus be seen that there

was no chance for a man to become rich, neither could he become poor. The spirit of speculation had no existence there.

Education was monopolized by the Inca and the nobility. The teachers were called "amauta." The "quipu" were the books. The "quipu" was a small cord from one to two feet long, made of variously colored threads twisted together. From this other, smaller and thinner cords were hung, forming a fringe; all the cords were different colors. The colors represented objects such as gold, silver; sometimes white signified peace; red, war; but they were chiefly used for calculation. The fringe and cord were tied into a number of knots, which stood for ciphers; and these, used in conjunction with the colors, could be made to represent any amount required. These quipu were also the records by which statistics from all parts of the country, relating to population, trade, military and local affairs, etc., were preserved. They were deposited in the Peruvian "Somerset House" at Cuzco. In this respect the Peruvians were far behind the Aztecs, who had a system of hieroglyphics, which, although a poor substitute for an alphabet of arbitrary signs, was yet capable of expressing more, and in a clearer manner, than could the quipu. These records were under the charge of the amauta, who taught their pupils from them. This was the way history passed down from generation to generation, and it is easy to understand how an event might become exaggerated and distorted.

The Peruvians were not so advanced in scientific knowledge as their northern neighbors. They divided the year into twelve lunar months, each of which was known by a particular name, and distinguished by its own festival. The year was further divided into weeks; but of what length, whether of seven or more days, is uncertain. They based their calendar upon the lunar year, and corrected it by observations taken with the help of cylindrical columns set up round Cuzco. From these columns they could tell the exact time of the solstices. The time of the equinoxes was obtained from a single column with a circle drawn round it,

and a diameter drawn east and west. When the sun was almost immediately over the column, and the shadow scarcely to be seen, they said, "The god sat with all his light upon the column." The year commenced about the 21st of December. Had the conquerors not been possessed of a ruthlessly destructive spirit, the history of the Incas would be as clear as our own. We are indebted for what we do know to the enlightenment of a few noble Spaniards, such as Sarmiento, Ondegardo, and Gomara.

The religion of the Peruvians was the most important of their institutions. The whole fabric of the State rested upon it. They acknowledged a Supreme Being, the Creator and Ruler of the Universe, whom they adored under the name of Pachacamac. So greatly did they venerate this invisible Being, that they studiously refrained from insulting him by making a representation of him in any form. They worshipped him in one temple only, near Lima—the Mecca of that race—and to which pilgrims gathered from all parts of the Peruvian empire. They also worshipped the Sun with the highest adoration: it was emblazoned on all their banners; sacrifices were constantly being offered up from numerous altars; and they regarded it as the founder of the royal line.

Among other objects which they worshipped were the elements—winds, earth, air, mountains, rivers. The images and idols of conquered nations received a place in their mythology, and were duly worshipped. The temples in which these deities were enshrined literally blazed with gold, particularly that of the Sun. This was so situated that the rays of the morning sun shone in at the eastern portal, lighting up the interior, which, being decorated with

golden ornaments, sent back such a glorious flood of light, that no surprise can be manifested at the adoration with which these simple-minded people regarded the great luminary. Near to the temple of the Sun, and next in importance, was that of the Moon: all the decorations of this were of silver. The Stars, Thunder, Lightning, Rainbow, each had its respective chapels or temples. Everything in connection with the religious services was of gold or silver. The religious ceremony was very elaborate, consisting of burnt sacrifices and offerings of flowers. The sacrifice of human beings and the practice of cannibalism did not disgrace their ritual, as was the case with the Aztecs.

The number of priests was very great. The high-priest was called the "Villae Umu," and was next to the Inca in importance, being, as a rule, one of his brothers. Their duties were to minister in the temples, and to carry on a ritual more complex than that of any other known religion. There were four principal feasts, the most important being the Raymi, held about the time of the summer solstice. The celebration of this feast was preceded by a general fast of three days; and on the fourth, the Inca and all the people in Cuzco, dressed in their brightest and most gorgeous dresses, went to meet the sun at its rising; when it appeared, they broke into shouts of joy. They had among their religious institutions an order known as "the Virgins of the Sun," consisting generally of the daughters of the "curacas" or chieftains. They were confined in convents, kept from the world, and employed their time in watching the sacred lamp, besides making garments for the Inca and helping to replenish his harem.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE MODERN PERSIAN STAGE.

BY JAMES MEW.

THE celebrated Orientalist, De Gobineau, in his *Religions et Philosophies dans l'Asie Centrale*, has not omitted to speak of the Persian theatre, as of a

subject intimately connected with Persian philosophy and religion. As far, says a psalm attributed to David, as the East is from the West, so far has

the Lord, according to the opinion of the author of this composition, removed their transgressions from the people of this Hebrew prince. In no case is the opposition of East and West more remarkable than in their respective dramas. With us any approach to theology in our plays is tabooed; to some hundred millions of our Asiatic fellows the national drama, if not religious, is naught. It is, indeed, less of a drama than of a sacrament. It is bound up with the national, the political life of much Indo-European legend and tradition.

Before the conquest of Persia by Alexander it possessed, we read, a theatre, but its theatre, as we understand it, is the growth of the present century. People in Teheran, Ispahan, and Shiraz can remember it in its infancy. They can describe its gradual progress as exactly as Horace the development of the drama of his own day. As in the beginning Thespis carried about his company in a cart, so the commencement of the Persian play, which year by year increases in popularity and importance, was but a monologue of mourning without any scenic accessory for Aliy or for Fatima, for Hasan or for Husayn.

The theatre in Persia, in so far as its leading feature, the *Tâziya*, is concerned, has a powerful influence on the passions of the public. It is not like the modern theatre of Europe, little more than a mere pastime, except when it shocks and attracts by its immorality, but is an instrument, like the old Greek stage, of political importance and religious intrigue.

With the English the chief inducement to attend a theatre is curiosity, with the Persian it is devotion. It is also patriotism which leads him to the *Tâziya*, for the Imams, the rightful caliphs, are the heroes of his own land. Shakespeare excited the admiration of his contemporaries; the ladies of the court of Louis XIV. shed their tribute of fashionable tears while listening to the tragedies of Racine; Goethe's *Egmont* and the *William Tell* of Schiller roused fervid fury in the Teutonic breast; but none of these writers, in the opinion of De Gobineau, affected their audience like the Persian play. "Je ne retrouve cette possession de

l'être entier du spectateur par le drame que dans les tekyehs persans; mais là je la retrouve tout entière. Le théâtre Européen n'est qu'une distraction, le théâtre persan, seul, est une grande affaire."

Before speaking at any length of the national drama, a few words should be said concerning the Farce and the Puppet Show.

The Persian theatrical *répertoire* consists of three different kinds of pieces, of which the last is by far the most important: (1) the farce, (2) the puppet show, (3) the serious religious play or *Tâziya*. For none of these is any charge levied on the spectator, but in the first two a carpet, supplying the place of our "hat," receives the contributions of the benevolent. The farce is called *Tamasha*, literally signifying walking abroad for recreation. Another expression for the farce is *Taklid*, signifying a disguise, and so a travesty. It is performed by the only professional musicians and dancers in Persia, known as *Lutiys*, signifying inhabitants of Lot, and so people not held in esteem. These are commonly accompanied by some *Bazikaris*, or rope-dancers and tumblers, and when the entertainment is to be of unusual grandeur, monkeys, and even bears, are added to the number of the performers. These farces are seldom committed to paper. Their chief characteristic is what Demosthenes held to be the leading feature in eloquence, namely, action, which cannot well be reproduced in writing—*volat irrevocable*. Their essence, too, is of the time present; they are what the printers in their typographical slang call "good matter," stuff which must be published to-day and has lost the greatest part of its interest by to-morrow. Social and personal allusions appear in them everywhere. The delight of these allusions dies, of course, as soon and as certainly as that of the political jokes in our own comic papers. Of how much of its meagre merriment is a last year's *Punch* deprived! Like all Persian—and indeed all Oriental—poetry, the farce abounds with puns. These verbal quibbles, however ingenious, are generally untranslatable. Not unfrequently its language is free. Its license would

in England deprive it of license. Were it written, it would be set in red ink for very shame's sake. The blushes with which the modest person might suppose the cheeks of the actors themselves to be suffused, are wholly hidden by a coat of flour, or of yolk of egg, or of soot plastered over their faces. In this they have the classic example of the early followers of Thespis.

An interesting sample of a Persian *Tamasha* represents a garden in summer time. Two gardeners, with fragments of yellow sheepskin about their loins, but otherwise apparelled as Adam in Paradise, make their appearance and discourse about their gardens in amœbean verse, after the style of Virgil's Damætas and Menalcas, or of the Battus and Corydon, and the Lacon and Comatas of Theocritus. It is curious how exactly the style of composition of the Greek and Latin authors corresponds with that of the Persian poet. The names of the characters in the Persian play are Baghir, a rich old fellow, father of a very pretty girl, whom he screens from any possibility of male admiration with more than ordinary solicitude; and a poor and very cunning young man named Najaf. The poor and very cunning young man is, of course, in love with Baghir's daughter. The two gardeners begin with rival praise of the fruits of their horticulture. "The pulp of my peaches," says one, "would cause the whitest of sugar-candies to redden with jealousy." "The velvet covering of mine," says the other, "is tender to the touch as the down which our lips feel on the cheeks of a beauty of fourteen." Their rival commendations end of course in a free fight, in which the gardeners use alternately their fists and the implements of their trade, to the intense delight of the spectators—for where is the people to be found which is not delighted with that "bark and bite," which Dr. Watts was for confining with such scanty justice and propriety to dogs?—until Baghir gets the worst of it, and proposes to quench the brand of discord in the waves of that liquor, which some, by a sorry joke, pretend the prophet prohibited in the Kuran. He gives Najaf money, who hastens to buy the wine, and then begins a kind

of comic action of repeated recall, very familiar to us in our own theatres. Najaf makes several false exits in hurried excitement to procure the drink, and is stopped again and again by Baghir, who now begs him not to forget the kabobs of roast lamb, now to remember the sweetmeats, now to be careful about the dessert, and so on, until Najaf, tired of running to and fro at the command of his faithful Amphitryon, stops both his ears like Ulysses at the voice of the sirens, and scampers off the stage in sheer despair. Baghir, left alone, prepares himself for the feast with a bold parody of the many religious rites used by the *Mullas*, or priests, on such an important occasion. Najaf returns with the banquet, and enlivens the repast with a guitar. The various stages of drunkenness are admirably imitated. The progress of inebriation has, it must be remembered, something piquant for a people to whom public-houses, those ornaments of our Christian civilization, are unknown. Baghir, the born reveller, falls asleep at last. Then Najaf, who has only simulated intoxication, runs off with Baghir's daughter, and a triumphal chant of love concludes the piece. The *Tamasha* is commonly advertised in the bazaars by the clown with a *tar* or lute, assisted by a donkey attired after the fashion of a *mulla*.

The Puppet-show or *Karaghyaz* or Black Eye, as it is literally translated out of the language of the Turks, from whom this spectacle is derived, is a sort of marionette play or Chinese shadow show, which is represented in Turkey before the common people, as our Punch in England, to an audience of children, nurse girls, and butcher boys. It is the Pulcinella of Naples, the Meopatacca of Rome. In its native land Black Eye, like Punch, is the principal personage in the drama, and gives his name like him to the whole entertainment. In Persia, Black Eye, at a very early period, became *Pahlawan Kachal*, or bald (literally magpie) hero. The baldness of this popular person is his distinctive attribute, the mark by which he is known, as Punch is recognized by his hump. To attempt to draw popular character from popular dramatic

amusement, as some have done, would be no compliment to ourselves. The hero of our streets is a low ruffian of uncultivated taste, and an atrocious moral character. His murders recur with sickening frequency, on the slightest provocation. He spares neither age nor sex. He knocks his wife on the head for remonstrating with him in the gentlest manner on his sanguinary barbarity, and he pays not the slightest regard to the rebukes of an orthodox divine. The Persian Punch is altogether of a different kidney. He is of a polished exterior, and his ways are suave and gentlemanly. He is a literary man and a poet, as indeed the Persian generally is. But he is a thorough humbug. He is a hypocrite of the deepest dye. Profoundly religious, and walking about clothed in the garment of devotion, he is really destitute of every sentiment of piety. His sole object in life seems to be, by an external appearance of sanctity, to deceive the *mullas* with a view to his own profit, or to insinuate himself, with the base ends of a Lothario or an Abu Nuwas, into the graces of the ladies.

There is a favorite piece in which *Pahlawan Kachal* betakes himself under the guise of a most pious Muslim to the house of a certain *Akhwund*, or rector of a parish. He sighs, weeps, groans, prays, recites verses, from the Kuran or elsewhere, and quotes scraps of morality after the most approved fashion. The *Akhwund*, delighted with his visitor, and edified by his religious zeal, begins to imitate and to emulate him. *Pahlawan Kachal* displays his theological knowledge, his acquaintance with the traditions and the patristics of Islam, and recites legends in favor of the virtue of giving alms. Voluntary charity meets his highest panegyric. He quotes many lines of the mystic poetry so dear to the Persian heart, the poetry which under the profane semblance of love and wine, celebrates the activity and wisdom of Allah the all merciful. Then *Pahlawan* begins to describe the delights reserved for the charitable in Paradise. Far indeed is he from saying with Chaucer in the "Knight's Tale," that as he never was there he can say nothing about it. On the contrary, he speaks as an eye-wit-

ness. He sings of heaven and its houris with the graces of antelopes, of its splendid banquets and its sparkling wine. The *Akhwund* is in ecstasies. He tastes already those rivers of milk which never grow sour, and those seas of clarified honey which never become dry. He reposes already under the perpetual shade, on couches whose linings are of thick silk interwoven with gold. He gathers fruits from gardens of palm-tree and pomegranates. He sees damsels advancing to meet him, with complexions like rubies and pearls, beauteous damsels with eloquent deep black eyes. He dances with delight, thereby demonstrating—as evolutionists tell us—his descent from the ape, he gives *Pahlawan*, that second Iago, his purse, bids him buy a banquet, and produces *Khullari*, the most excellent wine of Shiraz, which by some strange chance is found in a corner of his room, hidden away with a guitar. The two drink and play, until at last the pious *Akhwund* becomes drunk, and drops his Kuran and his rosary. And so on. The piece of course may be extended at pleasure. It is a vivid and never ill-timed representation of the *Tartufe* of the religion of Islam.

The serious or religious drama known as the *Tāziya*, or mourning, corresponding in many respects to the Mystery or Miracle Play, is commonly understood by the Persian theatre. Its present form has no such ancient date as the Farce or the Puppet-Show. It has been altered by the influence of the West. It is likely to entertain those who take interest in the varied phases of religious sentiment. Its most fitting parallel in a Christian land would be the representation of Christ's crucifixion, with Peter's denial, Mary's sorrow, and all the other circumstances of the Passion. It is studied beforehand and regular, while the Farce and Puppet-Show are mostly unmethodized and spontaneous. That peculiarity, which the poverty of the English language, as Swift says, compels one to call style, shines out in its grave and decent phraseology. The actors are content to speak what is set down for them, while in the *Tamasha* and the *Pahlawan Kachal* the conversation is sportive and immodest, and the actors are

constantly "gagging" or interpolating speeches of their own. The form of the *Tāziya* is classic and exact, never arbitrary or uncertain. It begins and ends with prayer. To give water during its progress is a noble deed. To provide a *Tāziya* is a meritorious work, which contributes to the salvation of the soul. The play, in the metaphorical language of the Persians, is one of the bricks with which a man may build himself a celestial habitation for future beatitude and repose. The donor's vanity is also interested. He strives to make the play, which is his play, as "magnificent," to borrow a good old word from the Bible, as may be, in evidence of his own riches. It is resplendent with his gifts, as a Christian Church on festival occasions with the contributions of the pious. And thus his popular influence is increased. He has his reward, therefore, both in this world by the gratification of his pride and the extension of his power, and in the next by a seat among the blessed ones. No person pays at a *Tāziya*, except the provider of the entertainment. The rich man and the beggar are admitted alike. In this particular it presents a startling contrast to our own dramatic performances. The provider pays large sums to several people, as, for instance, to the *Rawzakhan*, or public reciter, and to the *Peshkhhans*, or prelectors, some half dozen or more boys, who are so called from their introduction of the *Rawzakhan*. This official takes his place on a *saku*, or raised mound or platform of brick, in the centre of the theatre, which in towns is frequently a *karwansaray*, and in the country a *takya*, or tent in form of a parallelogram with black poles, covered with black cloth. The *takya* may hold from 200 to 2000 persons. It forms a protection against the sun or the snowstorm of the variable sacred time of *Muharram*, during the first ten days of which month these plays are performed. The ground round and about the *Rawzakhan* is carefully swept and watered by the *Farrashes*, men armed with long wands, who act also as beadles or policemen, to keep the spectators in order. Some of the latter, quiet, self-possessed, and, in a word, the very re-

verse of the ugly crowds which pester and throng the entrance to gallery or pit in our own theatres, smoke their *kalyuns*, or hubble-bubbles, while others take refreshment—not in the form of bottled stout, lemonade or gingerbeer—but of the delicious *baklawa*, a dish which certainly should have been mentioned in the description of the golden palace of good Harun Alrashid, a dish of flaky pastry, sweetened with syrup or honey, and cut up in rhomboidal pieces; or of *nukhud*, savory peas soaked and fried; or again, of melon seeds, treated in the same manner as the confectionery of Badreddin Hasan, in our common versions of the *Arabian Nights* interpreted "cream tarts"—into which the cook is accused, with an absurdity not in the Arabic, of having introduced pepper. Millet-seeds form also a favorite dish of the women, a dish supposed to induce weeping in those rare cases in which the tragedy fails to excite tears, or as the Persian poet puts it, "pearls on polished ivory," and mastic is sometimes chewed by girls to whiten, as they believe, their teeth. It has, at least, the effect of tempering the volubility of their tongue. *Sukka* or water-carriers flit to and fro, boys richly clothed, with their eyelashes and eyebrows painted a deep blue in sign of mourning, their hair elegantly curled, and their heads covered with *shabkulahs* or nightcaps often embroidered with precious stones. Here and there, too, are to be seen the sellers of *muh*, a cushion of perfumed holy clay, carved into various pretty shapes, and intended, in the prostrations of the pious, to be applied to their brows. Coffee is handed round frequently at the expense of the chief of the *mahal* or parish. Sometimes a dervish suddenly starts and sings a canticle on the *saku*, where he frequently becomes faint with excitement, or foams like a member of the Salvation Army with religious fervor, and sometimes, though rarely, a *mulla* holds forth to the idle crowd.

The original subject of the *Tāziya* was a lamentation, as its name indicates, for the "People of the Tent" or the family of Ali, the Bayard of Islam. The story of that family is well known to the reader of Gibbon, who

has shortened it from the admirable account given by Simon Ockley, the Arabic Professor at Cambridge, in his *History of the Saracens*. Hasan and Husayn, the good one and the good little one, were the two celebrated sons of Ali, who, after a reign of four years, was stabbed in the Grand Mosque at Cufa by Ibn Maljam, thirty years after the death of the Prophet and of Ali's wife, Fatima, Muhammad's daughter.

As their father, the noble, the devoted, the chivalrous, the Lion of God, is the first Imam, so they are the second and third Imams or chiefs of the faith of the sect of the Shiites, who are to the Sunnites, as the Protestants to the Catholics, or the Karaites to the Jews. Hasan, born in the third year of the Hijra, A.D. 626, became, much against his will, fifth Caliph. Royalty was thrust upon him, and he resigned after a six months' reign in favor of Muawiya. For this he has been called a poor-spirited youth. It has been said that he sold his pretensions for a mess of pottage. He lived on his pension in Medina, amid the luxurious appurtenances of his harem in quiet content. He seems to have been wise in his philosophy of abstention and renouncement. Without ambition, and by no means fit to be a monarch in those troublous days, he was also of a religious temperament, and performed, it is said in his praise, the pilgrimage to Mecca twenty-five times on foot. His liberality was such that he twice reduced himself to the verge of beggary. This peaceable prince was poisoned—as some of his biographers tell us, though others deny it—at the instigation of Muawiya, by one of his daughters whom he had given to Hasan to wife. This lady offered him diamond powder mixed with rice for dinner. Another account says that a lady named Juada put a mixture into his gugglet, which caused him to bring up his liver piecemeal.

His younger brother, Husayn, was of quite a different character. He was warlike, full of energy and resolve. His marriage with Shahrbanu, the daughter of Yazdajird, the last of the Sassanian Kings of the Persian dynasty, gave him an additional claim to Persian regard. His dream was to restore the Caliphate, after the death of Mu-

wiya, into the hands of his own family. With that view he fought against Yazid, the son of Muawiya, but without success. At last he, with sixty or seventy-two faithful followers, the exact number seems uncertain, was abandoned and left on the plain of Karbala, in Irak, at a short distance from the Tigris. This vicinity to the river joined to their excessive thirst constitutes one of the chief sufferings of this famous troop. Here, after his friends and relatives had fallen one by one in a contest with a force of 30,000 men, he himself fell on the 10th of Muharram. It is said that Shimar, lieutenant of Yazid's general, Ibn Sa'd, severed his head from his body while he was engaged in prayer. It is also said that Shimar on this occasion had a veil over his face, and that when he removed it a couple of boar's tusks showed themselves, and on his chest a black mark. This, however, the biographer who records it allows not to be "a well-attested fact." However great discrepancy there may be in other matters, the want of water is allowed by all. The Family of the Tent endured thirst, it is generally agreed, to such an extent as none of Adam born ever before endured. This Holy Family afterward abandoned Arabia for Persia, where it is held to-day in such honor that a Persian sovereign delights in the appellation of *Sagi dari Aliy*, or dog of the house of Ali. The sufferings of the martyr, Ali, and of the "People of the Tent" form the historic domain of the Persian religious play. From this well of inspiration, as the dramaturgy of the Greeks from the legend of Atrides, the *Taziyas* were at first invariably and exclusively drawn.

According to the creed of the Shiites, Ali, as the cousin, the son-in-law, and the first proselyte of Muhammad, ought to have succeeded him. But Abu Bakr, Umar, and Uthman, one after the other, usurped his place, before Ali, as fourth Caliph, wore the Muslim crown. We know that his reign endured but a little while, and the greater part of his descendants, the legitimate inheritors from the Shiite point of view of the supreme power, were cruelly slain. Zaynab, or Zenobia, Hasan's sister, Umm Laila, Hu-

sayn's wife, Kasim Hasan's son, and Zubaida, Husayn's daughter, in fine, the whole of the family, perished, as the *Tâziya* amply show, in turn. When, in early times, the Shiites were content with performing their funeral ceremonies in the Muharram, a season of which the religious significance is equivalent to that of the Christian holy week, the burning of wax candles illustrated the immortal felicity of the victims at Karbala. To such ceremony succeeded a historical recitation of their privations, their sufferings, and their valor. The hearers defiled their turbans, tore their shirts, plucked their beards, and beat their breasts with increasing paroxysms of pious sorrow and political indignation. Finally came the dramatic presentation of this important event.

Lately the *Tâziyas* have become debased by the admixture of Christian legend and the introduction of the miracles of the Christian saints. They have approached still more nearly the Mysteries of the Middle Ages, to which they always bore a near resemblance. Husayn is now understood by the people to have given himself as a vicarious offering for their transgressions. He is regarded as the Redeemer of Islam. His abnegation and mansuetude supply the emotional side of the Shiite faith. He is crowned with the aureole of saint and martyr. It is he who has voluntarily expiated the sins of the people of the Lion and of mortal men. His self-sacrifice, self-denial, self-dedication have put into his hands the key of the treasure of intercession. Every one who has shed a tear for Husayn will be delivered from future flames, a circumstance which alone is sufficient to account for the fury of sympathy and religious zeal which attends his festival. It is he who will be the Paraclete in the last days of the judgment of God. It is no wonder that the Shiites are excited by his memory. He is a bone of contention for all the Orient. The *odium theologicum* subsisting between the Shiites and Sunnites principally on his account is well known. He is in fact a sort of peg for every kind of religious and political agitation. The *Dâis* or missionaries of the Shiite faith have organized a propaganda which

would do credit to the Society of Jesus. The result is that the Muharram is always an anxious time for the authorities of the Indian government. And so the Persian pilgrim goes to Aliy's tomb instead of to Mecca, the holy blissful martyr for to seek, as Dan Chaucer puts it in the case of the Canterbury pilgrims, where he lies among the mosques, minarets and gardens of Karbala, of which the earth is as precious as Zamzam's waters, or the bones of the saints. And so it is that while free cursing, and especially of a Sunnite, is commonly allowed in Ispahan, an exception is always made in favor of the wife of the person you address, and their Highnesses the Imams Hasan and Husayn.

There are various versions, says the author of the so-called "*Qanoon-e-Islam*," of the circumstances of the deaths of these Imams, but Yazid the *Palid*, or polluted, his rhyming nickname, the wretched from all eternity, was undoubtedly the main instrument in their destruction. When Uthman gave the government of Syria to his relative, Muawiya, he arranged that the latter's son Yazid should succeed him. Yazid drank wine openly, was fond of dogs, falcons, and other unclean animals, associated with singing girls and musicians, and generally enjoyed himself. Music appears to most of us a harmless amusement, but there is a tradition that the Prophet (may God bless and save him) stopped his ears when he heard on one occasion the profane squeak of a shepherd's pipe. Yazid scandalized the orthodox. In addition to being licentious he was on one occasion abominably unjust. He is said—but God is all knowing—to have tried to get for himself the fair wife of a certain Zubayr by a stratagem not unworthy of David, in which the murder of her husband was a principal feature. The lady, however, eventually married Hasan, who, at that time, reigned in Medina. This, says one of his biographers, was the real cause of enmity between him and Yazid.

There is usually an introduction to the chief piece, a sort of foreshadowing of the greater by the less, a finger-post to the ultimate event. This is varied and inconstant in form, but always

ends in the same manner. In one case the tragedy is represented of Joseph being thrown into the pit, Jacob bewails his son, Gabriel appears and recounts the woes that will happen to the Family of the Tent. The Patriarch allows the triviality of his own sufferings compared to those destined for Husayn, and is consoled. One of the deaths of the martyrs is then represented. In another case Tamerlane arrives at Damascus, the keys of the city are given up by the trembling governor. This official is a descendant of the murderers of Husayn. Tamerlane reproaches him and drives him from his presence. Enter the governor's daughter, beautiful and beautifully dressed, to intercede for her father. She is driven away also. At last the Vizier comes and proposes the performance of a *Tāziya* by which the eye of Tamerlane is refreshed, and the narrowness of the heart expanded.

Two samples of *Tāziyas* mingled with Biblical story are here given. The first is called the *Monastery of European Monks*. The stage represents a sandy desert in the heat of summer. Yazid comes on leading away his prisoners, the People of the Tent, to Damascus. His troops follow him. The heads of the martyrs are fixed on lances; the scene is filled with horses and mules and camels. Sukayna, the little daughter of Husayn, complains to her aunt Zaynab of thirst. Her bowels, she says, are burning like roast meat. Zaynab can give the little girl nothing to drink but her tears. In addition to an absence of water, they have nothing to shade them from the burning sun, and nothing—a bitter disgrace to an Oriental lady—to cover their heads. Shimar, the officer who cut the throat of Sukayna's father, grievously insults them. But they regard the words of their enemy as stones to pave his way to hell. Suddenly a *kasid*, or messenger, arrives to say there is an army about to fall on them during the coming night. They seek refuge in a Christian monastery. The prior is amazed at the sight of the heads of the martyrs, but more especially at that of Husayn. He addresses it in the most moving and complimentary language. The head, much to his

astonishment, answers him in excellent Arabic. It utters sentence after sentence from the Kuran, directed against the evil-doers. The prior, enchanted, bathes the head with musk and rose-water, and adorns it with flowers. Then follows an extraordinary scene: a *Hatif* (a sort of crier, guardian angel, or invisible speaker) announces the approach of Adam, Abraham, Jesus, Moses, Muhammad, Ali, and Hasan. All these come in the order mentioned, and all weeping plentifully, to pay their respects to the head of Husayn. They, too, make use of the politest language. Then the *Hatif* announces a company of ladies—Eve, Hagar, Rachel, the daughter of Jethro, or Shuayb (as she is called by the Mohammedans), the Virgin Mary, the Mother of Moses, Husayn's grandmother, Khadija, and finally his mother, Fatima. All these appear in black. The piece ends, of course, with the conversion of the prior and all the monks in the monastery.

The second piece, the *Christian Girl*, was played for the first time about thirty years ago. The *Saku* is covered instead of being exposed as usual. This is as strange to a Persian audience as a theatre without a drop-scene would be to us. The curtain concealing the *Saku* is removed, and we see the plain of Karbala. The enemy have gone. Naught remains but the tombs of the fallen heroes, over which the wild grass waves rank and high. Inside the tombs we see the bodies of those holy martyrs of all ages, mutilated in various ways, a man without a head, a woman without arms, a child with an arrow sticking in its breast. The actors who represent these corpses are not so still as they should be, but we let that pass. Over the tomb of Husayn, which is eminent among the rest, some tame white doves (real) are set to defend the Imam, according to tradition, from the heat of the sun. Lances are fixed upright by each sepulchre, and circles of lighted candles figure the present celestial glory of their murdered occupants. The carnal eye of the spectators sees the honored and beloved dead maimed and torn in their bloody grave; while the eye of faith beholds them circled with a halo in a

heaven of everlasting splendor. Suddenly a caravan arrives, breaking the silence and solitude of the desert with the voices of men and brazen music. Players on all kinds of instruments come first, then soldiers in military panoply, then camels laden with chests holding domestic furniture, then a numerous retinue of servants, and, last of all, on horseback, a pretty captive, supposed to represent a European young lady, or the "Christian Girl." Her dress may be æsthetic, it is certainly uncommon. It is a garment of green satin, embroidered with great flowers and trimmed with several flounces of startling amplitude. An Indian shawl is folded crossways over her breast. A broad straw hat with a wide black velvet ribbon and bow constitutes her head-gear. Finally, she rides after the fashion of men, and wears highly polished black boots up to her knees. The whole is, perhaps, no more ridiculous to us than our artistic and exact reproductions of the costumes of past ages would be to our ancestors could they revisit the glimpses of the moon for the purpose of examining them.

The attendants are about to pitch their tents in the desert, but on driving a peg into the soil a jet of blood (real) darts up from the ground and dyes the green grass red. Another spot is selected by the amazed officials, whose voices cleave to their jaws with fear, but the result is all one. Blood follows them as persistently as the perturbed ghost—"old Truepenny," as he is somewhat irreverently called by his son—follows Hamlet. Fountains of blood spurt up all about the stage. It is the old story of Polydorus, which Virgil borrowed from the cyclic poets, over again. Here, then, is a knot worthy of a god, and a god accordingly intervenes. The Christian girl ascends the *saku*, falls asleep, and has a divine vision, in which all things touching Karhala are satisfactorily explained. Meantime a Bedouin, to whom Husayn has shown more than his ordinary kindness and generosity, is perceived crawling stealthily among the graves, for the purpose of robbing, if possible, the murdered and doubly sacred dead. The profane wretch dares even to enter

the tomb of his benefactor. Finding nothing there worth carrying away, he begins to blaspheme in good set phrase, and looks around for some object wherewith to strike in his rage the dead body of Husayn. A rusty dagger lying by is examined by him and rejected; he then picks up a sword, notched and jagged in the late conflict, and tries to sharpen it with another to no purpose. Finally he beholds a butcher's knife. This he considers suitable to his purpose, and buries it exultingly in his benefactor's corpse. Blood darts forth, and a terrible groan is heard, followed by the grand formula of the faith of Islam, *La Allah illa Allah*, but the sacrilegious Bedouin is both deaf and blind. He has eyes and ears, but can neither see nor hear. The conclusion of this dreadful scene is too horrible for reproduction. But the next compensates it with blissful rapture. Angels appear, prophets appear, Muhammad, Moses, the Imams, the holy women, all appear and congregate on the *Saku*; and the Christian girl, after more conversation than readers generally would care to read, becomes in conclusion a Shiite.

There is beyond all question considerable force and energy in this *Tāziya*, but a secret laughter—for it would be dangerous to smile—tickles too often all the soul of the European who is fortunate enough to be a spectator of the play. For a Kafir, save in great political centres, is not allowed to behold it. Too frequently he finds the play murdered no less piteously than its protagonist. When the bad Bedouin, for instance, sharpens one jagged sword upon another, the English part of the audience is irresistibly reminded of the clown in the Christmas pantomime, who whets his knife on the stage-boards preparatory to some act of atrocity on the person of the pantaloon. Though these dramatic representations are the delight of the people and the kings alike in Persia, they are regarded with disfavor by two important classes of the general public. The learned despise them, and by the clergy they are held in horror. These good men, like carriage-horses with blinkers, only see straight before them. They refuse even a side glance at any other dra-

matic performances than the old hieratic dramas founded on the "People of the Tent."

Of these legitimate *Tāziyas* follow some typical examples. Let us take first the *Earth Game*. By this is to be understood a children's play, something like that known among the poorer classes of English humanity as "making mud-pies," or like the construction of those designs in sand, which the remorseless waves of the Atlantic sweep in tens of thousands from our western coasts in the sunny days of English summer. Aliy and Fatima are represented as living at Medina with their children Hasan and Husayn. It is morning. All is peace and tranquillity. The careful Fatima is busying herself about household concerns. She is deserving the highest praise accorded by Milton to her sex, in her study of domestic good. Soon that most excellent of women, as she is called by the Prophet, the peeress of Eve and of the Virgin Mary, and the Pearl of Chastity, bethinks her it is time that Husayn should be washed. She begins his toilet by combing his head. A single hair is inadvertently torn out by the teeth of the comb. The tender mother looks on it and bursts into tears. It is but a single hair, yet she foresees in it a future of solicitude and sorrow. Nor is she without reason for her despondency. Gabriel, as if to confirm her conjecture, suddenly appears, and asks her if a hair of her beloved son affects her so painfully, what she will do when she sees his head rolling on the sand, and his whole body full of wounds? Husayn, in the next act—or, rather what may pass for it, for there is no division of act or scene—goes out to play with some boys. They construct holes and mounds in the sand. They play, in fact, the *Earth Game*. Aliy asks his son about what he has been doing, and beholds his son's grave and the graves of his companions foreshadowed in his child's description of his sport. One of his playfellows dressed in complete steel then comes to attack Husayn. The boy is bravely defended by his friend Habib, but eventually succumbs to the steel-clad warrior and his two companions. And who are these, but the young

Azrak Ibn Sayd and Shimar, the paulo-post future assassins of the "People of the Tent"?

Another *Tāziya* is called *Fatima's Garden*. The prophet has left a piece of land in a place called Fadak, which is cultivated by his daughter as a flower bed. Umar has seized this, when he placed Abu Bakr on the throne. When Fatima desires its restoration he insults and wounds her, causing the death of her unborn babe. Her husband and children also suffer outrage from this tyrant. In the conclusion, he is about to strike off the head of Aliy, when the voice of Muhammad is heard from the tomb forbidding this heinous crime. The play ends with the safe return of Aliy and his family to their tent. Another play presents the martyrdom of Aliy. His wife is long dead, and he has been warned in a dream of his approaching murder. He utters recriminations against the vicissitudes of fortune, like those so frequent in our Miracle plays. His sons and his daughters have also had dreams of funereal import, which they recite in turn to the audience. The Muezzin chants his *Allah Akbar* from the Minaret. Day whitens in the East. Aliy prostrates himself, in his morning prayer, and the poisoned dagger of Ibn Maljam pierces him in the neck. A physician is called in, but gives no hope. His mule Dul-dul is fetched, of which he takes an affecting farewell. The hero of Badr and Hunayn, the possessor of the famous sword *Zu'l fakar*, dies. Hardly is the breath out of his body, when a veiled shadow appears mounted on a camel. It condoles with the weeping family, and ultimately reveals itself as Aliy already risen from the dead.

The martyrdom of Abbas, who is known as Alamdar or the Standard Bearer, is the story of the death of Aliy's brother, who, to obtain some water for his little nieces when they are dying of thirst, bears a skin into the midst of the enemy's camp. His right hand is cut off, he takes the skin in his teeth, and holding his sword in his left hand rushes on toward the river. His left hand is cut off, and he falls at last covered with wounds. Then there is the martyrdom of Aliy Akbar, the son of Husayn, and the martyrdom of

the children of his sister Zaynab, the Hecuba of the *Tāziyas*. An affecting piece is that in which the little Sukayna, the four-year-old daughter of Husayn, mourning her father's absence, has his head sent to her by Yazid. Holding this in her bosom she loses consciousness of cold, hunger and blows in a blissful dream, in which her father appears to her, and awakes no more.

One of the most favorite *Tāziyas* is called the *Nuptials of Kasim*, of which De Gobineau has given an account in detail. The family of the Imam Husayn is surrounded in the desert of Karbala by the Syrian troops and the traitorous inhabitants of Cufa. Many of the Imams have already perished, such as Abbas the brother and Aliy Akbar, the son of Husayn. Husayn has just recovered his son's body, and carried it to Umm Layla, his wife, but there is no water, and his children are dying of thirst. Ibn Sa'd, Yazid's general, and Shimar, the most cruel of Ibn Sa'd's lieutenants, and the odious Azrak draw nearer with their soldiers in a circle armed with lances, and insult the wretched Imams. Then Kasim Hasan's son, and nephew of Husayn, exasperated by the death of his cousin Aliy Akbar, determines to avenge it. The body of this Imam best beloved by the Persians, lies from the beginning to the end of the play before the spectators, on a corner of the *Saku*, and by its side sits the mother veiled in black. The body is covered with blood, and the spectators see the wounds—poor dumb bleeding mouths—managed after a most artistic manner. Kasim is betrothed to Zubayda, the young daughter of Husayn, and the marriage ceremony takes place amid the general mourning. Immediately after he goes to a combat with the enemy, which he is forewarned will end in his death. He is enveloped after the Arabian custom in his winding sheet. He mounts his horse, and disappears. He returns with a report that he has killed Azrak, and asks for water. There is, of course, none to be had. He would drink his own blood, he says, were that allowed by the Prophet. Husayn moistens his lips with a kiss, and he again seeks the field though almost

fainting. This time he returns with his head bare and covered with blood. To the housings of his horse are attached a number of pieces of wood stained red, in the shape of arrows. As soon as he enters he falls and dies. The tomb takes the place of the proposed nuptial bed, and the winding sheet of the wedding garment. Zubayda has the chaplet, which Kasim has promised to her, of rubies.

If tragedy be well defined by Aristotle in his *Poetics*, as the purgation of the passions by means of pity and horror, there are no better tragedies than some of these Persian dramas. Passages are to be found in them which may rival the Eumenides of Æschylus. In the play just quoted there are such passages, and they abound in the piece called *The Orphans of Imam Husayn at his Tomb*. In this *Tāziya*, little children of the best families are employed, dressed in garments of black gauze with large sleeves, their little heads covered with small round black caps, embroidered with gold or silver. These infants kneel on the body of the actor who plays Husayn, embrace him, and with their chubby hands cover themselves in sign of grief with chopped straw, which represents the sand of the fatal desert of Karbala, as the great river of the Euphrates is represented by a small copper tank. They cannot, by reason of their tender age, well understand the significance of their performance, but their little faces are grave and serious, what time the surrounding public shouts in accents of dolour, "*Wahi! Wahi!*" Oh Husayn! Oh Husayn!" over and over again, and slap themselves violently on their right thighs, or with measured strokes, now quick, now slow, but ever in harmony with the music of the tambourines, which accompany the *Tāziya*, smite their left sides, bared beneath the shoulder. There is no applause in one sense of the word. No *afirin*, *Hazar afirin*, no bravo, no encore, no clapping of hands, or striking the floor with sticks or umbrellas, as though to test the security of the foundation, greets the Persian actor. Such compliments of tragic power and histrionic ability, which too clearly show our consciousness that all the representa-

tion is a delusion, are never heard in Ispahan. There is to be heard only the highest applause of an actor, the applause of sympathy. There men bow the knees of their hearts, to use the beautiful metaphor in the prayer of Manasseh. There women weep for the sorrows of the virtuous evil-entreated, the apostolic successors of the immortal Aliy. There is the honest indignation, though expressed in another form to that of the occupants of our own gallery, who hiss villainy triumphant. There is the cry of *Wahi! Wahi!* a Persian utterance of sorrow, and the shaking of heads to and fro. There is the tearing of hair and beating of breasts, and sighs and groans and sobs and all gesticulations of anguish. There, too, are wounds, for like the priests of Baal, they cry aloud and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets till the blood gushes out upon them. There, too, are their tears collected in cotton wool by a priest and squeezed out into a little bottle, reminding us of a prayer of David and the Roman lacrymatories, tears said to be a never-failing elixir of health in the mouth of the dying. And, in the great majority of cases, all these manifestations are the genuine utterance of grief. Sometimes pride and rivalry induce them to afflict their souls. They are jealous of all alien expression of sorrow. No man, if they can help it, shall cut deeper than themselves, none shall smite his breast with a louder echo of intonation or a greater pretence of pious zeal. Sometimes, too, people join in the universal lamentation for the sake of peace and conformity. In them grief is as much a piece of acting as the tragedy which is supposed to cause it. The king always cries, and his courtiers are bound to imitate him. To refrain from doing so might lead to disastrous results. On the day of atonement whatever soul was not afflicted was ordered by Moses to be cut off from among the people. The whole thing may be absurd, but *Defendit numerus junctoque umbone phalanges*. It would be bad for a man—however much he might fear an attack of neuralgia—to keep his hat on in the pit of our theatres during the spirit-stirring performance of our na-

tional anthem. People are expected to join in the *Oh Hasan! Oh Husayn!* as they are expected, if they can afford it, to adorn the stage with tapestry, transparencies, ostrich eggs, paper fishes, mirrors, censers, garlands, wax candles, lustres, banners of gold, silver, brass, copper, and wood, and bits of glass; to contribute shawls, carpets, hanging lamps, dresses, turbans, and other properties to the sacred drama; to invest the whole scene with a barbaric prodigality of color, and yet themselves continue in mourning dress of black or gray, and to refrain from the putting on any ornaments through the first ten days of the sacred month, in which, even in the times of ignorance, it was forbidden to carry on war, in which, too the Kuran descended in detached portions from the skies.

It is on the tenth day on which Husayn is supposed to have been murdered that the public interest culminates, that the river of tears reaches its highest watermark, that the monotonous howl is most horribly prolonged. The actors are commonly Ispahanis, who are held to have the best voices in Persia. The plays are heralded by fifes and drums and peculiar copper trumpets six feet long called *Karnas*, sounding like bells at a distance, the privileged music of royalty and of religion. They begin at five o'clock in the morning of the first day of the month, and last till the conclusion of the tenth. As there are often half-a-dozen representations in a day, the players are commonly exhausted by their efforts. Nothing, perhaps, save religious excitement and political partisanship, could support them through so long and wearisome a probation. The furniture of their stage is elementary and primitive, and reminds us of our own drama in the days of Shakespeare. There are no pit, boxes, and gallery. There is no curtain or scenery. There are no more floats, flats, or flies than there are roses and nightingales about the muddy ditch, celebrated by that droll wag Tom Moore as Bendemeer's stream. If places are not shown by their names written on boards as "This is Verona," "This is London," equally simple methods of signification are employed. The audience gifted with the rich imagination

which accepts straw for sand, perceives a mighty river in a pot of water, and finds tomb and mosque and harem and camp where they are told to find them, as children make a horse out of a chair, or turn a sofa into a merchant vessel. Again, as in Shakespeare's time, women's parts are acted by youths. All the actors remain on the stage, and retire and seat themselves in the background when not required for the progress of the spectacle. They also frequently address the audience, which is a mistake from an European point of view. Their dresses are often magnificent, which is accounted for by their being loans or gifts from the richest inhabitants, but they are seldom in harmony with the circumstances of the play. The authors are unknown. Frequently one piece is made up from others by a sort of collective eclecticism. The dramas are written in ordinary colloquial style. They are in the metre *Hazaj*, but they are not flowery. They do not sacrifice idea to expression. There is no affected introduction of rare Arabic phrase. Their language is familiar to the Persian child, however strange to the English scholar. It is

domestic, not classical, like the language of Plautus and Terence, not of Virgil and Ovid. The good characters, the Imams, the Prophets, the Archangel Gabriel, and the *Batul* or Virgin, as the Arabs call Fatima—the Mary of Islam—sing their parts, or rather deliver them in a nasal chant, from slips of paper, which they hold in their hands; but the bad characters, such as Ibn Maljam, the assassin of Aliy; Shimar, the murderer of Husayn; Yazid, the enemy's general; Umar and Abu Bakr, whom the Shiites regard as usurpers, are allowed only to declaim them. On Shimar and Ibn Maljam the appellation of *Haram Zadah* is continually lavished by the audience; an expression, which meaning illegitimate, is now strangely used for a robber or an assassin. The actors of these parts act with tears in their eyes, whether from fear for themselves or sympathy for their victims is uncertain. It is, indeed, sometimes difficult to obtain actors to take these rôles, since there is nothing uncommon in their being assailed with stones by the popular fury.—*Fortnightly Review*.

MODERN HYGIENE IN PRACTICE.

BY DR. ALFRED SCHOFIELD.

THE FOUR ELEMENTS: WATER.

THIS last of our four elements is perhaps the most important of the series to health; for while on the one hand it is the most essential food of the body, on the other recent researches here and in India have demonstrated to what an enormous and unsuspected extent disease is dependent upon drinking impure water.

Water when pure is not a dubious mixture, like air, of gases in various proportions, but is, as we know, a definite chemical product, formed by the union of two volumes of hydrogen with one of oxygen, the three volumes condensing into two as the gases change to a liquid.

We say "when pure," for seldom indeed is this interesting fluid com-

posed of these two gases alone. We hear a good deal about the "adulteration of food" Act; but all the adulterations of food put together, or of other beverages, are not to be compared in importance with the adulteration of water. We will prove our words further on.

Meanwhile, consider what a tricky sort of fluid this innocent compound is. In the first place, it is protean in form: it can be in turns a solid, a liquid, and a gas. But that is not all. Fluids, as a rule, expand with heat; water, however, at 32°, when heated, begins to contract in volume until 39° is reached, from which point it expands. Water just about to freeze at 32° is therefore lighter than the water 7° warmer, and hence rises to the top—one result being that ice forms on

our ponds first at the top, and not at the bottom.

We can just support our own weight when floating in water; how far we are from floating in air may be conceived from the fact that its density is 770 times less than water—or, in other words, for a full-grown man to float in the air, his body, while maintaining the same bulk, should not weigh more than two to three ounces.

Another painful eccentricity of water when it freezes is that, instead of contracting still more in its change from liquid to solid, it has the truly exasperating quality of expanding one-eleventh of its bulk, bringing destruction and ruin thereby into all our houses by burst pipes and boilers, and causing innumerable other evils.

If we take water at its other extreme—that of heat—its behavior becomes positively weird. In its change from gas to water three volumes were reduced to two; in its transformation from water to vapor two volumes do not become three, as we should naturally expect, but over 3000! It is true that, while the one volume of water is incompressible, these 3000 are elastic; but this is only what we should expect. It is this mighty increase in bulk and elasticity that makes steam the mechanical power of the universe.

Steam, again, contains an immense amount of what is called latent heat, as it requires nearly 1000 times as much heat to raise boiling water into steam as to raise water from 211° to 212° .

We merely mention this in passing, as we do many other facts, by way of remembrance, and not to reduce these pages to the level of a class-book. We emphasize this point of the latent heat of steam, however, to bring intelligent opinion to bear upon the immense superiority of steam as a disinfectant compared with hot air. Air at 213° is 213° and nothing more, and very soon gets below this; but steam at 213° has a reserve force of latent heat in the background that renders it immensely more efficacious in destroying spores, penetrating as it does into the folds of the infected articles, and gradually parting with its latent heat. This cannot be too strongly insisted on, and certainly is not generally understood.

The sources whence we obtain water are mainly five in number—one from above (the rain), two from beneath (wells and springs), and two on the earth's surface (upland waters, such as lakes and reservoirs and rivers).

It is generally supposed that rain water, at any rate before it reaches the earth, is absolutely pure. Such, however, is not the case. In the first place, we live on an island, and the result is that all the rain water in this country contains on an average about two grains of salt per gallon.

Then it always washes the air through which it passes, and hence, before it reaches the earth, is laden with spores and germs, and dust and particles of all sorts.

Even if it were pure, it is sadly deficient in quantity; for the rainfall in this country would not supply above 50 people per acre, although nearly 3700 tons of rain per annum fall on every acre.

Rain water is not very palatable. If used for drinking, it should be stored in stone or slate cisterns underground, as at Gibraltar. Of the value of rain water for washing purposes we will speak later on.

With regard to the surface-waters, no river in England is long enough to purify itself from the sewage that falls into it. Naturally river water is extremely pure, and is much less hard than spring water, and would form a good drinking-water but for the reason given above. Nevertheless, London, as the largest city in the world dependent upon river water, draws up daily nearly one third of the whole river Thames. Of course such water cannot be used directly, but requires the most careful filtration. The water is allowed, first of all, a week to settle in reservoirs, to give the coarser sediment time to settle, and it is then run off on to the filter-beds, which are several feet thick, and constructed of very fine sand upon the surface, with coarser sand and gravel below. The real filtering agent is, of course, the first inch of fine sand, and until lately, whenever this had been used a short time, it was removed and well washed.

A most extraordinary revolution in filtration has, however, been brought

about by our recent discoveries of the purifying and antiseptic powers of microbes. We knew they are the scavengers of the earth, but were slow to understand that they might with ease be pressed into our service and compelled to do our dirty work to order. A layer of mud containing millions of germs to the cubic foot is spread over the surface of the sand, and so far from being cleansed from impurities, it is never changed as long as the water will pass through. The result is wonderful. A jelly-like mass, consisting largely of living organisms, forms on the top, which is the real filter. These germs seize on and oxidize all organic matter so completely, and are themselves so incapable of penetrating the layer of sand beneath, that the water thus filtered is far purer than that passed through the purest sand. By this extraordinary means a living filter is constructed, and the bacteria are compelled to do our work just as if they were day laborers or other drudges.

Of this water Londoners consume some 30 gallons per head (being double the amount allowed in Berlin), over 120 million gallons being supplied daily for the direct use of the people.

Upland surface-water is very much purer and better for drinking purposes. It is also very soft, and great cities are increasingly looking to lakes for their supplies, and, if these do not exist, are creating them as needed, often, indeed, thereby rather enhancing the beauty of the neighborhood than destroying it. Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow are now all supplied by this means with the greatest success.

As to springs and wells, the water varies considerably. Of course all that comes from deep sources is as a rule pure, but shallow wells in towns and villages are an unfailing source of disease, owing to their contamination.

In cottage gardens we frequently find two holes dug—one for sewage, the other being the well; and in some cases, where the soil is porous, this is deemed a positive advantage as regards the sewage, which leaks out so quickly as to save the trouble of emptying! Where it leaks to is generally the nearest well; and it is perfectly surprising to see how bright and clear the water

often is from these "sewage" wells; and not only so, but how the constitutions of the natives can resist the sewage poison for years, though drunk daily. The leakage, which may have gone on for an indefinite time, perhaps, is only discovered at last by an epidemic breaking out from some disease germs imbibed. Of course the water will not keep, and becomes very foul and muddy after rain.

Deep wells always draw their supply from beneath some impervious stratum beyond the reach of any surface pollution, and the water often comes from a distance where this stratum rises to the surface.

At Trafalgar Square there is a deep well some 400 feet deep, which receives its water from Hertfordshire. Meux's celebrated well pierces all these strata to the depth of 1146 feet.

Springs often form no inconsiderable part of the water supply of rivers. One that enters the Thames near Reading supplies to it some 300,000 gallons daily.

In England the best and purest spring water comes from the chalk and the New Red Sandstone.

An interesting experience, however, near Liverpool shows that the New Red Sandstone is not always to be trusted. A deep well was bored into it at Liverpool nearly 500 feet, all being carefully bricked except this part in the solid rock. The result was that, there being large fissures in the rock, the shallow wells, many of them impure, for some distance round were drained dry into this deep well. The villagers, seeing these wells of no further use as wells, utilized them as cesspools. These gradually drained, of course, also into the deep well, the water of which soon became so foul it had to be closed, a complete system of drainage provided for all the district round, and it was eighteen months before the water became sufficiently pure to be used.

We may sum up good and bad drinking-waters by saying that springs, deep wells, and upland surface-waters are as a rule wholesome; that stored rain and lowland surface-waters are suspicious; and that shallow well and sewage river waters are dangerous.

Just lately, again, river waters have

risen in repute, for it is found, if free from actual sewage, the germs in them have an antiseptic power rather than a destructive power on the human frame, and are thus more active for good than a pure distilled water that contains nothing but hydrogen and oxygen. It is, indeed, only gradually that we are getting over our insensate horror of all germs, and are beginning to discriminate between good and bad.

Water may be pure and wholesome and yet not palatable. Distilled and boiled waters are instances of this, and the reason of their tastelessness is that they contain no air. Such water becomes palatable if poured over toast.

We have spoken incidentally of "soft" water, but the subject is so important that we must enter upon it more fully. Water is called "hard" and "soft" according to the amount of lime and magnesium salts it contains. If not more than six grains per gallon, or, in other words, six degrees of hardness, it is called soft. If it contains more, it is called hard; and if the salt is carbonate of lime it is called temporary hardness, because the salts can be deposited by boiling; but if it consists of salts of magnesium, it is called permanent hardness, because boiling does not remove it. The latter is much the more injurious.

These preliminary facts are necessary in order to understand the immense practical difference between hard and soft water.

Hard water is, indeed, answerable for a long list of evils, few of which are really understood, though there is, no doubt, a floating idea that it is not all that could be desired. We will therefore try and point out in detail some of the objections to its use.

The first is with regard to washing, and is very little understood. Water can only hold a certain amount of solid matter in suspension. When it has taken up as much as it will hold it is said to be saturated. Now, in washing we want water that will take up as much dirt as possible; but hard water can do very little in this direction, being already so full of earthy salts. Any who put this to a practical test themselves for the first time, must feel greatly astonished at the amazing dif-

ference in cleansing power between hard and soft water. The addition of soap, alas! only adds to the difficulty. With hard water a scum of insoluble stearate of lime rises to the surface, formed of the combination of the soap with the hard salts of the water. This is one of the most effectual destroyers of beauty that we possess; few skins can resist the ravages caused by rubbing in its small crystals; and it is largely accountable for the elderly look that is so noticeable in those women who constantly have to use hard water for their faces. It really is worth while, on the score of beauty alone, to forswear the use of hard water forever for the face.

But, after all, beauty is not our first consideration. We are essentially "a nation of shopkeepers;" it is, therefore, well to consider the economical aspects of the question.

Hardness in water is measured, as we have said, by degrees; one degree of hardness meaning there is one grain of earth salts in every gallon of water. Now, in ordinary hard water there are from 15 to 20 of these degrees of hardness. Each degree of hardness requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of soap to every 100 gallons to neutralize it, or, in other words, to form a good lather. If there be 16 degrees of hardness in the water, therefore, it requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of soap to produce a good lather on the water (which is absolutely lost) to every 100 gallons. An ordinary bath takes about 50 gallons of water, so this large amount is lost, costing, perhaps, a shilling in two baths.

The water now used in Glasgow comes from Loch Katrine, and is very soft, and it is computed that the annual saving to the city in soap alone amounts to some £36,000.

All clothes should be washed in soft water; all cooking should be done with soft water alone. The reason tea is so often disappointing and unsatisfactory, and tastes more of hay than of the camellia of which it is supposed to be an infusion, is because hard water is used in making it. Nearly one third of all the tea used in London is wasted by hard water.

The general idea is that the hardness is driven off the water by boiling it;

but this is only true, alas ! of the temporary hardness, and the permanent hardness remains.

Although temporary hardness can be thus removed, it involves much expense and considerable trouble. The carbonate of lime rapidly encrusts our boilers and kettles and iron pipes, requiring a far greater expenditure of coal to heat them, and at the same time rendering them much more liable to burst. Why, then, is hard water used at all ?

The answer is remarkable. It has long since been found that for water-pipes inside a house, where so many twists and turns are requisite, there is no material so convenient, so durable, as lead. Soft water, however, flowing through lead pipes, dissolves at once a small portion of the lead, and rapidly produces symptoms of lead-poisoning in those who drink it. This is not surprising when we remember that so little as one-tenth of a grain of lead per gallon is sufficient to produce these symptoms.

The purest, softest waters act most rapidly upon lead ; on the other hand, if hard water is used, it forms at once a coating inside the lead pipe, completely protecting it from entering the water. Hard water, therefore, is so largely used, not only because it is so readily attainable, but because it is such a safe water, from these reasons, for domestic purposes. On every other ground it is a nuisance.

This protective coating of our lead pipes gives us a hint, if we possess lead cisterns, not to have them scraped when cleaned, so as to remove this coating on the surface, but merely wiped with a soft cloth. Too much zeal in this case might readily do a great deal of harm.

Moderately hard water is not injurious for drinking, and is very palatable ; but if it is very hard, and particularly if there be much permanent hardness in it, it is bad, especially for those who have any predisposition to gout.

And now, having made all my readers thoroughly uncomfortable, let me turn to the question of remedies ; for there is no more thankless, and to my mind no more useless, office than that of a critic who finds fault with everything

we have got, and does not tell us how to improve it. Most of us, in large towns especially, are supplied with hard water, and to tell us of the virtues of soft, when we cannot get it, is unkind.

Chemistry has here come to our aid, and gives us means whereby water can be artificially softened much more thoroughly and cheaply than by boiling it. We must not mention here the different well-known powders that are added to water. Suffice it to say that if at night as much of one of these powders as will stand on a penny is added to a large ewer-full of hard water and stirred by the morning most of the salts in that water will have been carried down to the bottom with the powder ; and if the clear water be now poured off, it will be found to be exquisitely soft and fit for the most delicate purposes.

Even shopkeepers like ourselves like to have nice faces, and therefore many efforts have been made to preserve the softness and beauty of the skin. It has been largely thought by the public generally that the great point to consider was the sort of soap that was used ; whereas, as we have pointed out, the finest soap is worthless if hard water be used. The first point, then, to see to is that we wash in the right sort of water ; the right sort of soap is a secondary consideration.

This error as to soap spoiling the complexion has led very largely to its disuse, with results that are not gratifying in our grimy, smoke-laden atmosphere. If plenty of hot, soft water be used, any mild, well-made soap (here, again, we must not mention names) can be used freely and well rubbed in every part of the face, it being afterward, of course, as thoroughly washed away. Without entering into further details, we can safely say that the little trouble this involves is repaid a thousandfold by the increased beauty of those who take it.

The subject of impurities of water is a large one. We have already alluded to lead-poisoning, and shown how perfectly it is prevented by the use of hard water. But there are many other forms of poisoning in water besides lead. In fact, recent researches are so exhaustive, and have discovered so much evil in

this innocent-looking fluid, that the part of a conscientious teetotaler becomes increasingly difficult.

The appearance of water is absolutely no safeguard; sewage water, containing every form of organic impurity, may, as we have said, be perfectly clear, and is very often sparkling. We have also shown that among those who are accustomed to its use it may be drunk with impunity for years, and is even stated to be absolutely fattening! No water is, therefore, really safe to drink unless its source be known and its purity beyond suspicion, or it be boiled.

There seems to be, unfortunately, a not unnatural prejudice against the use of boiled water. It is insipid and not always quite cold. Under these circumstances the British matron is apt to fall back on the domestic filters. That is, indeed, a disastrous and dangerous error.

A filter, as a rule, is kept in the basement, and although regularly supplied with water, at any rate when the family are at home, is seldom or never cleaned. Recent researches unfortunately show that, whether it be cleaned periodically or not, it is no absolute safeguard, for it has been clearly proved that all ordinary filters, after a day or two, largely increase impurities in the water. They are, indeed, germ manufacturing; and water comparatively free from germs obtains innumerable organisms when passing through an ordinary or neglected filter. The idea of straining off impurities by charcoal and other powders is good enough if the water to be filtered contain any impurities coarse enough not to escape; but we may be thankful that all the water supplied to our houses has been already filtered with more thoroughness than we can do it at home. All filters are, therefore, to be banished from the house rather than so used as to accumulate and distribute germs.

There are perfect filters, the use of one of which has decreased the number of cases of typhoid-fever in the French army over 60 per cent., and which absolutely strains off all germs. In these filters the water has to force its way through the microscopic pores of unglazed porcelain, or fossil clay, which

are small enough to strain off the minutest organism. Even these filters have to be placed in boiling water every other day to keep them in perfect order; but this entails very little trouble.

With regard to aerated waters, we must always remember there is no absolute safety in drinking them if they are artificially made. Natural effervescing waters, bottled at the spring, are presumably quite safe. We mention this because so many travelling abroad, and distrusting the water of Continental hotels and restaurants, take refuge in syphons, which may be quite as dangerous.

The great advantages of beverages that can only be made with boiling water are obvious.

The two principal diseases conveyed by water are typhoid fever and cholera. Nearly every outbreak of typhoid fever has been traced to impure water. If nothing but boiled water were drunk by the community, it would do more to stamp out typhoid fever than any other means that can be conceived. Of course in this we include the water so frequently found mixed with milk. If we are to drink, therefore, nothing but boiled water, it means we must boil all our milk as well.

There can be no doubt that the extent to which typhoid fever still prevails in this country is a disgrace to us, for it is not only a preventible disease, but one without any redeeming quality. It kills people quietly, in large numbers, without any sensation; therefore it is no good as a preventive, for people are not as afraid of it as they should be.

Cholera differs from this *toto calo*. It is undoubtedly our best sanitary inspector. Most of the drastic reforms that have been carried out in sanitation throughout Europe have been suggested by Inspector Cholera. This disease is still a terror; and so long as it continues so, it is difficult to say whether it destroys or saves the most lives. All our ports have been put in drawing room order, under the orders of this Inspector.

Cholera is undoubtedly a water-borne disease. The classical case that inaugurated the epidemic of 1866 is well known. A man in Southampton trav-

elled up to town, and took lodgings in a house in the northeast of London, near the Lea. He there had a mild attack of cholera, with the result that the water of the river was contaminated. The water company that derived its supply from this polluted stream unfortunately happened at the time to have its filtering-beds out of order for twenty-four hours, with the result that the cholera germs were distributed widely enough to cause the deaths of 16,000 people. Of course if the 16,000 had boiled their water they might have escaped. It does not matter where we go, whether to India, Mecca, Hamburg—where the last outbreak left its plainly written lesson—or Marseilles, we find

in every case the epidemic is caused and spread by drinking dirty water.

The river at Marseilles received its cholera germs in a remarkable way. Twenty corn mills discharged their refuse into it, the corn coming from Russia and India, where it had been trodden out and handled in cholera-stricken districts. The condition of the Holy Well at Mecca is wholly indescribable in these pages.

Perhaps, indeed, we have said too much already; and yet, it is not too much if it leads every reader henceforth to forswear unboiled water, unless derived from a known and perfectly pure source.—*Leisure Hour*.

THE STREAM'S SECRET.

BY MAXWELL GRAY.

O water, thou that wanderest whispering,
Thou keep'st thy counsel to the last.

DEEP in the pleasant green heart of the pleasant Isle of Wight a little brook flows under a small footbridge in a narrow sequestered lane. Its first spring is scarce a mile thence, at the foot of yonder downs that bound the still green vale dotted with elms and farmsteads, through which my stream flows very straight and still and dark, scarcely stirring the water-plants that border it, and scarcely wide enough to separate the cattle that browse on either side of it. Standing on the bridge, one sees it stealing along all its length; so small yet so strong, so inevitable; so apparently abiding and steadfast, yet so full of movement and life. Gently and softly as an infant's breath it comes, yet so persistently; no power on earth can turn its onward course; it may be dammed, diverted, tapped, embanked, carried here, carried there, but not turned back; it is the quiet pulse of that valley's life and as constant as the flow through a live creature's heart. It flows forever by an immutable decree; it is young and fresh and childlike, and yet so very, very old; not indeed quite as old as the hills, just a little younger than

those sweet gray-green downs crested with pines that shed its waters from their flanks. Not even frost stills this little, wilful, persistent brook, the iron touch that sometimes strikes Windermere to stone and binds great rivers in adamant plate, spares the quiet flow of my little brook, and only adorns its edges with bright jewel-work of diamond and silver. It scarcely ever overflows, though rumors occasionally hint that the lane is under water. One hears them with incredulity, waits a day or two, and finds the little voice in the wilderness saying the same thing to the silence and wearing the same face as before, though the lane has gathered mud. Half a furlong distant, at the roots of some elms, is a spring, whence rises a small sister brook, which, spreading across this same lane in the careless, casual manner that is one of the charms of my little brook, is spanned by another footbridge, and thence, darting behind the hedge, runs laughing along among thick-matted cress and iris, till it is caught at right angles and blended with the first brook. Just at their blending in the meadow, the united streams spread

across this wide bit of lane, unchecked by the stout rail-fence that keeps the cattle in, and, narrowing under the footbridge, flow on beneath a thick pleaching of golden willow boughs to the river and sea, the latter only six miles away.

And here begins its richest song, here on the stones beneath the bridge, beneath the shadow of willow boughs, a soft golden warble, infinitely soothing and restful to tired brains and weary hearts. What does it say in its low, liquid voice, always changing yet ever the same, sliding from tone to tone, eluding the ear and passing into silence, but quickly recapturing its ancient note and beginning all over again and again, till the senses are hypnotized with pleasant sound and the charm of Lethe steepens the brain in peace? It is always warbling, summer and winter, night and day, and always telling the same mysterious tale; you cannot turn away from it, because of the promise in those elusive notes, ever beginning and threatening to reveal the secret it always keeps. The dawn hears it, looking down upon its dimpled face, mystery looking upon mystery, each unsolved; the mysterious dawn, cold and silver-gray, above the dark, warm shoulder of gray-castled hill; the violet dawn, staining the blue zenith, blushing to rose and crimson shot with gold, and laying soft bars of bloom above the east; the first long sunbeams tipping the western downs and gilding their pines, hears the brook's joyous, petulant warble through the silence of winter and now the melodies of spring. Birds sing and pause, and sing again, in many a varied capricious strain, but the brook warbles on, telling the same half-told tale again and again. That is part of its charm. Wake at any hour of night, and be sure the clear golden voice is singing beneath moon, or stars, or the dark vault of night, even though great rains may be rushing along the valley, or strong winds roaring and bending the woods before them, white snowstorms whirling or silver rime-flakes softly settling upon every blade of sedge and every stem of willow and hedgerow. The golden voice warbles on, untroubled by change, always charged with mysterious mean-

ing, laden with the Sphinx-riddle none can solve. "Men may come and men may go," said Tennyson's nameless stream, "But I go on forever." And that is all the brook had to tell him, beyond describing its external self.

Empires and creeds come and go, hopes and fears, strifes and joys pass by in spring bloom and summer verdure, winter storm and autumn glory, without abstracting one tone from that gentle undersong upon the pebbles. Blood may stain the clear wave, but not still the soft warble. Blood has stained it, and much sorrow has looked upon it. Yet its course is brief; not "by twenty thorps, a little town, and half a hundred bridges," but merely along the vale at the foot of the castled slope, by a cottage weathered into splendor of purple and gold, where it expands to a pond by the crimson-stemmed withy bed, and where little moor-hens dart from the sedge, with their peculiar sharp, wild cry, across its breast, and swans brood upon their own reflected beauty, and great yellow globe flowers mirror themselves in spring. Half a furlong further on, entering the village, it turns a mill-wheel, and again flowing out over a lane by a bridge below the gray church tower that has been looking at it for nearly five hundred years, meets a spring, diamond clear, unfailling in any drought, unfrozen in any frost. And now there is sorrow in store for my stream; for, having undertaken the service of man, it shares his defilement and degradation as it flows by the thick-housed village sloping to its brink and crossing it. Here is another pond, with floating swans, garden banks, and thick-leaved trees; and here my little stream, grown grave, forgets to sing, and consents to send its vital waters, imprisoned in pipes and wells, to sustain some twelve thousand people, though it is still but half a mile from the willow-edged footbridge where its song was so rich and soft.

Having fulfilled this serious duty, it resumes its joyous warble as it dances out under another wooden footbridge into a lane, receiving another spring, and thence along the side of the high road where horses and cattle pause gladly to drink its bright vitality, and whence it plunges beneath the road,

through gardens and meadows, by another osier bed, golden this time, to a mill-dam overgrown with sedge, the haunt of swans and moor-hens. Through meadows again, to another mill-dam, overshadowed by elms and lofty willows, under which it glides with a deep, slow, majestic current, dark and clear. Blue masses of forget-me-not border it on one side, where sheep browse and cattle feed, on the other is a public footpath and few flowers. This mill turned, with a slower and graver motion and scarce-heard murmur, the stream passes under thick orchard boughs, and circles a small town from west of south to a little east of north, turning three more mills as it goes, and being still scarcely three miles from its first spring. Silent as Lethe, dark almost as Styx, my stream now bears vessels on its breast to black wharves and high warehouses bordering it, and at the town quay meets and marries the Medina, an equal stream, which rose some eleven miles to the south, turned mills, flowed through meadows, and grew dark, and deep, and silent by the town wharves and stores, and yet had a less eventful history than its shorter-lived consort. The salt tide-wave here brings the married stream tidings of the sea, and helps it bear away the impurity of the town and carry the shipping to and fro, sadly at first, then more sadly, by a foul factory poisoning a sweet country for miles; and then joyously between sloping meadows and corn-fields, and more joyously by village spire and palace tower till, only five miles from the town where it met and married the Medina, my tiny stream floats majestic warships, and the finest pleasure fleet in the world, and, beneath the teeth of armored forts, passes to the "Infinite main," in which it loses itself, as Kingsley's stream told him, "like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again." But it has not disclosed its secret.

On the chalky downs on either side of the valley of its birth, there are grassy barrows, tombs of forgotten warriors of an extinct or outdriven race. These slain heard the sweet small voice in their day; Druids uttered weird incantations over its dimpling face, while

it continued its pleasant warble untroubled. The Italian soldiers, who overcame those primitive Celts, saw their helmed heads and armored bodies in its bright waters; they built part of yonder ruined castle; the remains of one of their villas, its floors of Roman mosaic, can still be seen on its brink. My little stream supplied the cups and baths of these civilized Southern people, but I fancy it kept its counsel under the gaze of their dark eyes. They named Pan Down and Mons Jovis (now Mount Joy), they were steeped in Greek myth; the little brook may have recalled Hylas and Narcissus, the hapless Arethusa, and the pursuing Alphæus to their minds, with Syriux and the baffled Pan. Perhaps the Jutes, who came after them, fitted their Germanic nature-myths to it, and Christian converts of both races may have been baptized in its waters. That Wihtgar, who built and named the castle, the Wihtgarsburg, saw it and drank of it, perchance divined some of the mystery of its voice in the vale. That brave FitzOsborne, who built the church and enlarged the castle in the days of William the Norman, heard its pleasant song. Doubtless he, and the Jutes who came before him, reddened the water with human blood.

Many tongues have been spoken and strange gods worshipped by the side of my little brook; it saw all the pageant of the Middle Age pass it and fade down the centuries; to all those races and epochs it sang the same pleasant mystic song and ministered to similar necessities. When "bluff King Harry broke into the spence," and the Priory, still traceable by the church, was ruined, when Elizabeth built the newest gateway to the castle, when Charles pined behind its bars and looked out over the valley, hearing the brook's song in the night stillness, and when the French harried the islanders, burned their towns, and were ambushed and slain by them, its lulling song was still the same, and will be the same when we, too, are dust. Yet the little dear brook is so young and so fresh in its fair perpetual infancy.

Of all brooks that laugh through the world, I surely love this little singing thing at the Clatter ford best, though

many a brighter and better may be. Better even than that which "bickered down a valley," telling Tennyson so garrulously and charmingly and exactly of its doings and seemings without letting a hint of its inner self escape; better than Milton's "haunted stream" that so wrought on the fancies of young dreaming poets, or any of Shakespeare's, or that clear and cool river that told Kingsley its history, or Coleridge's hidden brook, which "to the sleeping woods all night, singeth a quiet tune."

Yet there is a brook more fascinating to me than this or any of these, the "sad little brook" that flowed through the secluded dell in the primeval American forest, where Arthur Dimmesdale and Hester Prynne met for the one brief hour of sunshine, that gladdened the morbid agony of their ruined lives. This sylvan brook, "in that wild heathen nature of the forest, never subjugated by human law or illumined by higher truth," is to my taste the most refreshing and beautiful, if not in literature yet surely in fiction. So bright, so restful, so soothing is that forest scene in contrast to the else intolerable agony and strain of what precedes and follows in that grand and gloomy romance. This little stream would not be comforted (by the singing child;) it "still kept telling its unintelligible secret of some very mournful mystery that had happened—or making a prophetic lamentation about something that was yet to happen—within the verge of the dismal forest." In the rapture and relief of giving up the life-long struggle and parting with the symbol of an over-long and over-hard penance, "the course of the little brook might be traced by its merry gleam afar into the wood's heart of mystery, which had become a mystery of joy." This is the pathetic fallacy pushed to its utmost limit, and the greatest imaginable contrast with that musical brook that

winds about and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

Yet Tennyson too, sometimes, but chiefly in youth, falls into the pathetic fallacy, in spite of himself; for of reasoned purpose, and on the whole, he is not subject to it and distinctly repudi-

ates it, as in *Break, Break*. The mysterious and sorrow-laden brook, that in the heart of the great black "heathen" forest, reflects the child, happy in glowing sunlight, or angry in shadow, and parts her in her innocence from her guilty parents, until the Scarlet Letter, the sign of penance, is resumed, can never be forgotten, its charm and significance invite the imagination to return to it and to dwell and dream by it again and again. But the momentary brightness fades as Hester and Pearl fade into the forest twilight. "The dell was to be left in solitude among its dark old trees, which, with their multitudinous tongues, would whisper long of what had passed there, and no mortal be the wiser. And the melancholy brook would add this other tale to the mystery with which its little heart was already over-burdened, and whereof it still kept up a murmuring babble, with not a whit more cheerfulness of tone than for ages heretofore."

The pathetic fallacy doubtless is a fallacy, but never was it more delightful or more convincing than in this fascinating forest scene, in which the water, the trees, the plants, and animals, the lights and shadows, all are moved from their own proper interests to take part in the human drama, of which they are the intensely sympathetic spectators. But there is infinitely more than the pathetic fallacy in the wild and deeply poetic nature, so magically touched by the hand of a great master of imaginative and spiritual art, and so splendidly interwoven with human interest. There is a deep unavowed feeling of the demonic force of Nature, that indescribable sense of a living, breathing spirit permeating Nature, both as a whole and in parts, which constitutes the strongest charm and most irresistible magic of natural forces, scenes, and organisms, and which brings the human spirit into communion with another vaster and purer spirit, or host of spirits, of dark speech and mysteriously ennobling utterance. It is not pantheism, but is pantheistic, inasmuch as the divine spirit can speak through gnomic nature as through the lips of a prophet; Hawthorne even goes so far as to talk

of "illuminating" the nature of the "heathen" forest by "higher truth," an extravagance which shows how intense is his half-conscious conviction of the demonic force, or spirituality of nature. His epithet "heathen" is a—to Wordsworthians—blasphemy against Nature, which may be traced from the Manicheism and devil-worship, inseparable from the dark and dreadful creed of his Puritan forerunners. Whether most Celtic, Teutonic, or Scandinavian in its remotest origin, it were too long here to discuss; it is certainly neither Latin nor Gallic, *i.e.*, Latinized Celtic; probably not Greek: Greek nature personification is precise and clear-cut, while this derives its chief grandeur from its vagueness. But whatever else it may be, it is undoubtedly modern in its fullest development. Not the sensuous or æsthetic charm of Nature, but its super-sensuous or ethic charm, is its distinctive note; not the most beautiful, but the most suggestive and impressive, aspects of Nature, are valued by this school, or rather church. It is at the root of mountain worship, a worship not so modern as is commonly supposed—for Dante knelt at this shrine, using another ritual than the modern. Shakespeare hints at the fellow creature in Nature; Milton has some inkling of it; Collins breathes it; but it flowers fully only in the poets of the present century. Even French poetry (of the romantic school) is touched by it; Lacausade feels it supremely in *l'Heure de midi, Paysage*, and elsewhere; Leconte de Lisle has it in his *Sommeil du condor*, too long to cite, also Alfred de Vigny in *le Cor*:

Et la cascade unit dans une chute immense
Son éternelle plainte au chant de la romance:—

mountain waters speaking the same tongue as Hawthorne's forest brook. The Germans have it less than the English; Heine, that singular and unclassable spirit, has it markedly in the incomparable *Die Lotosblume* and *Ein Fichtenbaum*. His *Prinzessin Ilse*, like *Lörelai*, and like, in some degree, Shakespeare's fairies, is a modification of it, with some return to the primitive Germanic nature myths, such as Yggdrasil and the mystic river or ser-

pent beneath it that girdles the world, such as those gnomes and local water and wood spirits, so like, yet so unlike their Greek kindred, Naiads, Dryads, Fauns, Satyrs, and Nereids. These Greek beings are sympathetic to Shelley's genius and that of Keats, though adopted and developed so differently and characteristically by those two poets. The greatest demonic Nature poets, except Wordsworth—whose imagination is purely receptive and who is probably excepted because of his lack of creative power—are successful with these beings. Matthew Arnold, steeped in demonic Nature-lore, created a fresh and lovely variety in the exquisite *For-saken Merman*. His far greater contemporary, Tennyson, has some sea-fairies, but they are lifeless and uninteresting. Coleridge has neither fairies nor Greek nature spirits, such as Shelley's *Oceanides*, and Keats' nature deities, nymphs and Lamias; the spirit "who bideth by himself, in the land of mist and snow," and the two embodied Voices, are original creations, beautiful and spiritual, though scarcely more beautiful, more spiritual, and more vital in their charm than the demonic unembodied Nature in the *Ancient Mariner*. Such, for instance, as "Still as a slave before his lord, the ocean hath no blast," and the exquisite simplicity of

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide,
Softly she was going up
And a star or two beside.

That moon, whose "beams bemoaned the sultry main," one feels, one scarcely knows how, has a great deal to tell, like Hawthorne's forest brook and Kingsley's stream, so much the more that it has a reticence wanting in the last too explicit current. The *Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni* is saturated with demonic force, *e.g.*: "Ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad." So, too, are other Sibylline Leaves, as *Dejection* and the fragmentary *Hymn to the Earth*. Yet Coleridge's Nature is not always accurate, as Tennyson's is. This super-sensuous feeling for Nature, though often called Wordsworthian, is no more peculiar to Wordsworth than Zolaism is to Zola; nay, Wordsworth is neither its founder nor its

greatest exponent. Shelley is surely the high priest of that cult; mortal never penetrated so deeply into Nature's mysterious inner sanctuaries as he. Wordsworth is too much given to extract sermons from stones and books from running brooks, to catch the voice of the oracles, and except in those rare moods when he forgets himself, as a "consecrated spirit" set apart to be the sole authentic interpreter of Nature's mysteries, he is an exceptionally prosaic writer. And this not only in his moral and didactic metrical disquisitions, but in his purely Nature processes. "Rolled round in earth's diurnal course, With rocks, and stones, and trees," is a bald statement of what occurs literally, though not perceptibly, even to the most exact scientific observer, and spiritually, poetically, and æsthetically, occurs not at all. It is as false in poetic art as the representation of four sides of a house at once would be in pictorial art. Besides, it suggests the horrible interpretation of the corpse being mixed up and tumbled about with rocks and stones. Nor is his touch always either true or beautiful, or even literal; when, for instance, he applies such an epithet as "mighty" to the innumerable wild-flowers that follow the small celandine. "Heralds of a mighty host," is cruelly jarring when applied to beings so ethereally delicate and evanescent as flowers, especially wildings; mighty implies size as well as strength, while host, though strictly defining a multitude, suggests, if it does not imply, militant numbers and certainly means powerful numbers. Tennyson could not have said anything so infelicitous, or even Byron, while Shelley and Keats. Matthew Arnold and Browning would have been revolted by it. How different from "Ground flowers in flocks," in the sonnet of *Mother Fancy*, and those

Winds that will be howling at all hours
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers!

Nowhere does Wordsworth's sense of the super-sensuous in Nature appear more beautifully and clearly than in the sonnet, *An Evening Thought*, beginning with the unmeaning conventional line:—

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free:—

and then, as if the image called up by the mere bald transcription of the words "beauteous evening" thrilled and inspired him to momentary self-forgetfulness, follows:—

The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of Heaven is on the sea;
Listen! the mighty Being is awake
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—

the pleonastic but harmonious "everlastingly," closes the octave, which is succeeded by a sextet that seems scarcely to have any rational sequence on its precedent, unless indeed it be one of those cryptic Wordsworthisms that are to all but the initiated "a yellow primrose." Nowhere, unless it be in the very lovely *Three Years She Grew*. In these poems, the devout appreciation of the super-sensuous vitality of Nature is both lofty and noble in expression, as pellucid and refreshing as a mountain brook flowing over a pebbly bed. But even this, admirable as it is, cannot stir and exalt like Shelley's impassioned plunge into the very soul of Nature in "O wild West wind, thou breath of Autumn's being!" Such lines as "If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear," etc.; "Make me thy lyre even as the forest is":—

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world:—

are to the cold and lofty contemplative bard's *An Evening Thought* and *Three Years She Grew*, as a psalm to a sermon, as a clarion blast to a shepherd's pipe. The passionless, unemotional Wordsworth reveres Nature from afar, the impassioned Shelley adores her in a communion so close and intimate as to absorb the adorer, and blend and extinguish him in the adored. Nor is this passion in any degree febrile or spasmodic; it is always present, if not at its highest pitch, yet latent, pervading every allusion to the things of Nature and supplying an undercurrent to the things of man, while the contemplative reverence of the colder poet is often conspicuously absent, and the primrose, far from being nothing more

than a yellow primrose, to him is even less. In poetry so steeped in ethereal Nature-passion as Shelley's, it is not easy to find one passage in which it is eminently conspicuous, yet the tiny poem *The Whisper of the Apennine*, the richly sensuous, yet subtly super-sensuous *Cloud*, the *Skylark*, the *Ode to the West Wind*, and many passages in *Prometheus Unbound*, spring to the memory, while the opening line of *Alastor*, "Earth, Ocean, Air, beloved brotherhood," seems to be a Shelleyan confession of faith, paralleled by Byron's stanzas in *Childe Harold*, faintly, as in, "To sit on rocks, to muse on flood and fell," fully, in the magnificent sequence on *Lake Lemna* (written during his intercourse with Shelley) beginning at "It is the hush of Night," and culminating in XC, "Then stirs the feeling infinite." Rossetti's parallel confession is the beautiful and pregnant *Sea-Limits*, too perfectly finished to be quoted, except as a whole. An exact parallel to the sonnet "The holy time is quiet as a nun," occurs in LXXXIX of *Childe Harold* :—

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep

But breathless, as we grow when feeling most :

And, silent as we stand in thoughts too deep.

Another parallel to this may here be supplied from Browning's *By the Fireside* :—

The silence grows
To that degree, you half believe
It must get rid of what it knows,
Its bosom does so heave.

Shelley's passion in the *West Wind* is paralleled by that of the renowned storm stanzas that follow XC, where it is invested in a splendor passing that of Shelley, who excels Byron, as it may be that he excels all other poets, in ethereal charm and a sort of fiery purity :—

I would be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,
A portion of the tempest and of thee.

Neither Wordsworth nor Tennyson has this yearning for communion so close. Keats has it, in his *Nightingale Ode* especially, and Matthew Arnold has it, and Charles Kingsley in some degree in his *North-East Wind*. Rossetti and Browning show many traces of it. One

feels that it is latent in them, but the opportune moment and the impulse fail to coincide and bring it forth.

There is inspiration in the very name of Byron, the splendor of whose intellectual and poetic endowment so far exceeds that of any other poet of the century, unless it be Keats—the cruel brevity of whose days makes it difficult to judge how magnificent the manhood following such an adolescence might have been—Byron was so great that if he had been cut up a kingdom might almost have been peopled with his fragments, and that kingdom fairly supplied with poets. It was unfortunate for English poetry that he seldom rose to such heights as in these quoted lines ; while Shelley, with a more slender intellectual endowment, but of a nature more pure, guileless, and morally beautiful than ever dwelt in mortal man, remains for us of this time, at least, the arch-priest of Nature mysteries.

Keats, even in the small result—small, that is, for a genius so rich—that his brief life permitted, is so various, so full of human interest, so picturesque and sensuous, so impassioned, that his spiritual significance, especially in relation to Nature, runs the risk of being overlooked. But it is there, and beautifully there. The immortal Grasshopper is no mere casual insect, but a Voice of Nature : with the Cricket a part of the poetry of earth that never ceases : in contrast with the charming and musical Tennysonian brook which chatters, babbles, and does everything that is sensuously true and delightful, but has no spiritual utterance and no relation to Nature as a whole, nor any consciousness of spirit underlying things manifest to sense. Other great Nature-poets more or less lapse at times from the super-sensuous, but Tennyson scarcely ever, and then only in a faint and far-off way reaches it. In the wild swan's death hymn, which "took the soul of that waste place with joy," there is a distinct touch, but somehow it is not convincing ; it does not go home ; it is like a high note faintly and hardly reached. The late-born *Voice and Peak* is actual falsetto. There are gnomic tendencies in *Claribel* and in the very beautiful and unique *Lady of Shalott*, where the

"little breezes dusk and shiver," and "the broad stream in his banks" is "complaining," but these are early poems when the characteristic notes of the singer were still being developed. Tennyson, though once he vainly asked the

Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,

to say "where the senses mix," knew no bird like Keats' Nightingale. Mortal poet never heard the like, its voice "found a path 'Thro' the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home, She stood in tears amid the alien corn;" Emperor and clown heard it of old, and it often hath

Charmed magic casements, opening on the
foam
Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn.

This "immortal bird" almost passes the Shelleyan skylark, the "blithe spirit," that was never a bird. Each belongs to the poetry of earth that never dies, and each is something more. How crude and awkward, and almost comic, is "Up with me, up with me, into the cloud," beside these immortal voices! and how far beneath them even that *Ethereal Minstrel, Pilgrim of the Sky*, which was to Wordsworth not a Nature-voice, but a mortal lark, a "type of the wise who soar!" His cuckoo:—

No bird: but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery:—

is, indeed, a Nature-voice, but too baldly, flatly presented to charm. Matthew Arnold's Philomela, though heard on the banks of the Thames, is related to the Keatsian Nightingale; she is a Nature-voice to a Greek ear; "Eternal passion, Eternal pain," is in her song. Tennyson's birds, even his superb eagle, "ringed with the azure world," are individuals, or they stand for their genus; they are exquisitely painted, minutely observed, and absolutely true, but they have no vital connection with Nature as a whole, and are seen from without. His "Talking Oak" is a beautiful tree, suggestive of others renowned in song and story, but suggestive of nothing more; its voice, though pleasant and entertaining, is not a Nature-voice, its talk is of things human; the poet, in the person of the

lover, far from assuming the reverent attitude of the Nature-worshipper, distinctly snubs it, contemptuously bidding it "adjust" its "vapid vegetable loves with anthers and with dust;" at best he patronizes the "babbling," worldly-minded tree, even when promising to honor it in prose and rhyme.

The pathetic fallacy soon fades from the poetry of Tennyson. Nature is often brought in as a foil to human emotion: as in *Break, Break*; and in

Nightingales warbled without;
Within was weeping for thee;

and all through *In Memoriam*. The "summer winds about them blowing," in the very lovely *Lord of Burleigh*, have nothing in common with the freshly-wedded lovers: they only "made a murmur in the land," which was, indeed, the most delightful thing they could do. The scenery of Enoch Arden's "beauteous hateful isle" was used in direct contrast with the misery of the shipwrecked solitary, but the pathetic fallacy creeps in again on his home-coming. When the pair, in *Locksley Hall*, on the moorlands, heard "the cospes ring," it was "her whisper" that "thronged my pulses with the fulness of the spring." The nearest approach to sympathy with Nature throughout *In Memoriam* closes that beautiful description of spring, too long to quote:—

And in my breast
Spring wakens, too, and my regret
Is like an April violet
And buds and blossoms with the rest.

His *Maud* is tinged with the pathetic fallacy, strongly at the beginning, more faintly toward the end. On the whole, Nature in not to Tennyson a fellow creature instinct with spiritual life, but a background or foil for human emotion, or a series of scenery for the human drama, a yellow primrose, and nothing more. *The Brook*, full of sensuous life though it be in its explicit self-portraiture, is thought to need a human foreground to justify its existence; but the thin and vapid humanity sandwiched between its little speeches has no real relation to it, nor more vital sympathy with it than one has with one's chimney-pots or front-doorstep. Tennyson appreciates Na-

ture, and that chiefly in minute and marvellously accurate detail; he scarcely loves her, but he likes her exceedingly. As a whole, she seldom, and then only baldly and coldly, enters his verse. Only on pausing to reflect does one discover that he is not the prince of Nature-love poets, so deeply is his poetry colored and so lavishly adorned by natural images. He stands apart from Nature in the haughty posture of a conscious superior; he analyzes her a little too closely, and she resents it; on those rare occasions when he condescends to question her, he wants to know a little too much. He catechises rather than implores; his catechising is abrupt, scarcely polite. Nature refuses to answer, and he is piqued. Nor is he by any means at his best on these occasions. "Flower in the cran-nied wall," is not up to the average Tennysonian level—not musical, not finished. The flower as a flower has little interest for him, but, he says, if he could understand it, "root and all"—a singularly crude way of putting it—"I should know what God and man is." Kingsley's *I Cannot Tell What You Say, Green Leaves*, reaches a higher level; yet Kingsley is not a poet, only a fine intellect with a poetic turn. On this, as on other subjects, Tennyson's mind is not at unity with itself, to use his own phrase. He seems to have weighed Nature and found her wanting, to have begun with some inkling of the supersensuous, and to have lost it. In *In Memoriam* he finds her "so careful of the type," so reckless of the individual, as to yield no basis for his creed that "somehow good must be the final goal of ill." He finds her "red in tooth and claw with ravine," and asks sadly, "Are God and Nature, then, at strife?" In *The Sailor Boy*, and occasionally elsewhere, Nature is a hostile, but not gnomic, force. He often recurs to a pantheism that his logic continually condemns. In the pathetic picture of his faltering up the world's great altars, he faintly grasps the larger hope in spite of Nature. In the *Higher Pantheism* he tries to force himself against his reason to a foregone conclusion.

The sun, the moon, the stars; the seas, the hills, and the plains,
Are not these, O soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

he asks, proceeding to formulate his creed, or suggestion for a creed: as if from that granted premise, though really premise and conclusion stand in no relation to each other, and the poem would be almost as good, and would certainly be more logical, if that first stanza, the only reference to Nature except "Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb"—which reduces natural phenomena to the lowest denomination, inert matter—were omitted.

More than any poet Tennyson has brought the sea into poetry: it is always murmuring, roaring, or foaming in a sort of undersong or burden—now with "azure bloom," now "lead-colored," with "low moan," or with "ridges roaring into cataracts." His seas are beautiful and true, but they show no consciousness of Wordsworth's "mighty Being," which "is awake;" of Shelley's "unpastured deep, hungering for calm;" of Byron's famous dark blue ocean, which he loved, and, as a boy, made it his "joy upon thy breast to be;" of Rossetti's breathing sea on which "the sky leans dumb," "awearied with all its wings," while it sings a song "that is dark everlastingly." In truth, Tennyson never wandered where

All wan with traversing the night,
Upon the desolate verge of light,
Yearned loud the iron-bosomed sea,

as Rossetti did. Yet Rossetti, steeped in gnomic force, is not usually accounted a Nature poet. Yet we are grateful for the exceeding beauty and accuracy of Tennyson's seas of exoteric charm. How true is the "wrinkled sea" that "crawls" far down beneath the eagle on the cliff! So faithful to reality are his Nature touches that if one gathered a flower with two cups and Tennyson said it had three one would believe Tennyson, and conclude that Nature had forgotten herself. His landscapes are unique. One even finds more of Lakeland magic in the weird scene of King Arthur's passing, and in *Blow*,

Bugle, than in Wordsworth, whose swan, which

on still St. Mary's lake
Floats double, swan and shadow,

differs not at all from any swan on any mill-dam. But it is in Wordsworth's rare best moods, in Shelley, Keats, Browning, and Rossetti that one chiefly finds Nature magic, the light that never was on sea or land.

Do we quarrel with the grape because it lacks the velvet cheek of the peach, or with the fig because it yields no juice for the wine-vat? Not at all. The universe is wide, the heart of man wider; we may travel far and far in the "realms of gold, that bards in fealty to Apollo hold," and travel very pleasantly, finding various cheer in every hostility, and all in a measure good.

But my own little brook, which sent us so far in quest of fairy gold, has kept up its perpetual pleasant warble all this time; through this long sweet spring day the "netted sunbeam," that one might never have seen but for the musical Tennysonian stream, has danced on its sandy shallows; larks, I know, are singing above it; perchance, a swallow is skimming its surface; pleached willow boughs shed a tender gloom upon it; the lady's smock, here the milkmaid, spreads silver sheets in the meadow by the footbridge, and golden-globed ranunculus is doubled in

its wave by the sedge where the moorhens nest. It is not darkly mystic, nor deep, nor gloomy as the whispering stream that refused its secret to Rossetti, when he would fain have extracted tidings of a loved mortal from it. Nor has it the majesty and mystery, or the fascination of that soulful brook in the great wild heathen forest, which blended itself so intimately with the sorrow and sin of her who wore the *Scarlet Letter*, but it has kinship with Kingsley's penitent river. It cannot "wind about and in and out" or do half the things reported by the Tennysonian brook, still it achieves a greater and more beneficent purpose than that of joining a river in its exceptionally brief career. Keats may, and Tennyson must, have looked upon it, though perhaps not at this its most songful place by the Clatter ford. Wordsworth might have seen it, but certainly did not, when he thought of the "beauty born of murmuring sound" that should pass into the face of Nature's lady. Perhaps it still remembers those ancient Celts who made the earliest fortress where the ruined keep of Carisbrooke now stands, and the traces of whose village are on the opposite downs by the barrows of their dead. And perhaps it told more of its inner life to those remote forgotten folk than it has ever cared to speak of since.—*New Review*.

THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

BY E. M. S.

THE subject is one which must offer considerable difficulties at the present day, when not even the most orthodox of Protestant parents can altogether escape the influence of the "theological thaw," as Mr. Herbert Spencer styles it, which is going on all around us, and even in the regions of those dogmas of religion which were once held to be ice-bound in their sanctity.

The expression, Protestant parents, is used advisedly, because many of the difficulties which arise in connection with the religious education of the young are such as can have no place in

the system authorized by the Church of Rome. Within the sacred precincts of that Church stands the solid rock of dogma, fixed and unalterable. The storm of scientific denunciation, the floods of historical research, may surge around it and beat upon it, but they do not so much as shake it; and when we think of the numbers of souls to whom it affords spiritual refuge and comfort, we can scarcely wish that they should shake it. The dwellers within that sheltered enclosure escape many of the religious problems which confront those who are outside its pale,

and foremost among these must be placed the problems arising from the insecurity of the dogmas of religion. Whatever, then, may be the difficulties of Roman Catholic parents in the religious instruction of their children, they are not brought face to face with the grave question, "How much religion am I justified in teaching my child?"

From the position of the Roman Catholic parent to that of the Agnostic parent there is a long road of thought to travel. The greater part of what follows here applies mostly to the position of those who have left the paths of orthodoxy, but some of its principles may be found to have a more general application, and may, perhaps, be discussed independently of the beliefs, or want of beliefs, of parents. A few words must, however, be said as to the special position of Agnostic parents. It might be thought that the best course for them to take would be to ignore religion altogether in the education of their children, and simply turn their backs upon it. But they will probably find this course is one impossible for them to pursue, except in the earliest years of a child's life. Religion is with us here and now, and has got to be accounted for somehow. On all sides religious institutions, and the ideas that have led to them, abound, and is it likely that children, with their quick powers of observation and reflection, will continue to be blind and deaf to these things? Sooner or later some explanation must be provided for them; we may defer it, we cannot put it off altogether.

Another thing to which Agnostic parents cannot shut their eyes is the congenital religious instinct in their children. This instinct is almost sure to respond to some of the influences with which it comes into contact, and the parent, Agnostic or otherwise, who is solicitous for the child's welfare, will not wish to stifle it, but to train it wholesomely, and allow it free development. No religious sentiment is of deep or lasting value unless it be the result of personal conviction. The Agnostic parent need not therefore take it for granted that the child must of necessity embrace the parental Agnos-

ticism. That Agnosticism, if worth anything, is worth what it is because it has been personally acquired. Let the parent, then, lead the child toward love of sincerity and hatred of shams in religion, and let his training be such as will enable him to form religious convictions for himself. The position of those parents who look with contempt upon religion does not come within the scope of this paper.

In his well-known little book on Education, Mr. Herbert Spencer refers to Pestalozzi's doctrine that "alike in its order and its methods, education must conform to the natural process of mental evolution," and he proceeds to specify the principles which this system of education involves. Those of them most applicable to the subject in hand are as follows:

1. In education we should proceed from the simple to the complex.
2. The development of the mind, as all other developments, is an advance from the indefinite to the definite.
3. Our lessons ought to start from the concrete and end in the abstract.
4. In each branch of instruction we should proceed from the empirical to the rational.
5. In education the process of self-development should be encouraged to the uttermost.

It will not be possible in a paper of moderate dimensions to apply these principles systematically to a scheme of religious education; indeed one of them, the last, has already found an application. But an attempt has been made to show, in the following pages, that these are in the main the lines on which not only the intellectual but the religious training of children should be conducted. What is pleaded for is that, however orthodox or unorthodox Protestant parents may be, the religious education of children should be conducted on the above rational basis.

A few points demand separate attention before proceeding to broader generalizations. The first is that theology should not be forced upon the child's

mind at a very early age. Even if the parent has avoided and discountenanced any regular religious instruction, it will probably be found that after the age of five years, or thereabouts, the child will have picked up some notions about religion from one source or another. These ideas will be very vague and indefinite, and in that respect do not form a beginning out of harmony with the natural development of the mind. But when the time comes for the parent to take the subject in hand, it is desirable that it should be first approached from a practical standpoint, for it is only the moral side of religion which the childish intellect is fitted to appreciate. St. John's words, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" apply with double force to the religious sentiment of early childhood, and the child should therefore be taught that religion for *him* consists mainly in feeling rightly and acting rightly toward those with whom he comes into daily contact; that it consists, in short, in right conduct.

A young child's mind is, indeed, quite unfitted to grapple with the spiritual and speculative side of religion, since this presupposes some power of forming abstract conceptions. "The genesis of knowledge in the individual must," writes Mr. Spencer, "follow the same course as the genesis of knowledge in the race." In accordance with this maxim we find that as in the childhood of the human race this power of abstract thought was undeveloped, so it is in the childhood of the individual. Hence a child's first idea of spiritual things, if these are presented to him in the phraseology usually employed for the purpose, is necessarily a false one, made so by his natural substitution of the concrete for the abstract. This fact often receives practical confirmation from the quaint notions children are found to have formed about religion; the absurdity of the questions to which these notions give rise is a frequent cause of amusement to their elders, but it none the less furnishes conclusive evidence of the confusion that prevails in many little minds. Premature instruction relating to the spiritual side of religion thus leads the

child into errors which have to be corrected by subsequent experience, and the false ideas resulting from it form an undesirable starting-point in religious education.

Another point to be discussed in the religious education of the young is the use of forms. The usual way in which it commences is by the teaching of the forms of religion. It is by no means surprising that this should be the conventional method, since it is a very easy one, and well within the power of the most thoughtless and least spiritually-minded of adults. To take a young child to church every Sunday morning, to direct it to kneel for the prayers, stand up for the hymns, etc., and if it seem wearied with the business, to find for it a comfortable corner to slumber through the sermon; to teach it prayers to say morning and evening, grace to offer before and after meals, hymns to sing and texts to repeat—all this is quite plain-sailing, there is nothing problematic about it.

This method of inculcating piety in early childhood might be no less satisfactory than simple were it not for the fact that religious forms are in themselves of doubtful value. This has never escaped the notice of the lovers of true religion. Isaiah's scathing denunciations of the forms of worship without their equivalent in good works, and many similar condemnations of them from the lips of Christ, are familiar to all readers of the Bible. The history of all the great religions shows that as time goes on, and the original teaching and high moral purposes of their founders become partly lost sight of, so their formal observances multiply, and much of their significance becomes drowned in ritual. But whatever may be thought of the value of religious forms in general, there can be no doubt that in the hands of young children they tend to produce "an appearance of understanding without the reality," and from this it follows that to begin their religious education by the teaching of forms is to begin it at the wrong end.

A method of teaching religion to the young which is far more likely to conduce to correctness of thought is to commence with simple Biblical instruc-

tion. The history of the life of Christ can be related in language suitable to childish comprehension; and there are many incidents and ever welcome stories from either Old or New Testaments which, if carefully handled, may form little centre-points of instruction.* The miraculous element plays such a conspicuous part in Bible narrative that it will be impossible to avoid it; but as this belongs to the superhuman side of religion it is well to treat it, to begin with, as one treats the marvels of fairyland; as something, that is, simply wonderful and not to be too deeply inquired into.

In harmony with the principle that "the development of the mind is an advance from the indefinite to the definite," we find that the next step in religious education may reasonably consist in a more systematic study of the Bible. Every one, or nearly every one, admits that the Bible has its defects; its low morality as well as its high morality; its interweaving of myth and legend with history, after the manner of ancient books, so that it is often difficult to disentangle the one from the other. All this makes the Bible-teaching of the young a matter which ought not to be taken in hand "lightly or unadvisedly."

It is no doubt of the first importance for teachers to be well primed with knowledge of the Bible from sources outside itself. Given this qualification, so long as the study is confined to Bible history, the task is a fairly easy one, and there are at hand abundant sources of information relating to matters of a non-controversial character. But when we come to consider its moral and religious aspects the question becomes infinitely more complicated. Here we find ourselves, to a large extent, alone with the book itself, conflicting theories meet us at all turns, and much, if not all, depends upon personal conviction. As a gen-

eral principle it is safe to assert that the attention of the young should be first directed to the *high* ideals of God to be found within its pages, and to any moral teaching which is in accordance with them. At a later period in religious education, the conceptions of Divine character to be met with in the New Testament and in the writings of the Hebrew prophets and poets, can be contrasted with those earlier and cruder notions which it is unadvisable to display before the mind of early childhood.

Grave difficulties must, however, be encountered by those parents or instructors who set out by telling the child that the Bible is the "Word of God," the term "God" being taken in the sense of the omnipotent and benevolent Creator and Sustainer of the universe. Before long, some of the moral discrepancies which abound in the Old Testament Scriptures are sure to be detected by the child's moral instinct. One is often hearing instances of this childish criticism of the Bible, and no doubt most parents have proofs of it in their own experience. "Mother," said a little girl recently, when hearing the story of the Plagues in Egypt, with its oft-recurring expression, "And God hardened Pharaoh's heart," "why does the Bible say that? God would not *harden* Pharaoh's heart; God would want to make him *good*!" No doubt some unfavorable criticism of the Old Testament springs from a too literal interpretation of the "figurative ideas and expressions" employed by its writers; but even when due allowance is made for this, there remains a great deal of low morality which cannot be explained away so easily. Another point that has been known to grate upon a child's idea of justice is the favoritism shown by the Deity toward the chosen nation, and the hard treatment received by the other nations with whom they come into contact. If, therefore, the orthodox mother does commence Biblical instruction by telling the child it is the "Word of God," she is likely to find herself in the horns of a dilemma, and may be obliged either to unsay what she has said, or, what is even worse, run the risk of confusing the child's natural sense of right and

* The many books of Bible Stories, Bible History, etc., specially written for the use of young children, are unfortunately too theological in their aims to be of much practical assistance in this undertaking, though they may afford a general plan on which to go to work. The ideal Bible book for the young has yet to be written.

wrong. By all means preserve that discrimination, even, if needs be, at the Bible's expense.

Knowledge of the Bible naturally paves the way toward some acquaintance with those sacred books of other nations which claim, no less than the Bible, to be the product of divine inspiration, and some of which are still more ancient. In progressing thus we are still carrying out one of the above guiding principles of rational education, that—viz., of proceeding "from the simple to the complex . . . from the single to the combined in the teaching of each branch of knowledge." This leads to the consideration of another point, which is that in religious education care should be taken to ensure an appreciation of the value and significance of other religions, besides Judaism and Christianity. As a rule, in teaching religion to the young, the end has been to impart knowledge of the Christian religion only, as if that comprised all religion worth serious consideration, the rest being but make-believes, invented by the Father of Lies for the purpose of leading mankind astray from knowledge of the true God. In the first book of *Paradise Lost*, the fallen angels are described as wanting "new names,"

... "till wandering o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of
man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of Him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorned
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities.
Then were they known to men by various names
And various idols through the heathen world."

The error of supposing that one, and only one, religion has been true throughout, from its earliest beginning down to its latest development, has become almost too self-evident to need refutation. Already, in the study of the Bible, some of its more manifest imperfections will not have escaped observation, and much of the myth and legend recorded in it is little superior to that which gathers round other religions. There is nowadays an abundance of popular literature dealing with them; the average teacher has no diffi-

culty in gaining all the information wanted. Mr. Edward Clodd's two little books entitled, respectively, *The Childhood of the World* and *The Childhood of Religions*, are admirably fitted to convey to young minds that sense of proportion which is so often lacking in religious education. It is of course not necessary in preserving this sense of proportion to place all religions on the same footing, but some recognition of the importance of all the great religions into which the spiritual thought of humanity has crystallized itself, is necessary to the formation of right ideas about religion. A knowledge, often more full than advisable, of Greek mythology is already provided for in the school curriculum of boys.

It will be seen that the aim throughout the above method of teaching religion to the young is to ensure a correct grounding, and so to avoid filling the mind with erroneous habits of thought which will have to be set right by the fuller knowledge of later years. Let us commence with that side of religious knowledge which can be verified, and, instead of presenting doubtful dogmas to the child in the garb of accepted facts, let his mind be gradually opened to the fact that religion largely consists in seeking for knowledge of "the relation of the finite to the infinite," and that anything approaching to full knowledge of this relation lies beyond human reach.

It is, however, manifestly impossible to define any exact line of procedure. The problem how to teach religion to children is one that must to a large extent be solved by any individual parent who is venturesome enough to leave the beaten track of forms and dogmas. Take, for instance, the question of church attendance. The motives which lead to it are of the most varied description. Custom and convention have to a large extent rendered it part of the ordinary weekly routine. Some persons declare that their object in church-going is to "set a good example to other people;" others there are who undoubtedly regard it as an act of respectful homage to the Almighty, and as helping to secure for them divine favor. Others, again, say that they go to church "because of the children,"

and it is indeed not infrequent for parents who have practically dropped church-going on their own account to resume the habit when their children attain the age at which it is considered suitable for them to attend a religious service.

To those who regard the matter in a more serious light, taking part in public worship probably implies two things. Firstly, belief in God as the presiding Deity, the moral and physical Governor of the universe; and, secondly, belief that it is possible for the spirit of man to hold intercourse with the spirit of his Creator. Such beliefs as these are, under one form or another, always implied by the devotional parts of a religious service, however free may be the principles of church membership, and however broad and vague the theology of the sermon. If parents do not share in them, it is a grave question how far they are justified in assuming this position by insisting on the duty of church-attendance for their children.

Then, again, the term God. Between the "ultimate cause" of scientific phraseology, and the Apostolic definition, "Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," what a difference of conception there is, and how much room for many intermediate conceptions! Yet it is the same Power which is implied by these widely differing expressions; a Power which is "behind humanity and behind all other things—a Power of which humanity is but a small and fugitive product—a Power which was in course of ever-changing manifestations before humanity was, and will continue through other manifestations when humanity has ceased to be." This definition, which will be recognized as that of Mr. Herbert Spencer, is quoted here in order to draw attention to the fact that the idea of God which is probably the one most easily grasped by the childish intellect, is that of the Power which has accomplished, and is accomplishing, all that which is beyond mere human power. From earliest infancy children are accustomed to associate the idea of power with those who have control of them, and it is therefore not difficult for them to understand, when they reach years of intelligence, that there is a Power,

higher than human power, at work in the universe.

As regards the prayers of young children there is also much room for difference of opinion. Nothing is prettier or more touching than to hear a prayer, or one of the hymns of early childhood, lisped by a child. The tenderness always shown by Christ toward little children makes the performance doubly suggestive; it is often difficult to listen to it unmoved; it almost suggests the rustle of angels' wings. But the gratification afforded by this spectacle is, perhaps, in the main more æsthetic and sentimental than rational and profitable. Children may seem angelic when on their knees, but they are rarely altogether so in daily life, and when they do manifest such a temperament we are half afraid, and hail with pleasure and relief the advent of the naughtiness which is the sign and proof of their "fallen natures," because of the threatening whisper in our hearts, "Whom the gods *love* die young." The angelic temperament is one which, if manifested in childhood, is less generally associated with high moral qualities than with want of physical vitality.

This does not alter the fact that there are wide differences in the moral characters of children, nor the further fact that the moral training of the young commences with their earliest conscious life. Simple rules of morality, such as those of obedience, unselfishness, truthfulness, kindness to the weak and to animals, are suited to childish intellects, and the truth of the principles underlying them can be verified by the child as he realizes in his own experience that disobedience, selfishness, cruelty, and deceit bring with them their own penalties. But moral rewards or penalties in the form of the approbation or disapprobation of an unknown and unrealizable Being called God (as regarded from the mental outlook of the child) must be absolutely meaningless to the dawning intelligence of childhood, wholly occupied as it is with the simple and the concrete aspects of life. To base the right and wrong of childhood upon such a footing as this is to turn the mind of childhood from those natural penalties of wrongdoing to which,

as Mr. Spencer observes, all punishments should as far as possible conform, and is also to credit that mind with the power of appreciating spiritual experiences, which are very far from being possible to a child except in a most unwholesome form. What is true of bodily food is true also of spiritual food. Children's intellects cannot digest that which is suited to adults, and however sincerely religious beliefs may be held by parents, this does not prevent them from assuming a different complexion in the mind of a child. Spiritual experiences have their right and proper place in later life, but to graft them on to the immaturity of childhood is to falsify them. At second hand they are not merely useless, but pernicious.

It has been said by that philosopher—often quoted in these pages—to whom the mind of childhood seems as an open book, that “the operativeness of a moral code (largely) depends on the emotions called forth by its injunctions.” Let the emotions, then, which are associated with childish ideas of morality be healthy human emotions, such as fall within the range of a child's own experience; but do not confuse or alarm him by telling him that “God” will “be angry” with him if he is naughty, and “love” him if he is good. Open his eyes to the “beauty of holiness,” as shown in the life of the Founder of Christianity, in the lives of all good men, and in every aspect in which it is possible to present it to him, but do not encourage him to attempt flights into the realms of spiritual thought until his wings are strong enough to bear him thither.

The gist of what has been said is mainly this. Begin children's religious education with moral education, and let that gradually pave the way toward knowledge of the spiritual basis upon which it has most generally been sought to establish morality. If we endeavor to cultivate and develop the moral sense in children, and so lead them to realize that

“Because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence,”

we shall have placed that moral sense on a firmer basis than can be afforded

to it by any of the dogmas of religion. Fortunately these things are not so difficult to teach in little practical ways to children, though they cannot be taught to them in so many words. “Heaven lies about us in our infancy,” and we are often surprised at the clearness of the moral vision of childhood, at its keen appreciation of good qualities and bad qualities in people, and at its horror and bewilderment when it awakes to the discovery that the sheltered home is not a picture in little of the world outside the home, but that there are wrongs in that larger world which cannot be set right so easily as the little wrongs with which the child is familiar in its own life.

To begin with the spiritual side of morality in the religious education of children is to begin at the wrong end. It is to implant in the minds of children not religion so much as *superstition*, because the religious beliefs of early childhood must necessarily take a form which is largely superstitious. Matthew Arnold's definition of religion, as “morality touched by emotion,” has found a wide acceptance, and it cannot be denied that the religious beliefs, even of adult life, are often more emotional than rational. But it *can* be denied that the emotional element underlying belief in the dogmas of religion is suitable for the digestion of very youthful minds. They either take these dogmas quite literally, and are disappointed at finding that they will not lend themselves to this treatment, or else the effect produced on their minds, by the ill-advised and ignorant methods sometimes pursued by teachers of religion, is of an alarming and ghostly character.

This latter style of teaching religion to children, and making out of it a sort of bugbear to frighten them into being good, is now happily on the decrease. But there are probably still many children who, with respect to their religious education, might reasonably echo the complaint of Hamlet to his father's ghost, and ask what right their teachers have

“So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our
souls.”

—*Westminster Review*.

ROBERT BURTON AND THE "ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY."

BY EDWARD W. ADAMS.

WHAT De Quincey said of Charles Lamb might with even greater force be applied to Burton, viz., that he "ranks among writers whose works are destined to be forever unpopular, and yet forever interesting; interesting, moreover, by means of those very qualities which guarantee their non-popularity."

The qualities which militate against our author's popularity are: firstly, the inordinate length of his work; secondly, his habit of interpolating thousands of quotations from the classical authors at every conceivable and inconceivable opportunity; while a third disadvantage under which Burton labors is his fantastic discontinuity of thought. He has no hesitation whatever in branching out into long and irrelevant digressions at the smallest provocation; and although he makes a great show of treating his subject methodically and systematically with all his parade of "Partitions," "Sections," "Members," "Subsections," etc., yet a more veritable literary fantasia it would not be easy to find. With regard to his predilection for quotation, it seems as though the man were perpetually on the look-out for openings to utilize his classic lore. The consequence is that about half his work is practically written in a foreign language; and one feels sure that Sir Thomas Browne must have had his eye upon Burton when he complains in the introduction to "Vulgar Errors" that we shall soon have to learn Latin in order to understand English if certain writers persisted in their course! These extracts dotted about on every page and almost in every line, give a hybrid look to the whole work, and make up an appearance which has been facetiously described as "literary small pox." All these characteristics taken together make the perusal of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" a labor not to be lightly undertaken. Life is short, but Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" is very long. We are of opinion that (as Macaulay once said of the "Faerie Queene") no one with a heart less stout

than that of a commentator would ever get to the last page. Yet it is on account of these very qualities—the quaintness, the store of appropriate and apt quotation, the original unoriginality of the work, the unexpected and altogether delightful digressions, the strange excesses into which the writer allows himself to be led—it is on account of all these that the perusal of the "Anatomy" becomes if indeed a labor yet a most pleasant and diverting one.

The work at the time of its appearance proved so successful that eight editions were exhausted in a very short time, and, as Wood tells us, it proved so remunerative to the bookseller that he "got an estate by it." We are not, however, informed whether the venture was equally profitable to the author. A significant silence is preserved upon this point. But then we must remember that in those days Sir Walter Besant and the Society of Authors were not. Even now lovers of the little-read grand old authors—the Brownes, Burtons, Fullers, etc., those musty "old folios" beloved of Coleridge—find recreation and delight in the magnificent "cento" of "Democritus Junior." Charles Lamb never wrote a sentence which I should feel more inclined to endorse than this: "You cannot make a *pet* book of an author whom everybody reads." Sir Thomas Browne and Robert Burton fill the rôle par excellence of "pet authors." For one reason, they are but little read; for another, they reveal themselves so frankly and ingenuously to their reader, they lay bare before him their greatnesses and their weaknesses, their sublimities and their trivialities; no reserve is maintained between them and their audience—they give rein equally to their whims and caprices as to their sublimest thoughts and speculations. What Montaigne said of his "Essais" they might have said of their pieces: "I am my 'Religio Medici,'" or "I am my 'Anatomy of Melancholy.'"

It is to be expected that so rich a

mine of quotation as is the work we are discussing would not be left unworked by writers desiring a cheap reputation for wide reading and erudition. Consequently we find that Burton's volume has been unmercifully rifled of its riches both borrowed and original. His biographer, Wood, points out one Will Greenwood as a notorious offender in this respect; and to mention a better known name, readers of Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" will not have failed to notice many tricks and turns of expression as well as whole sentences which have been copied from the "Anatomy." Ludicrously enough one finds, on comparing the two volumes, that the very passage in which Sterne complains: "Shall we forever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring out of one vessel into another?" has been stolen from Burton. It is very comical to hear one plagiarist rebuking a fellow offender with a sentence which he has himself appropriated from another work! In one place Laurence Sterne facetiously declares: "I believe, in my conscience, I intercept many a thought which heaven intended for another man!" He only forgot to add, that when unable to intercept these thoughts in their passage, he hesitated not to remedy the failure by appropriation at a later stage. But here it is necessary, as an introduction to a brief analysis of his work, to give a short sketch of Burton's career.

On the 8th day of February, in the year 1576 at Lindley, in Leicestershire, Robert Burton made his acquaintance with what Mr. Shandy has been pleased to term "this scurvy and disastrous world of ours." His parents, according to Anthony à Wood, belonged to an ancient and "gentile" family of the county. Young Democritus received his early education at the Free School of Sutton Coldfield and at Nuneaton, which latter also abounds in memories of George Eliot. His school life appears to have passed in uneventful monotony, which was, however, frequently (but not altogether pleasantly) broken by periodical stimulations of his "muscular integument," administered by preceptors who, like those of Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, held the

view that the faculties of the human soul could only be thus reached, which castigations, however, the unfortunate victim seems to have relished as little as did the famous author of the *Philosophy of Clothes*. The foundations of his knowledge having been thus soundly laid in the above highly orthodox manner, he was, in 1593, entered as a commoner at Brasenose College, Oxford, at the time of the Long Vacation. He here made considerable progress in mathematics, classics, and divinity, and in due time graduated as "Bachelor of Divinity." He seems to have been a great favorite among his college contemporaries, his company being, we are told, "very merry, facete, and juvenile, and no man in his time did surpass him for his ready and dexterous interlarding his common discourses with verses from the poets and classical authors," a practice, however, which must have made his society very objectionable to an ordinary person. But the Universities being at that period mainly made up of a set of pedants, among whom the flash and glitter of learning were more valued than sound scholarship, he acquired no little reputation. This habit of indiscriminate quotation thus early indulged in became with him a second nature, and constitutes at once the charm and the drawback of his literary efforts. In 1599 he was elected student of Christ Church, and for form's sake, though we read "he wanted not a tutor," he was placed under the tuition of a Dr. John Bancroft. Notwithstanding his apparently humorous and jovial disposition, he was subject from an early period of his life to profound fits of depression and melancholy, which grew with his growth until, in the hope of obtaining relief, he set about the composition of that work which has made him famous. His object was not, however, attained; and we find that his self-imposed task was but the means of increasing his malady, until we learn from Grainger that nothing could make him laugh "but going to a bridge and hearing the ribaldry of the bargemen, which rarely failed to throw him into a violent fit of laughter." In 1614 he was admitted to the reading of the sentences, and two years later was present-

ed with the vicarage of St. Thomas, in the west suburb of Oxon, by the Dean and Canons of Christ Church. Some years afterward he also received the rectory of Segrave, in Leicestershire, at the hands of George, Lord Berkeley. His ecclesiastical affairs, however, do not appear to have gone very smoothly with him, he being unfortunate (as we gather from his work) in some of his patrons, who seem to have had a very clear perception of the evils of riches, and determined that Robert should not be tempted to stray from the "funambulatory track and narrow path of goodness" (as Sir T. Browne would call it) on that account, thus conserving at one and the same time both *their* pockets and *his* morals.

In 1624 appeared the first edition, in quarto, of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," which was so well received that six editions were required in the author's lifetime.

The remaining years of Burton's life were spent by him in preparing successive editions of his volume, and in indiscriminate and voracious devouring the books in the Bodleian Library. He died in his chambers at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1639, it is said, at or very near the time he had foretold from a calculation of his own nativity—for Burton added the study of astrology to his other labors. As in the case of Jerome Cardan, narrated by Bayle, there were not wanting those who hinted that, rather than his prediction should prove false, he took the only way open to him to make sure that it would be fulfilled. But no doubt this was a cruel calumny. It may indeed have been that his melancholy overstepped the limit that separated it from madness, and being thus bereft of the restraining force of reason, he took his own life. If so, the touching words with which he closes his section on Suicides receive a new and pathetic interest, and an almost prophetic significance, but no one who has perused these paragraphs could doubt for a moment but that he would not wilfully cut short his existence for the sake of the poor beggarly distinction of having proved a true prophet of his own end.

Thus died Robert Burton in the sixty-

third year of his age, leaving behind him as his monument that work concerning which a few words will now be said.

Although it would be a waste of ingenuity to criticise seriously as a scientific treatise on the subject of melancholy such a literary extravaganza as is presented to us under the name of "Democritus Junior,"* yet having, as Hallam expresses it, "a style not by any means devoid of point and terseness, and writing with much good sense and observation of men as well as books, and having the skill of choosing his quotations from their rareness, oddity, and amusing character, without losing sight of their pertinence to the subject," he has produced a work which might well be termed a "vast storehouse of entertainment and singular learning." The book is divided into three parts, and is preceded by a long introduction, which is a powerful satire. In this portion he indulges in that favorite dream of social reformers, an ideal commonwealth. But it must be admitted that Burton's sketch of an ideal community is remarkably free from the wild impracticable fancies which are generally characteristic of these attempts to remodel society. He displays a most rare faculty for taking things as they are, and making the best of them, and a willingness to accept the present state of affairs as a basis from which to evolve a scheme of government as nearly perfect as may be. Like Solon, he frames his laws not to suit a perfect, although entirely visionary Golden Age, but with a view to meeting the existing temper of the community as he understands it. Certainly Burton would not have been included in Francis Bacon's humorous stricture: "As for the philosophers, they make imaginary laws for imaginary commonwealths, and their discourses are as the stars which give little light because they are so high."

Coming to the treatise proper, the first part treats of the Causes, Symptoms, and Prognostics of Melancholy; the second part of the Cure of Melan-

* The *nom de plume* assumed by Burton on the title-page of his book.

choly; and the third part is reserved for a special discussion of Love and Religious Melancholies.

Melancholy, according to Burton, has an objective existence, and may be composed of a material or an immaterial essence, or it may be a compound of both. In the two former cases the melancholy is simple, but in the latter it is compound. Material melancholy is one of the humors of the body, such as blood, pitiuita, serum, etc. The causes of this disease he fetches from the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. And this statement is literally true. Probably no one ever had so fine and rare a collection of causes as Burton. In gathering them in he displays all the eagerness and enthusiasm of the collector, but none of the judicial balancing and weighing of the scientist. Among the causes we find mentioned: the Planets, Stars, the Devil, Witches, Magicians, Parents, Anger, Love, and Old Age, which is a cause for the reason that it is "cold and dry, and of the same quality as Melancholy." Another cause, which he cites out of Montaltus, is this: "The efficient cause of Melancholy is a hot and dry, not a cold and dry distemperature, as some hold, from the heat of the brain roasting the blood."

Apropos of causes, we may as well give what he sets down as the cause of laughter. "Laughter proceeds from an abundance of pleasant vapors which, proceeding from the heart, tickle the midriff, because it is transverse and full of nerves, by which titillation the sense being moved, and the arteries distended or pulled, the spirits from thence move, and possess the sides, veins, countenance, and eyes." Tears, the reader may be interested to know, proceed from "the heating of a moist brain."

But now let us see how he proposes to cure this distressing malady of melancholy. Now, if his collection of causes was extraordinary, what shall we say of that of his cures? Here are some of them: "Cauteries and hot irons," he says, "are to be used in the suture of the crown, and the seared or ulcerated place suffered to run a good while. 'Tis not amiss to bore the skull with an

instrument to let out the fuliginous vapors." His patient, however, might perhaps think otherwise. This is a cure for head melancholy. Here is another even more barbarous: "Sallus. Salvianus . . . because this humor hardly yields to other physic, would have the leg cauterized—on the left leg, below the knee—and the head bored in two or three places." His reader is inclined to think that even if this malady did not yield readily to physic, there was no need to take so savage a revenge on the patient. He then goes on with inimitable *sang froid* to relate (as an incentive to this desperate remedy) "how a melancholy man at Rome, that by no remedies could be healed, when by chance was wounded in the head, and his skull broken, he was *excellently cured*." And again: "Another, to the admiration of the beholders, 'breaking his head with a fall from on high, was instantly cured of his dotage.'" To those afflicted with love melancholy, he tells of a high rock in Greece, whence, if lovers precipitated themselves, they would be completely cured of their affliction. No doubt such a cure would be very complete and permanent, and we should think that the patient would be very unlikely to have any relapses after such treatment. It is reassuring to be able to state, however, that there is no evidence to show that Burton ever practically carried out his treatment either on himself or on others, unless, indeed, we like to infer that the strange reports which circulated as to the manner of his death were garbled accounts of the results of one of these operations, which our author had attempted to perform on himself in the hope of a cure.

A peculiarity about Burton's cures is that each individual remedy is more sure, more certain, and more valuable than any which come before or after. This or that remedy alone will most certainly cure where all others fail; it alone of itself will suffice, needing no combination with any other; its effect is marvellous—and so on. The fact is, that when our author once gets fairly launched on the sea of vigorous rhetoric, he gets carried away by his own eloquent fervor, and says a good deal

more than he means, or would feel inclined in calmer moments to endorse. He throws himself with all his impetuous and eccentric energy into the topic upon which at the moment he happens to be discoursing, and in his own peculiar fashion thoroughly exhausts it; and not sufficiently considering the relation which that particular division of his subject upon which he is for the time engaged will bear to some other division, when it behooves him to treat of that portion he has practically to unsay much that he has said. One may be sure that if he throws his influence into one scale of the balance the opposite one will kick the beam. And this criticism applies to Burton's treatment of many other matters besides the cure for melancholy.

Owing to Burton's habit of tumbling out pell-mell the results of his researches among the erudite authors, one theory or rule of practice being piled upon another, with which it harmonizes about as well as oil with water, the task of extracting any practical or useful advice from his volume would destroy a strong man. Yet, whenever this curious man chooses to write from his own knowledge and observation, there is, as Johnson remarks, no little force in what he says, which makes one the more regret that he was so fond of using his *Commonplace Book*. His graphic and picturesque description of the varying states of feeling in a melancholy man is a case in point, and

must have evidently been written from his own experience. And notwithstanding the absurdity and inapplicability of much of his counsel, which naturally results from the importation into his book of a vast mass of crude, undigested, and often conflicting material, yet whenever he has been bold enough to stand on his own legs, and give us something of his own, he displays no small amount of shrewdness and good sense.

But it is in his consolatory chapters that Burton's true worth shines forth, and compels our admiration. He is here no longer the disappointed, churlish cynic, nor does he in these pages, as he often seems to do elsewhere, exhibit a longing, Paracelsus-like,* to save mankind, while he yet tramples on it, but throwing off his ill-fitting disguise, shows himself the good honest fellow he really is—a comforter of the distressed, a sympathizer with the afflicted, a compassionate friend, a true, staunch champion of the oppressed and sorrowful. And here I will leave the consideration of his work with the conviction that, notwithstanding its many faults, oddities, and extravagancies, yet its peculiar literary merits, and the genuine sympathy for the unfortunate therein disclosed, will ever secure for it a place among those works which will last as long as the English language shall endure.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

DOWN IN THE WORLD : THE FLOWER-MAKER.

BY ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING.

THE French madam was dying, and her son was in extremes of grief; so was Molly. The French madam's son was seventeen, and Molly was seventeen. Molly was a deaf-mute, who lodged with madam, who had been a modiste, sharing her room. The French madam was fond of Molly, and Molly loved the French madam. Of late she had helped to earn for her. She had learned to make artificial flowers, fearful and wonderful things—buds that never became blossoms, and blossoms

that had never been buds. Ladies wear them in their bonnets, and even in their bosoms, and trailing along their skirts. This thing, one thinks, will alter. A rose was made by Molly somewhat in this way. She lighted a coke stove, and heated at it a metal ball; this she pressed on a small, flat, circular piece of cambric till it swelled out like cherubs' cheeks. The cherubs' cheeks she pinched with a pair of pin-

* See Browning's "Paracelsus."

cers—this she called crimping—and lo! and behold! *petals*. One of the petals she folded up to form the heart of the flower, which heart she attached to a gutta-percha stalk by means of needle and thread, and then clustered round it a number of other spread petals, the whole thing being held together by a thread, flour-paste, and a bead slipped up the stem. A full-blown rose having thus been made, leaves and buds were attached to it, according to the price to be demanded for it. Such a flower, leaf, bud, and blossom would be made by Molly in some two hours. Nature, I think, had never been known to produce a rose-blossom in less time than a week of days and nights, keeping hard at work during all this time. In the matter of speed the palm remained with Molly. Again, the petals of Nature's roses, not being fastened into a strong bunch by means of needle and thread and flour-paste and a bead, but merely being held together by that highly evaporative fluid, life, are apt to fall off much more quickly than did Molly's. No maddest wind was ever known to fly away with one of Molly's petals. It was in this that she considered she had a little pull over Nature. She smiled with pity at fallen rose-leaves and with frank scorn at hips and haws.

Never did any one work harder than Molly; though the French madam was dying, she worked on. It seems just possible that, in leaving the French madam thus at the last, the thought was in her mind that madam would wish to be alone with her son. Having watched through all the night and through much of the day by the bedside of the dying woman, she resumed her work beside the coke fire in the adjoining room. It was a sultry autumn afternoon. Within no very great distance of the room in which this child toiled the valleys were standing thick with corn, and laughed and sang as they did in old Judea. In a garden which she could see from her high window, white wine and red wine could be taken from the currant-bushes, where they grew in their own wine-skins, just as if life were a fairy tale. But the air round her was thick with coke fumes. She opened her calico dress at the neck,

turned up her sleeves, and set to work, holding the iron ball to the heat.

Molly had, folks said, no prettiness. Her complexion was smoky, her bared neck was lean and brown, her arms were scarred with scalds and burns. On one arm was a bandage of lint, soaked with carron oil. She pulled this off, exposing the fresh burn. It did not seem to strike her as unsightly. Holding her ball to the fire with one hand, she held her head with the other. She was, it was evident, in great suffering. There is a pain in the head which working girls and women call opening and shutting. Molly's head was opening and shutting, and yet she did not grimace. When you looked at her for some moments that fact was borne in on you, and carried with it a great surprise. A few minutes' longer looking, after having made that discovery, opened your eyes to the knowledge of a very high beauty in the child's face. It had its home in the quiet eyes and the quiet mouth. It was mystical, and I think it was Irish—this odd quiet. Our noise is noisier, and our quiet is quieter than noise and quiet are elsewhere. While Molly's head was still quite clear, that of the French madam—who was in less pain than she, albeit dying—was clouded again. She was making merry in her delirium.

"Do you remember," she was saying to her son, as her thoughts went back to what had evidently been in its way a grand feast—"do you remember that last Sunday that we had shrimps to tea?"

She always spoke of having edibles, shrimps and the like, to meals, as if they came as guests. Her son had often laughed at her for this, but now he knelt beside her bed and looked most sadly into her face. She was silent for a little while; then she began to ramble anew. Her thoughts still ran on food. She was apparently in mind out marketing, and was trying to decide whether she wanted a shop or a chop. She became very angry, and said some rude things of the English language. She became very childish.

Tears flushed the eyes of her son, and he took in his the hand that lay on the bed-cover, and said in French—

"Speak French, my little mother, and speak no more of these things now. My little mother, speak of something else now." And then he brought his face up close to hers, and said many times—

"*Mère, mère! ma mère!*"

After that there was a long silence. It was broken by the French madam. She suddenly sat up in her bed, in her eyes the French look that says—
"*Tiens!*"

"Fetch the child Molly, my son," she said, in a quite clear, serious voice. The boy went, and came back holding the hand of the girl. The French madam continued to sit up, and looked at them very earnestly. Perhaps, from a habit of watching much, in the absence of power to speak or hear, Molly read all that was in the earnest look, and a deep blush came to her face, though her eyes and mouth kept their brave quiet. The French madam's eyes softened, and she said—

"Bend, child, and kiss me."

While the young head was bent she passed her hand over the glory of red-gold hair that crowned it. Nature has this freak of putting golden crowns on persons quite too little lovely to be queens when not a drop of blood in them is sib to kings.

"*Pauvrette, pauvrette!*" said the French madam, with her hand upon the gold. "Little poor one! little good one!" she added, in quaint English, and then said—

"Child, I think you have not kissed me."

Molly kissed her hands and face, and kissed the pillow on which she lay, and again her face, and again the pillow, and then, with a low moan, hurried from the room. She tried to resume her work of cutting petals, but it would not be done. There is a spasmodic movement of the finger and thumb which is called writer's cramp. A movement very similar to this made Molly unable to retain hold of the scissors. When they had fallen from her hand for the third time she pushed her roses to the farther end of the box which served her as a table, and bent her face upon it. She did not cry: she fell asleep.

In the next room the French madam spoke with her son.

"When they have taken me away," she said, "you children will be alone. That must not be, my son. Molly must. . . . Bess. . . ."

She struggled with her voice, but it was useless. A silence set in again; then she whispered something.

Her son bent over to catch the words, but the lips had ceased to move, and the French madam was no more. It was night. The sky was as dark as jasmine-leaves, but stars were strewn about it like jasmine-flowers. It was a summer sky, though an autumn wind was stirring. The young Frenchman looked from it to the face of his dead mother, and half an hour passed. Then the overwhelming loneliness became too much for him. He went into the adjoining room, and found Molly sleeping. Then he went down the stairs to the house door.

Two girls came down the street. They were both tall, and poorly but neatly dressed; their faces were lifted to the light and their feet touched the pavement, toe and heel. They might have been two princesses, but they were only two poor working girls, between whom and princesses there was all that distance that there was between the simples in the cellars and the grandees in the upper story of Hans Andersen's tale.

They were friends. One gave heart's liking, and the other gave love without measure. It was not a fair exchange, but they were satisfied. As they went past the door at which stood the French lad he said, without stepping forward—

"Bess!"

The taller girl stopped.

"Any one calling me?" She peered into the dark doorway. "Hullo! what's up with you? Is your mother worse?"

He put his hand on her arm, and her face changed.

"I want you to come with me—to talk a few words with me—I'm so—"

His voice thickened, and Bess looked at her friend, who drew back, saying quietly—

"I'll wait. Go with him."

The Frenchman and Bess forthwith went into the house and up the stairs together. His mother had rented three rooms of this house. One was her bedroom which she had shared with Molly; one was her son's bedroom, which he had shared with a night-lodger; and the third room was, as occasion necessitated, kitchen, work-room, or reception-room. To this third room the lad took Bess.

"There's a chair in the other room," he said, directing his steps thither. It was his mother's room.

Bess put her hand on his shoulder.

"I can stand."

The darkness had deepened, and only the outline of the two figures was visible, the tall, strong figure of the girl and the small, slender figure of the lad. He was greatly agitated, and her quiet contrasted strangely with his manner. They were standing in the middle of the room. She walked over to the window and leaned up against the woodwork. The light of the street lamp was thrown upon her face. It was scarcely pretty, but was wonderfully pleasant to look at, being singularly pure in line and lighted from within as well as from without. It was too proud for a face so young, and there was some cruelty in the curve of the fine mouth. She looked down at the boy more than was necessary. He was lower in space than she, but his head was higher than the point which she focussed. Only England's tall daughters have the habit of looking lower at the less than is needful.

"I've been thinking about you," she said. "I've been talking about you to my Uncle Clinch. I want him to take you on."

Bess's Uncle Clinch was a fruiterer with a fairly flourishing business.

"I've told my uncle," she added, "that I'm goin' to bring you round to see him. Say now, what's your right, sensible name? My Uncle Clinch likes all right and proper, he does."

"My name is Jean Jacques Morin," the Frenchman said gravely. "My mother always calls me Jean Jacques."

"John Jack?" Bess's pretty mouth twitched at this French absurdity.

"Well, my Uncle Clinch will call you

John or Jack, but he won't call you John Jack. He'd think that silly."

The blunt words did not disconcert the Frenchman, for he was used to Bess.

"Jean is John," he said quietly, "but Jacques isn't Jack; it's James."

"Oh, come now!" Bess's face had been satirical: it became indignantly remonstrant. To be told that "Jean" was John, but that "Jacques" was not Jack, was more than she could away with.

"When words are the same I know what they are," she said sapiently, and added kindly, bestowing on the Frenchman a down look of her grand gray eyes—"You can't help your name bein' John Jack of course; you didn't christen yourself, an' I'm not sayin' you did: but, if you'll be guided by me, you'll just say your name's John. I shouldn't say it in the French way, eether, if I was you; that's so stoopid soundin'. My Uncle Clinch'd never leave teasin' you with 'Jong,' and, as like as not, he'd tease me too, for he's right down foolish when he gets to teasin'."

A little light for the first time came to the Frenchman's eyes. He was not fatuous, but he had outgrown childhood, and was deeply in love with this girl.

"It's very good of you to give me all this thought," he said gravely.

"One must think of something," was Bess's bluff rejoinder, as she flushed hotly at being thanked. "It came into my mind, an' I went round to my Uncle Clinch. I like goin' there. Like the walk. Can't bear stickin' in the house always. That don't soot me."

Having ended with a "me" emphatic enough to suggest limitless egotism, and rob the Frenchman of whatever notion he might have had that some kindliness underlay her acts, Bess said—

"Molly there—what's she goin' to do? You two ain't goin' to set up together, are you?"

The question took the Frenchman aback. There was no mockery in it—merely a tone that asked for information; and the gray eyes looked into his frankly. He was Frenchman enough

to be somewhat baffled. In the absence of anything else that he might say suggesting itself to him, he said quietly—

"I don't know what Molly's going to do."

"Well, hadn't you better think?" came the prompt sneer. "Seems to me as you two wouldn't get on alone, for Molly don't take care of herself a bit. She'd be going without her dinner when you'd be away—my Uncle Clinch has his folks to meals. She wants looking after, Molly does. Seems to me as you might give that a thought."

From a person who much affected to have no altruistic promptings this was a very strong rebuke. The Frenchman did not wince. He was thinking what fine eyes the girl had, and much enjoying the play of light and fire in them; was also thinking what a fine mouth she had, and much enjoying the changing movement of the lips. He was thinking a number of other things that the love-smitten think, and, above all, was so wholly happy with this girl in great nearness to him, talking of him, thinking of him, that for the moment he forgot even his dead mother, and, in this curiously vacant mood, the precise drift of what Bess was saying became quite immaterial.

"I wish you could bring yourself to attend to me," she said sharply. "I've thought about Molly too"—Bess's need to occupy her thoughts appeared to have been very urgent—"an' I've spoken to Mrs. Bell, who's willin' to do for you both, about her. You see, it was plain to us all as your mother couldn't last over to-day, an' why, if my mother was to die, I'd be in such a fix an' grief I shouldn't know where to turn; so I set about doin' a few things for you, that was all; an' no need at all to say thank you, which I can't bear, an' it puts me out in talkin'." Bess was becoming incoherent in her desire to overcome interruptions. "Mrs. Bell says you'd better go over to her, both of you, with your bits of things, an' she'll look after you. That's when your mother's buried, of course. Now don't you go breakin' down, poor soul."

The girl's voice had become very soft, and again her hand was laid on the Frenchman's shoulder, and she looked

down at him with kindness most majestic from her threefold dignity of greater height, of Britishdom, of girl-dom fancy free.

At this moment the sharp whizz of a match being struck sounded from the other end of the room. Molly had waked from her sleep to see this couple in the window. Carried away by a sudden anger, she had struck the match, and was now lighting the lamp, with a face which was scarcely recognizable, such havoc was jealousy playing with it. Bess looked at her with amazement, the Frenchman with great annoyance. Then he signed imperiously, and the lamp was put out at once. There was a moment's silence, after which Bess said to him—

"Go an' look if Janet's still waitin' for me in the street. An' see here, you might cool your temper at the same time. There ain't no need to bully Molly, 'cause she's dumb, and can't say pig. You can go, an' you needn't hurry back."

The dismissal was not very gracious, and the Frenchman's face fell, but he went. Then Bess relighted the lamp quietly, and stood in the brilliance of it for a moment without speaking. After that she went over to Molly, who, like Ireland's daughter that she was, sat on the floor with her hands about her knees. There was nothing for it but for Bess to sit on the floor too. She did so, facing Molly; then she leaned toward the mute.

"I shall speak very slowly, Molly, an' you understand when you try to. Every one knows you do. Me in love with your Frenchman, Molly!—it's right down ridic'ulous. Me! He may be good enough for you, Molly, but he ain't good enough for me."

A rude curl came to the proud mouth, matching the rude words, and Bess laughed gayly. Molly's black eyes grew dull.

"Are you angry, Mol'y?" was asked with great surprise. Deep anger was in the filmed eyes, and Molly nodded.

Bess's face became perplexed.

"I wish I could explain things to you, Molly, but I don't now what to say. Try to understand this, Molly—you're a good sort, an' I like you, an' I like him—he's a goodish sort, too.

an' I always did like him from that high"—she paused to illustrate a height which had once been that of either herself or the Frenchman—"but, well, I ain't the girl to love a boy—I ain't really, so there! I'll tell you who I do love, Molly. It's my friend Janet, that I go out walkin' with. That's my way, an' I can't be different. If you was to get between me an' Janet I'd hate you, just like you hated me before, an' I'll never get between no one an' another. You can please yourself now, an' believe me or t'other thing. It don't concern me at all what you do; but I ain't a liar and I ain't a beast, though I'm nothing in partic'lar, not to say. Seems to me as you might believe me, Molly."

In Bess's quick transitions from proud to humble, from terse to tender, there was some lack of logic. The head might not be satisfied, but the heart was feasted. Molly unclasped her hands and extended them. She said nothing. She had many ways of speaking in spite of that tongue's dumbness, but there seemed no need for words.

The ideas of dumb and speaking run parallel in a surprising degree; and in the case of these two girls, the one of whom spoke with the full-heartedness of her nature, while the other with quick instinct heard inwardly, howbeit it is impossible to say how much was understood, still less possible to assert that every subtle word was grasped in its full bearing, this much remains indubitable, that the main drift of Bess's harangue was seized.

The English girl took the outstretched hands, then said—

"Where are you goin' to sleep to-night, Molly?"

To aid Molly in understanding the question, Bess smoothed an imaginary bed and closed her eyes languidly. She had throughout her talk with Molly illustrated her words with curiously primitive pantomime. Molly watched her gravely, and pointed to the adjoining room. Death had no horrors for her, but Bess's face became troubled.

"No, you shan't sleep there. Come home and sleep with me."

Molly's head-shake said no, but Bess's

said yes; and some three minutes later the two girls were in the street.

"Here we are, Janet!"—Bess spoke—"Night, John Jack. Molly's goin' home with me."

The Frenchman went back into the house alone, and betook himself neither to his bedroom nor to his mother's, but took up his stand at the window where he had stood with Bess. The sky was very clear and dark; there were no stars in it, but every now and again it was lighted up by summer lightning. Time passed without his noticing its flight. It was near midnight, and the lightning came like a smile to a sleeping face, lovely, fleeting, quite meaningless. Twelve—one o'clock struck. The flashes became fiercer, very vivid and terrible, with something of grimace about them. It was odd that lightning so strong and bright should not be followed by thunder. The great silence was very marvellous. Half-past three o'clock struck, and the lad shut down the window, for the face of the night had changed. A strong wind had suddenly sprung up and a small moon raced across the sky, taking dips into the clouds. There was no longer lightning. His face became drowsy, but dawn had already begun to break when he crept to his mother's room. Molly's bed ran along the foot of hers. He sat on the side of it, then sank back on it asleep. In his dreams it seemed to him that his mother was living still, and it was a great shock to him to wake in the full light of late morning and find that she was dead.

At noon he was standing with Bess outside Mr. Clinch's shop. Her introduction of him was short and to the point:

"This is John, Uncle. His mother's dead, an' I've told him you're goin' to take him on."

Mr. Clinch was standing before his shop. It was a good one of its kind, and its kind was of the best. Every one likes a fruiterer's shop, and rightly. There are in it so many things that are pleasant to the sight and good for food. Andrew Clinch's shop was in a row of many little shops and one

big one. At this shop, which called itself The Association, and which was at the corner of the small street from which it seemed to turn away into the bigger road, all things could be got except, said Andrew Clinch, attention. In the said big road there were two flower-shops, but in the small road flowers were only to be got from Andrew Clinch and the greengrocer, who both sold them in what they called "a small way." In wallflower and daffodil season they would have a row of jam pots filled with these flowers; they kept small posies of roses in the summer, and in the cold months kept a bundle or two of chrysanthemums. They had started doing this with an unhappy simultaneity which gave rise to the burning question—In the case of which of them had the thought come first by that brief space by which one thought must, after all, precede another? Andrew Clinch believed a hairbreadth priority to lie with him, and called on the greengrocer, and politely put his view before this person. The greengrocer believed Clinch to be mistaken, but lacked the courage to tell him. His wife called on Mrs. Clinch, and begged her to use her influence with her husband. The upshot of the visits was that a coolness that had always existed between the two families increased till it reached the freezing-point, while, for the rest, the fruiterer and greengrocer both continued to sell daffodils and wallflowers in the spring, posies of roses in the summer, and in the winter bundles of chrysanthemums. The greengrocer was a mean-looking man, with an ossified face and hands, with a long chin and a little mouth, and with a thinly thatched head—such hair as there was on it being neither black nor white nor grizzled, but speckled, like a sparrow's egg. His hard cheeks had dimples in them, like the dimples in the hard cheeks of an apple, and he wore earrings. On his shop board was the somewhat uneuphonious name *Hugh Pugh*. It suggested as his home a land of the Western Gael, but the man was a Londoner, the descendant of generations of Londoners. Andrew Clinch, who had not a drop of English blood in him, was of a different type. He had been born North of

Tweed, he opened his hand slowly, and his lips met as a man's lips meet to say "my." Nevertheless, his was not a mean face, howbeit also not one that suggested limitless generosity, but rather that good nature that is bounded on all sides by caution.

Just now he was listening with a sentimental expression to the playing of a bagpipe. A charming writer long ago mildly made answer to the words that a bagpipe makes more noise than music—"Not so, for 'tis all music, though not of the best." Music not of the best is perhaps the most charitable phrase in which one could describe the curious squeals to which Andrew listened with a far-away look and hands deep in his pockets from which, however, he did not take the copper coin which is all that the modest bagpiper demands. He was still in this softened mood when Bess appeared before him with the Frenchman, and said—

"This is John, Uncle. His mother's dead, an' I've told him you're goin' to take him on."

Mr. Clinch at once waked from his reverie.

"He's a towering big fellow, to be sure," was his comment, with a short laugh.

"Well, he ain't wanted to carry tombstones to an' fro to customers," the girl said dryly. The odd answer was probably the outcome of their standing opposite to an undertaker's, the duties involved by whose calling she misconceived. Still speaking with sharp sarcasm, she continued: "Where there don't seem to be room for a bee to set down comfortable except on a strawberry, it don't seem to me to be agen John that he isn' as big as The Association."

The effect of this speech was heightened by the fact that the fruiterer was vainly trying to catch a bee which flitted from one strawberry-basket to another. The mention of The Association was a masterpiece of surgery. It hurt horribly, but it was a case in which it was needful to use the knife. Mr. Clinch changed his tone, and turned civilly to the Frenchman.

"The lass here has recommended you highly, an' she's not of those, as you see, that go about with always a

sweetie on the tip of their tongue." He put his hand proudly on the girl's shoulder and glanced at her fine face with great approval, the love and liking that were in the act and look bringing a smile to Bess's mouth and eyes.

"You come behind the shop, lad, and we'll have a talk."

They walked through the narrow way that led between the fruit-baskets to the space beyond, where there was a desk and stool, and but little room for more. Andrew took up his post at the desk, and the Frenchman, after one backward look, stood patiently before the Scotchman and awaited his questions.

"You lookin' back at that lass—eh?" was the first and rather startling question, as Andrew's red face became redder, and a curious patch over one eye, much like that often to be seen over the eye of a bulldog, was brought into ugly prominence. The Frenchman was very pale, and a strained look came into his face, but he said in a clear and steady voice—

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, it's like your impudence; but I'm pleased with your frankness, lad. I hate liars. Don't do it again, that's all. The lass is my heiress, an' lookin' at her is lookin' a bit too high. See?"

"Yes, sir."

The voice was very civil, but very proud too. The pain in the face increased. It was very plain to the Frenchman that he could not aspire to the hand of a British heiress, and life

that wore a very sad look just now took a look that was even sadder. There was some business talk, and he turned to go.

"Come after the buryin', that'll do," the fruiterer said kindly. "We'll contrive to do without you till then. Where are you goin' now? Over the way?"—The Frenchman had silently pointed to the undertaker's.—"Poor lad! Poor lad!"

They reached the door, and a jam-jar filled with roses arrested the lad's attention.

"What can you give for it, John?" the Scotchman asked.

Jean produced sixpence in coppers, and Andrew took up the jar.

"There's a shillin's worth in it," he said; then counted the roses, and gave the Frenchman exactly half in return for his six pennies.

The bagpiper was still waiting without, and while the lad went over the road Andrew stood in his open door and listened to "Scots wha hae."

The French madam was buried next day. Molly followed her to her grave, and has not since been seen by Bess or Jean. She still makes artificial flowers, sitting beside a coke stove, with her gold-crowned head opening and shutting. She has only shifted her quarters in the great city. She still makes the heart of a rose out of cambric, and thinks it lovely—this with the heart of loveliness that is her own!
—*Leisure Hour.*

ACHTHAR—THE STORY OF A QUEEN.

BY CORNELIA SORABJI.

"HAVE ye not exacted enough of me, O Gods? And now my revenge is accomplished, and my vow kept, may not I have back the use of this poor left arm? Selfish Deity! long enough has it been upraised to thee. Well, 'twas writ as my fate."

Thus Rukhi—and she turned to abuse her clumsy little handmaid for overboiling the rice and overbaking the

coarse rye bread, for not tethering the donkey, and for breaking a new pot of spring water. She was a miserable figure enough to look upon, wizened and hideous, and, though scarce seventy, as sapless as that dead old banyan-tree across the road. And if you would know her history, you have but to walk a step farther to the village over against her sparsely thatched hut. The vil-

lagers are just about gathering round the peepul-tree for their evening smoke; seek them there.

"What! a stranger wanting a light. Yes, Mahader will strike you one with his sharp flints. And—a pot of *jagri* and tobacco-leaves, did you say? Most travellers do not carry so much. In that case sit beside our patel: he loves a hukkah." The hukkabs are gurgling contentedly now, and being in a mood for it, the patel repeats the oft-told tale. What will he not do for a man who has brought him his favorite decoction?

"You must know, then," he said, "that my story is of a time when I ran about the streets owning nothing, absolutely, in the whole world beyond the sacred thread which was round my waist, and a little talisman which some one had put round my neck at my birth. This alone will show you how long ago it must have been; but, if you would other data, the Peishwah was fearing a fight with 'the people of the hat' from the little island in the far country, and the princes of Sattara were killing each other about the succession to the *gadi*. In our rajasthan also confusion threatened. You have heard of Rajah Futeesingh, the Sadhu? He was beautiful as a lotus, beloved of Krishna, with the attributes of a god (all except vengeance—to that, poor man! he never attained). He had been reigning some years; but although no less than four successive wives had been carried to the burning-ground by the river out yonder, no heir was left to his house, and his cunning, fiery, evil brother, Hari, would have the throne when the wood was bound to his own poor body. His mother often brooded upon this. It was very sad; she loved her firstborn; moreover, she feared also—she feared her dead husband's wrath. Hari would say no prayers for his soul, Hari would not pay his debts. What would her second genesis be if all this were left undone? No! the gods must help her out of the difficulty. So, when her astrologers and various inauspicious little incidents would allow her, she went in to her good son, the King, and, bowing low before him, she blessed him to the sixth generation of his antecedents; she tied

a peacock's feather round his left wrist; she anointed his eyes with some greasy black mixture, as in the days when she carried him slung across her back; she cursed his brother, her son: he was "the offspring of a donkey," "an eater of hog's flesh," "a companion of *dheds*," and other interesting and authentic items; she stroked the King's head, and cracked all her ten fingers against her own temples. Then, taking up her small cruse of oil, and having assured herself of the chains of heavy gold round her neck and arms, she went forth on a long self-appointed pilgrimage to Mathura.

"The priests along the way had much advice to give, terminating always in a divorce from one of her rich ornaments, and a promise of greater blessings on some future equally Midasian journey; but at length she found a counsellor less interested than the rest. "Do not waste more time," he said; "the gods love sacrifices—but to *themselves*, not to the priests; go home at once. Near the sea, about six *cōs* from the palace, where the palms rise straight against the red evening sky, and close by the white and gilded temple of the god Ganpathi, you will find a lonely tree, destined by the gods for this high purpose. It flowers plentifully, and is beautiful to look upon. Take your son forth as if to meet a bride, and celebrate his marriage with this holy tree. It will break the evil spell. But omit no portion of the true ceremony as performed by faithful Brahmins. And may Krishna send you your heart's desire!" The poor loving soul was home again in due time, and in excellent spirits; the journey had been long, and the snows lay heavy about her temples, and perhaps her back was a trifle less erect; and her hand, it trembled as she held the cup of sweet, cold water which the King hastened to offer her. But what did anything matter? All would now be well with him before she died, and she would see her son's son, and peace upon the house of Futeesingh. So the arrangements were made with alarming speed. No! they would wait for nothing, not even for the marriage-month. And soon Futeesingh was riding home on a gay red and yellow elephant, with

the bridal wreath round his neck and the *cunch* on his forehead. The villagers had sneered a little at first; but there was that about the King and his regal old mother which somehow silenced sneers, and there were such rejoicings and gay doings as had never been before in all the land.

"Now you must know that just at the corner of the road opposite the fifth shrine on the way to the palace was the house of Premshanker, the great banker. Rukhi, the old woman you saw, was his wife, and she lived there with Achthâr, a beautiful girl, betrothed, they said, to Nilkanth, her son. But Nilkanth had gone away, when quite little, with his father to Calcutta, and years had elapsed, and the seven steps were not taken, and Achthâr was growing a great girl, and her friends scoffed at her for not owning pots and pans of her own, and for not having a "lord" to worship. To-day was Ganesh Chaturthi, and as her crusty old mother-in-law had gone to a neighbor's for a gossip and a glimpse of the mad marriage, Achthâr was left to her own resources. "You had better not look on at the wedding," sneered Rukhi; "I should say you were as unlucky as a widow"—and she laughed a mirthless, fiendish laugh.

"Poor little Achthâr! Yes, it was true; she knew it. Did not her best friend, Vidya, ask her to hide herself when she should ride out of the town with her bridegroom to Indore? And had they not, in fact, delayed their journey a whole day because Vidya's eyes had rested on Achthâr as she carried her morning pitcher to the well in the square? But for the first time she was angry with Fate for this ill-treatment. Was she no better than that mangy yellow cat, who had similarly hindered Kamla's marriage?

"It was cruel indeed! Why had they married her to the boy who never came back to her? And it was Rukhi's boy; why did Rukhi scold her for his absence? But a consolatory thought soon came. It was Ganesh Chaturthi, and there was Ganpati, the oily red little god, in the white hole across the road. All her friends were praying to him to-day. The little children with no husbands prayed for good ones, and

the married women with bad husbands prayed for better ones in another birth. She would go, too, and pray for something. The god would understand, perhaps, when she told him all about it; and then, too, she might see the wedding procession as it passed by. No one would notice her; and she had not the insignia of widowhood—no bare arms, no close-shaven head—not yet. There could be no harm in it. So without further thought she filled her hand with rice from the black pot on the shelf, and ran across to pay her visit to Ganpati. He was smiling blandly under the red paint, and the oil made him look quite nice and melting. She was sure he would bring matters to some crisis, and—there was the noise of the wedding—he must guess all; she could not spare time to tell him. "There! take the rice, good Ganput." What numbers of outriders! And is that the King? Ah! how handsome! He was a god, not Ganput, the red, oily thing. But in her eagerness she had crept outside the shrine, and stood by the roadside, looking straight at the King. And now, alas! one of the torchbearers who ran by his side saw, and knew her.

"Ho! what do you here, inauspicious one, worse than widow? Would you bring curses on our King?"

"But poor Achthâr, precipitate with fright and confusion, had run right across the path of the lordly elephant—and oh! she had not seen that huge stone. The immediate crowd was breathless. Of course "Bhiku," the fiercest of the King's elephants, would trample her to death. Awful omen! But, wonderful to tell, in a second the soft, white, cloudy mass was lifted up in his trunk, and—what presumption!—"Bhiku" had tossed her on to the King's lap. Did he look angry? No one can ever tell, for the evening was drawing in, and she, poor little girl! was saved embarrassment by a lapse to unconsciousness. Anyhow the King would not have her removed, and they rode so straight to the palace gates. They made their individual reflections on the incident, you may be sure.

"The gods gave her to you," said the enraptured mother.

"'She belongs to me,' said the King.

"'The god heard the prayer I never said,' murmured little Achthâr to herself in an ecstasy of joy, as she lay quite still on the yellow silk cushions in the West Hall, and watched the sun setting without, and thought on all that that kind old lady had told her as she bathed her temples. She quite forgot it would mean being a queen; she had room for nothing but a certain vision of large, deep, dark eyes, which reached some hidden feeling within her, and made her thrill at the very memory. . . . Well, you have guessed the rest—there was another and a real wedding this time. Of course there were preliminaries to arrange. Achthâr was betrothed, as I have said, and her husband must be eliminated before they could do anything. The King's mother arranged that. We never knew how, but word came that he had been concerned in some great forgery case, of which all the world has heard, about one Nuncoomar, in the North. The police could tell you more; the particular ones who witnessed against him retired soon after, and are now very rich and settled in Lahore. You might ask them about it; and the judge, perhaps, would give you his notes of the case. He must know what sin Nilkanth committed. Rukhi, his mother, was frenzied with rage as she put a torch to the bright brass *summai*, after her eventful absence; but her only redress lay in revenge. So she shut up her great house, and built herself the little hut you saw of dried palm-leaves, and straw, and huge bamboos, and she went on a visit to a Gossein who lives in the next village, and he initiated her into vows of vengeance. The ceremony was revolting, as was Rukhi's life from that day. She walked back to her hut with ashes on her head and her left arm erect, and it has never been down since. She vowed she would keep it there till she had had her revenge. But the gods do not understand a limit: it is withered and stiff still, and will not move, even though her vengeance has slumbered peacefully this long time. When you come to think of it, there is something to admire in her gigantic and determined will—and she was a clever

woman in her time, old Rukhi. I was afraid of her as a boy. I had been stealing grain in a shed behind her hut one day, and I saw—ugh! the hideous sight—I saw her drink the blood of a young goat, and I heard her vow the most awful retribution; and then she boiled the tail of a newt, and the forefeet of lizards, and the eyes of an owl, in her huge caldron, and she muttered curses on the King and his lovely bride; and on the dear little Prince whom the gods sent them. I doubt whether she could have done any harm to the great folk at the Rajmahl had not the King's younger brother helped her. He hated them too, of course; and people with a common purpose somehow find each other out. It was on the Prince's first birthday; the King had organized a great commemorative hunt, and Hari lost his way coming home. He stumbled toward the only light he could see before him—the darkness falls rapidly on our forests, you must know. It was in old Rukhi's hut. She was nearly mad by this time, and went on muttering, regardless of the stranger filling her narrow doorway. But he had heard enough to make him her ally. After that Hari often found his way to the ugly old witch when every one was asleep late at night, or in the gray dawn of morning. They knew how to nurse their vengeance, those two. They stood by patiently, and watched the happiness of the little family—Child of Brahma! month of the holy cow! But they were happy and beautiful and good. But one day, when the Prince may have been two years or thereabouts, he was missed. They never found him. I think the King's grief carried away some of his reason—it sometimes happens so, you know—for when Hari sent him a fakeer to tell him that the gods had punished him for being so happy and foretasting heaven on earth, and that he must atone by becoming a Sadhu himself, he objected not, but listened calmly and obeyed. "Farewell, beloved!" he said to his little Achthâr, as he kissed her in her sleep; "if I love you more than the rest of humanity I am accursed. Farewell!" And drawing his pink garment about him, he took his staff in his hand and walked

forth alone. He lives now, they say, in a cave among the far mountains, and pilgrims bless him and travel long ways to look upon his face.

"Rukhi confessed afterward that they had had the boy conveyed to a lion's den in Kattyawar. He was so small they must at first, I think, have fancied him a little cub. But Rukhi is mad, and has a devil—who would punish Rukhi?

"Achthâr? Yes, I will tell you. She disappeared soon after these sad things happened. If you ask the villagers here, they will tell you that the gods have made a star of her—that bright little one which is seen about Ganesh Chathurthi, over the highest tower of the palace. But the other side of the valley, near Futeesingh's Mountain, there is a curious little hollow over against a mountain spring. It is always green and pleasant; pretty ferns grow round about it, and the sa-

cred tulsi, and many sweet-smelling flowers, and great leafy trees hide it from the common gaze. Nothing hinders your going to see it, if you will; nothing, except that there dwells a spirit—a beautiful creature, clothed always in white of some soft material, bordered with gold, like Achthâr's famous bridal garb, you know. One saw her once, and told us. At nightfall she carries a lamp out on to a stone just outside the hollow, and, with her face to the mountain, she prays till dawn breaks. Futeesingh will be greater than Brahma when he dies—for who prayed like that for Brahma?"

* * * * *

Yes! Achthâr knows the hermit, but she will not rob him of his merit as a Sadhu by claiming any particular bit of that which belongs to humanity in general. Herein is love!—*Nineteenth Century.*

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS will publish immediately, in both London and New York, a book which ought to be equally interesting on each side of the Atlantic. It is a new volume in their series of "Questions of the Day," entitled "America and Europe: a Study of International Relations." It consists of three papers: (1) an article by Mr. David A. Wells, on "The Relations between the United States and Great Britain," which appeared in the April number of the *North American Review*; (2) an address recently delivered at Brooklyn, by Mr. Edward J. Phelps, on "The True Monroe Doctrine;" and (3) an address recently delivered at Washington, by Mr. Carl Schurz, on "Arbitration in International Disputes."

A FEATURE of the last volume of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," which Mr. Arthur Waugh is editing for Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co., will be a portrait of Dr. Johnson by Sir Joshua Reynolds, representing the lexicographer without his wig. This is believed to be the only authentic portrait of him in what may be called a partial dishabille, and has never been reproduced before.

THE Congress for this year of the International Literary and Artistic Association will

be held at Berne between the 22d and the 29th of August. Among the subjects to be discussed are literary property in newspaper articles, an examination of the conclusions of the Conference at Paris in view of the revision of the Berne Convention, and the method to be employed for obtaining the acceptance of that Convention by the countries in Europe which have not done so, and also by the United States of America.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH having declined the honorary degree offered him by the University of Toronto, in view of the attacks made upon him, the Senate has passed a resolution expressing its regret, and assuring him of its high appreciation of his distinguished services in the cause of education and the advancement of learning. In this connection, we may mention that, in the last Convocation held at Oxford this term, the thanks of his old university were unanimously voted to the donors of a portrait of Mr. Goldwin Smith.

MESSRS. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co. announce an illustrated historical record of the political and parliamentary career of Mr. Gladstone. The illustrations will all, or nearly all, be reproductions, full sized or reduced, of cartoons

and sketches which have appeared in *Punch*. The narrative—though here and there including *Punch* extracts—will, in the main, be an original compilation. The work is not intended in any sense to be considered a biography, but will be strictly limited to Mr. Gladstone's political career. The artists include Richard Doyle, John Leech, Sir John Tenniel, Mr. Sambourne, Mr. Furniss, Mr. E. T. Reed, and others.

THE journalistic profession certainly meets with due appreciation in Sweden. The Storting has just decided on giving two State grants of 1000 kroner each to young journalists to enable them to gain experience in foreign countries, and the editors of newspapers are henceforth to have the free use of the State railways when travelling in the exercise of their profession.

PROFESSOR F. MAX MÜLLER is now passing through the press a new work in two volumes, to be called "Contributions to the Science of Mythology." It will not, however, be published before the end of the year.

A SPECIALLY interesting and perhaps lively philological discussion is likely to arise through the issue shortly of a booklet by Mr. J. T. T. Brown on the "Kingis Quair." It assails the evidence for the received ascription of the poem to James I., and challenges the conclusions of all the editors, of whom Professor Skeat is the latest and the chief.

IMPUDENT CHARLATANISM.—M. Zola's work on Rome has quite lately been published in French, and already an English edition has appeared. The reviewers predict for it an extensive circulation; we are inclined to think that they are mistaken in their forecast. The condemnation of Zola's works by the Holy See will help not only not Catholics but others to realize their true character. The book upon Rome is nothing more or less than the product of audacious literary quackery. The scheme formed by the author was certainly not wanting in effrontery. Here was a man who had sullied the minds of millions by sending forth piles of what are euphemistically called "realistic novels," but what might more correctly be described as gutter literature; a man who has not a true knowledge of the religion he ostensibly professes, and whose acquaintance with science is of the most limited kind; and yet he actually proposes to interview the Pope, not as a penitent promising to renounce and redeem his errors, but as a

collaborator in the creation of a "new Catholicism," entirely up to date and in a line with the latest developments of science and sociology. Of course, Leo XIII. could never for a moment entertain the idea of countenancing such an imposture. Zola now tries to take his revenge by lampooning the Vatican. Zola's "picture" will simply be laughed at as a spiteful daub.—*Catholic Times*.

THE cause of women's advancement is making sensible progress in Germany, and its supporters have at last felt justified in arranging for an international women's congress to be held in Berlin from September 19th-27th. An influential committee has been formed, which is doing its best to make the venture a success. The subjects for discussion range over a wide area, including the education of girls, the professional position of women, their condition as wage-earners, their legal and political position, their work in literature, art and science, etc.

MISCELLANY.

CONVENTIONAL LIES.—It is easy to draw up an indictment against modern society: the contrast between its creed and its conduct is so sharp that every sucking satirist has cut his teeth upon the theme. But if there is nothing new to be said against civilization, the old difficulty remains of putting common-places well, and treating stale topics in a fresh and telling manner. Good abuse is as rare, because as difficult, as good praise. If Dr. Nordau has nothing absolutely new to say against the powers that be, he certainly knocks them about with a vigor and a recklessness that are as amusing as a *Punch* and *Judy* show. Some animals know by instinct the vulnerable spot in their enemy's body. Dr. Nordau has a deadly eye for the weak points in the system he is attacking: he states the most unpleasant truths in the most biting style; he throws his search-light on the solemn plausibilities of the world with a suddenness that must startle the most wooden-headed conventionalist. But there his cleverness stops: he is purely destructive; when he attempts to become constructive, and proposes remedies for the existing state of things, he is childish. Perhaps it is unreasonable to expect that a German philosopher should be practical as well as brilliant.

We cannot dispute Dr. Nordau's opening

proposition that "pessimism is the keynote of our age," as must always be the case in a period of intellectual and moral upheaval. There are too many "children of the century" who echo De Musset's sad confession: "Je voudrais bien croire; mais je suis venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux." But why should those who cannot believe quarrel with those who can? It must be said that Max Nordau's quarrel is not with the substance, but with the symbols, of religious belief. In his chapter on the Lie of Religion, he is, like all scientific dogmatists, contemptuously tolerant of the belief in immortality and a personal God; he thinks it an illusion, while the lie is the reverence paid to forms and dogmas. It is the sight of the priest in his vestments officiating in the stately cathedral that stirs his wrath. "Every separate act of a religious ceremony becomes a fraud and a criminal satire when performed by a cultivated man of this nineteenth century." It is, of course, quite in Dr. Nordau's paradoxical vein to leave the creed of Christianity alone and to fall foul of its ceremonial; but if the enemies of the Catholic faith have nothing worse to say than that holy water, if chemically analyzed, would turn out to be dirty, and that mass is "presided over by persons in odd clothing, with robes and capes of peculiar colors and shapes," the devout may go upon their way rejoicing.

We do not think that Dr. Nordau is very effective in dealing with the Lie of Monarchy. He fastens upon the phrase "by the grace of God," and gravely proceeds to argue as if at the present day educated men regarded kingship as a divine institution. And here is one of the difficulties of criticising this book. Max Nordau is a German, and naturally treats most things from a German point of view. Now, in many respects Germany is a hundred years behind England, France, Belgium, and Italy. "The right divine of kings to govern wrong" has been extinct for two hundred years in England, and for a hundred years in France; on the Continent in general it scarcely survived 1848. Still, it is quite possible that the rural peasantry of Germany, especially in the Catholic portions of the empire, sincerely regard the Kaiser as the Lord's anointed. But is it fair to judge "the cultivated man of the nineteenth century" by the standard of the Bavarian peasant? When an educated man salutes a king, it is to the institution not the person that he pays reverence, just as a barrister bows to a judge whom he

knows to be distinguished chiefly by ill-temper. Every schoolboy learns that our English monarchy is founded upon a strictly parliamentary title, which could be cancelled by Parliament to-morrow. Characteristically enough, our philosopher prefers absolute to limited or constitutional monarchy. In England, Belgium, and Italy the king lies, when he pretends to govern; in Germany and Austria, the Parliaments lie, when they speak and vote. The truth of this cannot be denied, and we can only say with Falstaff, "Lord, how the world is given to lying!"

The next lie taken in hand is the Lie of Aristocracy. Naturally, an author whose standpoint is natural science is in favor of an hereditary aristocracy, provided it has "an anthropological foundation;" and there follow some not very original gibes about the pedigrees of modern nobility. This is rather a sore subject just now, when the ink is hardly dry on the Rosebery patents; but the truth about the matter we take to be something like this. Everybody would of course prefer that the aristocracy should be the bravest, the most beautiful, and the most honorable of mankind; but failing this, it is necessary, if the institution is to be defended, that our nobles should be wealthy, and that they should discharge public duties. The Roman aristocracy ruled because it was rich, and because its members were public functionaries. The Roman Senator was himself a money-lender; the English Senator marries the daughter of a money-lender; and the order is preserved, for a poor aristocracy is not only contemptible but dangerous. The aristocracies of Rome and England have flourished because they knew the secret of absorbing into their ranks the vigor and cunning of the classes below. The aristocracies of Berlin and Vienna, which demand seventy-six quarters on the shield, are powerless and obsolescent. As for the snobbishness of those who dearly love a lord, we are inclined to agree with Burke that nobility is an artificial institution for giving permanence to fugitive esteem, and that "it is indeed one sign of a liberal and benevolent mind to incline to it with some sort of partial propensity."

The chapters on the Political Lie and the Economic Lie are the most serious part of the book, and contain the most suggestive reflections. Dr. Nordau is of opinion that "the restrictions imposed by the State upon the individual are out of all proportion to the benefits it offers him in return;" and if it be

remembered that he is writing mainly of Germany, where State regulation is rampant, it must be said that the Doctor makes out a very strong case in support of his contention. It is true that the citizen is harassed by official interference from his cradle to his grave; and it cannot be said, at all events in countries like Germany or France, that the State protects his life and property in return, for it is constantly plunging him into wars, in which both are destroyed. It is possible that murders are as frequent in civilized as in uncivilized countries, though no statistics are adduced to prove it; it is certain that crimes of calculation are more frequent in large cities than in the woods, and it is probable that tribal punishment was as effective as police law. Even the administration of justice is, in Dr. Nordau's judgment, as well done in the mining camp as in the court of law, though here we think the worthy doctor must have been imposed on by some yarns from the wild West. About representative government some very sharp, and unfortunately undeniable, comments are made. "Parliament is an institution for the satisfaction of vanity and ambition, and for the furtherance of the personal interests of the members;" and there is an amusing description of the Disraelis and Gambettas. "In political life there is no rest nor peace possible: every one is either fighting, hiding in ambush, lying, listening, hunting for trails, or removing the trace of his own; sleeping with one eye open and his gun in his hand, looking upon every one he meets as an enemy, his hand against everybody and everybody's hand against him, slandered, traduced, badgered, provoked, and wounded—in short, he must live like a Red-skin on the warpath in a trackless forest." What a flash of real insight there is in the following reflection! "The causes which lead to the downfall of a party leader, who has obtained control of the reins of government, are not the blunders which he makes in the administration of the supreme authority; these only serve as pretexts for attacks upon him. They are either the appearance of a more powerful antagonistic will, or the defection of mercenaries whose greed for the spoils of victory he has not been able or willing to satisfy, or to a combination of these two causes. This is so truly the case that a ministerial crisis, which appears to transfer the power from the hands of one into those of the other party utterly and diametrically opposed to it, is yet powerless to effect any radical change

in the interior policy of a government." This observation might have been written by Lord Beaconsfield.

The weakness of the chapter on the Economic Lie is that Dr. Nordau has not worked out his conclusions, and merely asserts, without proving, his sparkling generalizations. For instance, it is no doubt true that as the surface of the globe fills up, the price of land and consequently of provisions must rise; but it is not a corollary proposition that the prices of manufactured products must go down as machinery improves, because wages largely depend on the price of provisions. The first effect of abolishing the Corn Laws in this country was to cheapen bread and lower wages, as the manufacturers, who agitated for free ports, knew very well would be the case. Unsound and reckless as Dr. Nordau appears to us to be in his political economy, we cannot but quote one of the many caustic and happy phrases which brighten a dry subject. "Financial crises are the piston-strokes with which capitalists pump the savings of the industrial classes into their own reservoirs." There is the usual sophism, refuted a hundred times, that wealth is the appropriation of others' labor, and the conventional rhetoric about the industrial slaves, for whom, in spite of our Public Health Acts and Artisans Dwellings Acts, modern sanitary science has done nothing. Rather inconsistently with his previous protest against State interference, Dr. Nordau's proposal is that all males shall be clothed, fed, and educated alike by the State up to the age of eighteen, so that the graduate shall take his place at the lathe, and the blacksmith read his Horace. If Dr. Nordau had read his Plato, he would have remembered that a State nursery involves a State supervision of marriages; otherwise what is to prevent the corner-boy and the dock-laborer planting any number of rickety and scrofulous bastards on the public parent? As for property, it is admitted that individual proprietorship is a natural instinct, and refuses to be suppressed, but it must only be allowed during life, and inheritance must be abolished. As has often been pointed out, the effect of prohibiting bequest would be either the most frightful extravagance and sensuality, or a laziness corrigible only by the coercion of the State inspector.

The Matrimonial Lie is the least original part of the book; it is merely Locksley Hall done into prose; a lively tirade against mercenary marriages. It is still, and always must

be, an open question whether marriages of convenience are not, on the average, more successful than marriages of love. Why is a prudent contract to be denounced as prostitution, while the gratification of what Pope calls "lust through some certain strainers well refined" is lauded to the skies? Why should a sensible woman wish to be married for her face rather than for her fortune? That "man is not a monogamous animal" is one of those dogmas which will meet with but a faint denial; though whether society will agree with Dr. Nordan in considering a divorced couple as "exceptionally courageous and truth-loving natures," is more doubtful. To prevent women from marrying for a maintenance, all women are to be kept by the State until they do marry. But have we not said that the doctor is not practical? Nevertheless we part from him with regret, for he has turned our civilization inside out for us in a very entertaining, and occasionally instructive, manner.

FRENCH MEN AND FRENCH MANNERS.—Mr. Vandam proceeds with his task of holding up France as a country which is not successful in producing happy children, good soldiers, or painstaking citizens. His book is a collection of lively journalistic sketches, which, taken by themselves, would go far to prove this—so far as Paris is concerned—and Paris does intellectually govern France in a way in which London used not, intellectually, to govern England. Yet even in Paris there is much besides what is patent to the journalistic eye, and we could in London match most of his allegations against Paris; some of the evils he describes are not peculiarly French.

Taken with the grain of salt with which Mr. Vandam complains that reviewers (we omit his adjective) will serve up his facts, any one interested in the two countries will find the volume lively reading, both as an appreciation of France and as something of a warning for England. We are so much used to running ourselves down and our neighbors up in a vague but not humble spirit, that it may be rather useful to consider ourselves definitely superior when we can. One present lately at a large private meeting of clergy told us that he was much struck with the way in which the younger men, in their modern dislike of bigotry against Rome, had to be reminded by elders, once supposed to be "Papists," that Englishmen had a few principles to hold on to, and that there were, after all, radical differences between themselves and those with

whom they desired to seek reunion. So in times of peace it may be proper to rekindle our quondam hatred of the "Frenchies" as models for anything, and our English repugnance to the Pope, lest we forget it, as those brought up in times of peace will overlook the reasons of days of war. Mr. Vandam devotes his Introduction to the proving of this point. Paris governs France, but Paris is not really Parisian—"the Parisians are the figure-head of the privateer manned by provincials." Paris—the Paris which governs—is a state of being, rather than a place containing persons. The influence of Paris, says Mr. Vandam, would lead one to infer that—

"The Parisian is, physically, a superiorly endowed creature; intellectually, a master-mind; morally, a man with an iron will either for good or evil, or for both. The fact is that, with few exceptions, he is the very reverse. If he be a Parisian of either the second or third generation—and there are probably not 350,000 all told, of them in Paris—both his physique and constitution will be below the average physique and constitution of his provincial countrymen; and if we bear in mind that in stature and stamina Frenchmen are generally inferior to other nations, we need not enlarge on that point."

He prefers, therefore, against decadent Paris and against degenerate France many charges, without, however, indicating what to some may seem to be their real causes. Indeed, in one instance he adverts rather sneeringly to an attempt to remedy an evil which in England has been felt to a very much less degree than in France—the separation of the religious life of womanhood and the intellectual life of manhood from each others' provinces. This is partly ecclesiastical, but in the provinces it is also social and educational; so M. Jules Ferry thought that France needed wider-minded women, and endeavored to form them as England has grown her teachers. Little as we like a secular education for any one, a certain touch of the movement from which capable Englishwomen are constantly taking inspiration must have its effect on any nation. The narrowness of Frenchwomen is one cause of national decay. There is more of the influence of English ideas than is allowed for in Mr. Vandam's account of a French girl's life, and in the better social sets we do not think that cousins are, as he says, at all excluded from the home-circle of a girl. At the same time, it is, as yet, perfectly impossible for any young woman to enjoy the

liberty in Paris which she does in England, though it is recognized that a well-born English girl, visiting a sister who has married a Frenchman, may do much which her brother-in-law's sister could not. It is impossible to blame either Frenchmen or Frenchwomen altogether for the present state of things, but it is a little beside the mark to sneer at an attempt to secure the education of women as not tending to increase the rate of marriages; whether these women marry or not, they level up the rest of their sex. Moreover, another blot on the social system of France is closely connected with the need for the general education of Frenchwomen. It is the fact that at this moment, while England, perhaps only too readily now, has mastered the idea that a gentleman may do anything for an honest livelihood, France provides no useful careers for well bred boys "of parts," as people used to say. She never could colonize very well, and the present state of the political life, in the Army, the Press, and the Law, is not inviting; while the barrier against a tradesman is greater than it was forty years ago in England, and the prejudice against a provincial life of useful occupations has never been so great in England in any class as it is still in France. We may, as English, congratulate ourselves on the facts, that the religious life of our nation is in the hands, after all, of free as well as of good men brought up in an all-round English education; that our Press is free and not corrupted by every form of advertisement, private and official; that casuistry is not the result of a compromise between a system theoretically tenacious against natural reason and one elastically accommodating, as tested by practical conduct; and that we have the infinite grades of English society interlaced throughout the country and its Colonies. But of these blessings there are signs that the value is not always recognized.

Take a matter on which insular opinion is not yet formed, or is in a transition stage. It is possible that we may yet solve the Army problem—so far as our numbers permit it to be solved—by a peculiarly English movement as yet in its infancy, the establishment of cadet corps in our large towns, which may feed our volunteer system. Those who have tried to employ soldiers when discharged, even English soldiers, may think it well for our country's safety that we should get more men drilled, but do not always admire the soldier as he appears released from discipline, and left in a situation of trust. He has been

smart in the Army, and might be smart again; but, in the meanwhile, it is sometimes difficult to awake his mind to the consciousness that out of the Army he is not altogether off duty, and may not indulge in the relaxation which he has been accustomed to associate with being off duty. In France, where all are equally liable to serve, the problem of refitting older men into the civil system, whence they have been eradicated, is not so difficult as with us. But the school system and barracks system have drawbacks from which we are free. The chapters in Mr. Vandam's volume which deal with the life of the conscript are very brightly written, and may be read as showing how conscription is by no means an unmixed blessing to the country.

But if the conscription is not yet with us, and if the French school system never will be ours, with one point noted by Mr. Vandam we are by no means at present unconcerned in our larger towns. The *concierge* is already among us! The present writer has been one of a Board which has to receive complaints about porters, and has been a private individual to whom the manufacture of porters out of old soldiers, bricklayers' assistants, and other miscellaneous human beings, was once a matter of most painful interest. The following and many more subjects of practical reflection exist, as yet, inedited. Porters, as a rule, have no manners at all when they enter upon their career. Tenants, not only in artisan and trade flats, but in more expensive ones, frequently do not know how to organize life on the flat system, and, moreover, meet the porter's "no-manners" with the tenant's "no-conscience." From the landlord's point of view it is most difficult to supply with the porter's uniform a soul and body which will be absolutely civil, yet not too pliable, and never so obliging to the "tipping" tenant as to neglect the tenant unwise enough to suppose tips are not expected. Careful observation of many tenants of several blocks of flats leads us to the firm opinion that in six months a suitable man may learn to be a good porter. But, meanwhile, in England even his tyranny can never reach "a point which would make the freeborn Briton stand aghast." Nevertheless, remarks on porters will have a painful interest for those who deal with them as either landlord or tenant, and the public of this kind is fast increasing. There is also another subject of universal interest in Mr. Vandam's book, from which we only quote what has been described as a "cook-story":

"A friend of mine, the wife of an eminent professor of singing—there is no need to withhold her name, it is Madame Giovanni Striglia—engaged a servant from the country, and two days after her arrival found her violently ringing the bell in the dining-room. 'What are you ringing for?' was the natural question. 'I am ringing for madame; I want to speak to her,' was the answer. 'When madame wants me, she rings the bell.'"

Probably not one word too much is said by Mr. Vandam as to the servant difficulty in Paris, and the two points he notes as uncomfortable will be endorsed by "flat-folk"—the disagreeableness of the concentration of servants' gossip as freely and loudly exchanged in a little back square, and as necessarily overheard by the other inmates of the house. On some of the other questions raised, we do not care to enter here, and their discussion would seem to be a drawback in a book which otherwise might well interest all members of a country family who liked light journalistic gossip.

Candidly, we neither care for many of the subjects of the book, nor for the general treatment of them. But Mr. Vandam is a good journalist, and sketches the things he cares to observe in a way with which no fault could be found if he would but call his work, "Some French Men and some French Manners." There is nothing of praise or blame to be said about these occasional papers now reprinted in volume form which has not been often said about "An Englishman in Paris;" those who liked, and those who disliked, that work will be of the same opinion still. Moreover, both from what he says, and what he does not say, we come to the insular but comfortable conclusion that there are evils in England, but worse in France, and that there are many good things in France, but, generally speaking, better things in England. French chivalry does not permit freedom of movement to self-respecting women. French manners are, on ordinary occasions, most detestable and rude in speech and effect. French cleanliness, French cookery, and the like subjects of literary and journalistic fiction, may easily now be matched in England; and if ever we are told that Anglican Christianity cannot hold a people, we think that, fault for fault, it has a firmer foothold in England than Gallian Catholicism has in France. In writing these words, it may be that we have hit on the reason why Paris degenerates and England possibly still progresses.

ANIMAL WARFARE.—Evidence of the astonishing sagacity and military organization of the African baboons increases with the recent exploration of their favorite haunts, due to the troubles in Central Africa and Abyssinia. The English, German, and Italian travellers and emissaries who have been employed in various missions on the fringes of the Abyssinian plateau have corroborated many stories which have hitherto been suspected to be exaggerations of fact. It now appears that their methods and discipline are far in advance of those of any other vertebrate animals, and not inferior to those of some of the negro tribes themselves.

The conditions of the life of these monkeys in Africa are sufficiently curious without reference to their acquired habits, though these are undoubtedly due to the dangers to which the nature of the country in which they live exposes them. The different species of baboons, which are found commonly over the whole African continent, are all by nature dwellers in the open country. They find their food on the ground; and whether this be insects or vegetables, it is usually in places which afford little shelter or protection. Though strong and well armed with teeth, they are slow animals, with little of the usual monkey agility when on the ground, and not particularly active even when climbing among rocks. In the rocky "kopjes" of the South, or the cliffs and river sides of Abyssinia, and the Nile tributaries, they are safe enough. But they often abandon these entirely to invade the low country. During the Abyssinian expedition conducted by Lord Napier of Magdala, they regularly camped near our cantonments on the coast, and stole the grain on which the cavalry horses and transport animals were fed. When on expeditions of this kind they often leave their stronghold for days together, and the means of joint defence from enemies in the open country are then carefully organized. Their natural enemies when thus exposed are the leopard, the lion, and in Southern Africa, the Cape wild dogs. To the attack of the leopard they oppose numbers and discipline. No encounter between the baboons and the wild dogs has been witnessed and described, but their defensive operations against domesticated dogs were seen and recorded by the German naturalist Brehm. The following account appears in the translation of his travels by Mrs. Thompson, just published. The baboons were on flat ground, crossing a valley, when the traveller's dogs,

Arab greyhounds, accustomed to fight successfully with hyenas and other beasts of prey, rushed toward the baboons. "Only the females took to flight; the males, on the contrary, turned to face the dogs, growled, beat the ground with their hands, opened their mouths wide and showed their glittering teeth, and looked at their adversaries so furiously and maliciously that the hounds, usually bold and battle-hardened, shrank back." By the time the dogs were encouraged to renew their attack the whole herd had made their way, covered by the rear guard, to the rocks, except a six-months-old monkey which was left behind. The little monkey sat on a low rock, surrounded by the dogs, but was rescued by an old baboon, who stepped down from the cliff near, advanced toward the dogs, kept them in check by gestures and menacing sounds, picked up the baby monkey, and carried it to the cliff, where the dense crowd of monkeys shouting their battle-cry, were watching his heroism. The march of the baboons is not a mere expedition of the predatory members of the community. The whole nation "trek" together, and make war on the cultivated ground in common. Their communities are numerous enough to reproduce in miniature the movements of troops. The tribe often numbers from two hundred and fifty to three hundred individuals. Of these the females and young are placed in the centre when on the march, while the old males march in front and also close the rear. Other males scout upon the flanks. It has been noticed that these remain on guard, and do not feed during the whole time that the rest are gathering provender.

If disturbed by men the old males form a rear guard and retire without any haste, allowing the females and young to go on ahead carrying the plunder. Their retreat is, as a rule, deliberate and orderly, the baboons being quite ready to do battle with any animal except man on the plains, and instantly becoming the assailant of man himself when they get the advantage of position. Brehm was stoned out of a pass in a very few minutes by the dog-faced baboons. "These self-reliant animals," he writes, "are a match even for men. While the screaming females with young ones fled with all haste over the crest of the rock beyond the range of our guns, the adult males, casting furious glances, beating the ground with their hands, sprang upon stones and ledges, looked down on the valley for a few moments, continually growling, snarling, and screaming, and

then began to roll down stones on us with so much vigor and adroitness that we immediately saw that our lives were in danger and took to flight. The clever animals not only conducted their defence on a definite plan, but they acted in co-operation, striving for a common end, and exerting all their united strength to obtain it. One of our number saw one monkey drag his stone up a tree that he might hurl it down with more effect; I myself saw two combining to set a heavy stone rolling."

The wars of the Constantinople street dogs are eminently satisfactory from the point of view of the inquirer into animal politics. Theoretically they are complete examples of what the rational warfare of animals ought to be, but usually is not. It has for object either defence or conquest of territory, not the mere plundering instinct, or that primitive desire for making a meat dinner off an enemy which occasionally suggests an attack on weaker neighbors to the cannibals of the Congo. This civilized and rational warfare of the Constantinople dogs is due to their territorial instinct. Certain streets and quarters belong to the particular dog communities, which again subdivide their territory among individuals. In some streets each heap of refuse, on to which the common rubbish of a group of houses is thrown, belongs to one dog, who lies on it, brings up its puppies on it, and looks on it as a home. "There were three sweet families in one street," according to the account of a lady who recently visited Constantinople, and thought its dogs the most interesting native inhabitants. If food becomes scarce in the next dog "parish," an invasion is planned into a richer neighborhood, where the rubbish heaps—the Turkish equivalent for dust-bins—of a wealthier class of inhabitants promise to yield better results. All the dogs of the invaded territory at once muster for resistance, and the fight, which is not organized, but of the rough-and-tumble order, goes on until victory declares itself for one side or the other, or until the inhabitants step out and stone the packs till they separate. Not unfrequently a street or two are annexed by the invaders; more often the defence is successful. This is always conducted by a *levy en masse*, even the puppies joining in the fray. It is observed that it is only serious invasion which causes the dogs to fight. A single dog may pass through a strange quarter provided he gives himself no airs, but lies down on his back and sticks up his feet with proper deference and humility whenever the owners of the street

come up to expel him. According to Turkish tradition, these street dogs were once most successful in warfare, for their ancestors fought and beat the Devil. Their story is that when man first appeared on earth, and Satan drew near to kill him, the dogs attacked and drove away the arch-enemy, and preserved the first man. Hence, when a Turk has broken some minor ordinance of the Koran, he often buys a few loaves of bread, and stepping out into the road, throws them in a dignified manner—not as an Englishman would throw them—to the dogs of the street.

No vertebrate animals show the same organization for wars of plunder and defence as the baboons, or the territorial instinct of the street dogs; but there are several species which exhibit these instincts in a minor degree, and in some cases act under the orders of officers. The troops of wild horses of America are led by the master-stallion; when attacked by pumas, or expecting to be "stampeded" by another troop, they are said to form a ring, with the mares and foals inside. The pack of "red dogs" in the Indian hills follow the lead of old hounds, probably because their skill in scenting is more accurate. The Indian wolves have been observed to divide forces, part keeping the dogs in check, while others attack the sheep. Bison, when chased, leave the largest bulls as a rear guard; but this may be due to their greater weight and inferior speed. Indian wild boars often defend the sugar cane fields in which they have taken up their quarters against the natives who desire to cut them, retreating into the last patch, and rushing out if the men come near. In this case it is the males who do the fighting, and there is no combination to protect the territory which they desire to hold. But no wild animals have developed their powers of combined attack and defence in so creditable a manner as the baboons. Their motives—"defence, not defiance"—are irreproachable, and their methods deliberate, courageous, self-reliant, and effective. The advantages of size and sex carry corresponding duties; and Brehm justly remarks that there is probably no other male animal which runs into danger voluntarily to rescue a young one of its own species.—*Speculator*.

RESTING POSTURE AS A RACIAL CHARACTERISTIC.—For us Europeans the attitude of repose is sitting or lying down, and we are apt to believe that there can be no others. Nevertheless numerous races rest with crossed legs

like our tailors, others kneel, and still others crouch down. So far as we know no work has been written on this subject. Nevertheless it is important to understand these different attitudes, and to see under what influences they vary. We may thus avoid the error of representing savages seated or lying down like Europeans—an error that was committed at an anthropologic exhibition at Prague, where plaster models of Hottentots and Zulus were shown seated in postures that real Hottentots never assume. Photographs of these impossible groups were sent to numerous anthropological societies. Primitive savages crouch down, while their women kneel. The crouching posture, fatiguing for us, is so natural to them that they can sleep in this position. The low-caste Hindus sleep thus, and in the Trocadero Museum an ancient terra-cotta figure shows a crouching Peruvian with closed eyes and head inclined. A certain degree of civilization brings the position with legs crossed as with our tailors, with many variants, and a higher civilization causes the chair to be adopted. But at first the sitter does not place himself squarely with both legs hanging; he raises one and keeps it on the seat.

Thus the classic attitude of the negro is the crouching one, and that of the negress the kneeling. As for their children, they generally kneel like their mothers, but rarely crouch. Exceptionally, negroes can be seen sitting cross-legged. But the fetish-worshipping negro, far from contact with the white, crouches, though in divers fashions. . . . In different places (Guinea, Congo, sources of the Nile) they make use of supports 20 to 30 centimetres [7 to 11 inches] high, cut from a piece of wood and of variable form according to the country. Sometimes (in Guinea) it is a round stick supported by a single massive central foot or by three and even four feet. At other times (on the Congo) it is a square whose sides, raised at right and left, are upborne by four cylindrical legs. In the upper Nile region (Dinkas and Nouers) the seats have four feet, those of the lake regions have three; others, lower, have only two large ones on the sides. The seats of chiefs are higher and have supports carved to represent human figures. But in certain localities, in more direct contact with Europeans, the chiefs sit on chairs, generally of European make. The Polynesians have a very different posture of repose. They do not crouch, but sit with crossed legs. The same custom exists in all the Polynesian islands, Hawaii, New Zealand, etc.

Let us now examine the white races of Europe and America, who sit when they rest. The cross-legged attitude exists no longer except among tailors. Crouching causes fatigue, and is resorted to only when it is desired to pick up or gather something. Even when the white man finds no seat he sits on the ground with legs outstretched or half bent, as is shown very frequently in photographs of Russian or Roumanian peasants. We should note, however, among the women great facility in kneeling at work, as when they are washing linen.

The Semites have a custom opposed to ours; they make no use of chairs. In Musulman countries the most customary position is that called Turkish, with crossed legs like our tailors. Sometimes we may see Arabs resting with their backs against a wall, the legs half bent, in an attitude which is not crouching, but which approaches it. In Turkey and Persia the favorite position is that of kneeling. In the Persian *salons* the invited guests who know the correct thing place themselves on their knees against the wall. The tailor attitude, which both men and women assume, is regarded as uncivil. Chairs are little used even among the rich; when they are employed one leg is placed on the seat, Turkish fashion, while the other hangs down; or, yet again, with one hand they hold one foot as is done in the far East. Crouching is exceptional. In Egypt the fellahs retain the four postures of their ancestors, the kneeling, the sitting, the cross-legged, and the sitting upon the ground with legs joined. All four date from the eighteenth dynasty.

Let us now study the Hindu and Sino Japanese races. There also we find other modes of repose. The crouching attitude is reserved in India, China, and Japan for lower castes. The Chinese and the Manchus regard it as incorrect. It is also the posture of aboriginal savages, of conquered races, such as the Jakuns and the Orang-Battaks of Sumatra. In resting Hindus and yellow races sit cross-legged on the ground or with one leg bent as in crouching, and the other lying flat. The big joints are very supple, whence an infinite variety of poses. Sometimes in Siam one leg is placed parallel to and under the other; the bonzes are accustomed to place the right leg over the left, with the sole of the foot upward. This is a pious attitude supposed to resemble that of Buddha. When the Siamese woman makes a call, she begins by kneeling, but in a few

minutes she throws her feet to one side, carrying the body to the right or left, and varying the side according to her fatigue.

Let us pass on to America. Before the Spanish conquest the native races of Mexico appear to have used postures of repose analogous to those of the Orient. It is probable that in America at this epoch the differentiation of castes caused variety in attitudes. The common people crouched, the wealthy classes sat cross-legged, the gods and kings sat on seats. The native races of North America crouch rarely. The men sit cross-legged; the women kneel.

From these modes of repose are derived numerous customs. The Arabs, like the Mongols, wear sandals that can be easily taken off by bending the knees. The interiors of the houses are furnished with mats and rugs on which the inmates sit, and the custom of leaving the foot coverings at the gate of the house or mosque is easily understood. A person who sits cross-legged or kneels needs a low portable table. Thus is explained all the furniture of the Orientals, so convenient for them, so uncomfortable for us. Such are the little Oriental coffee-tables, and the small portable Chinese tables. Among primitive races death is regarded as the final rest—not as annihilation. The corpse, surrounded with favorite objects, is sometimes accompanied by the wife and slaves. Hence the obligation to bury the body in the habitual posture. We extend the dead at full length; the primitive races often give them the crouching attitude, and it is probable that the postures of the deceased are quite as varied as those of the living. Unfortunately the narratives of travelers do not always give us exact information on this point, usually giving without distinction the name of "crouching" to every attitude that is not a reclining one.—*Dr. Regnaud, in the Revue Encyclopédique.*

THE EFFECT OF A CANNONADE.—Sir William Thomson has recently been making experiments to discover what the effect of a cannonade of quick-firing guns would be on board the vessel firing and the ship subject to the fire. He finds that after fifteen minutes' firing the survivors of the crews of both vessels would be reduced to a state of mental, if not physical incapacity, owing to the concussion of the projectiles on the sides of the vessel and the noise of the guns.